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AUGUST 23, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

AROUND THE WORLD ON $80

Steinbeck vs. the Reds

PATTI PAGE
Some Pops Stay Tops

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA X0353
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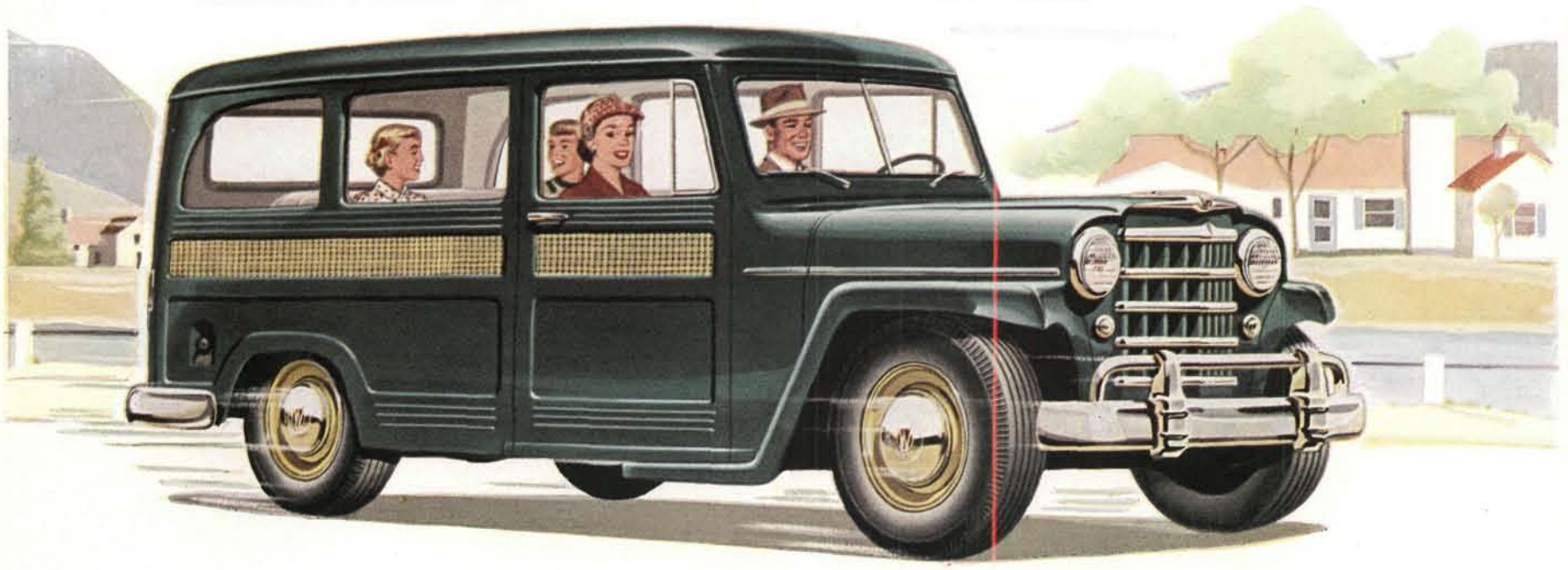
Specifications and trim subject to change. *Optional equipment and white sidewall tires, extra.

Illustrated: The Aero-Ace

The Sensational New Aero Willys

You've never seen its equal—this masterpiece of car design born of aero and auto engineering! For in the *Aero* Willys, and in no other car, you get the cloud-soft smoothness of an "airborne" ride . . . high-compression performance from its powerful 6-cylinder engine . . . the spaciousness of 61-inch-wide seating front and rear . . . unmatched visibility that lets you see all four fenders—all this, *plus sensational gasoline mileage*, with overdrive*. See your Willys dealer and drive it . . . now!



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This new, deluxe model of America's favorite all-steel station wagon puts Willys farther out in front on utility, driving ease and economy. You can choose between two long-mileage, high-compression engines—the *Hurricane* 4 and *Hurricane* 6. Soft, comfortable seats are upholstered in washable, coated fabric. You'll like its key-starting, with follow-through starter . . . easier steering . . . all-around visibility . . . new styling features . . . extra load space. See this smart dual-purpose car today.

SEE YOUR WILLYS DEALER . . . WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO, OHIO

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1910

TODAY AS YESTERDAY, CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE

1890

1890 SCHLOEMER was one of the first U. S. cars built. Its "carburetor" was a wool wick dropped in the gas tank. Top speed was 12 mph—when it didn't catch fire!

1910

OLDSMOBILE

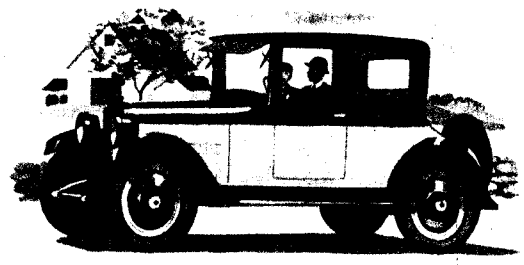
The "Limited" was a big, six-cylinder car capable of 75 mph. 42-inch wheels made it so high it needed a two-step running board. A thousand were sold at $4,725 each.

1952

OLDSMOBILE

The Classic Ninety-Eight, shown below, is rated as one of the best performers on the road today. Its high compression "Rocket" engine delivers 160 horsepower.

1925



1925 RICKENBACKER used the "Hat-in-Ring" insignia of the 94th Pursuit Squadron on its radiator. It was one of the first U. S. cars with four-wheel brakes.

Ever since Grandpa chugged down a dirt road at a breath-taking twenty miles an hour, motorists have wanted more power. Not just to give more speed—but to climb hills without effort, give quick response in traffic and to provide the safety of reserve power. Today, you get the power you need from the combination of a modern high compression engine and "Ethyl" gasoline.

"Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline. It's the gasoline that helps today's modern high compression engines develop their top power and economy. It's the gasoline you ought to buy. Remember . . . there is a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Dance, little gypsy
And so weave your spell.
All men must love you
Not wisely but well...

Of all the glamorous, golden girls who ever danced out of the world of music, there was never another so gay... so youthfully romantic as "The Merry Widow"! And of all the world's most beautiful women . . . the ravishing redheads, the bewitching blondes and the breath-taking brunettes . . . none is so alluring for this saucy role as Lana Turner. In the warm arms of the handsome adventurer, played by Fernando Lamas, she gives the most excitingly feminine performance of her career as "The Merry Widow".

It's M-G-M's newest and most sumptuous Technicolor musical. The setting is Paris—the Paris of the fabulous cafe days of Maxim's—where wine glasses tinkle, diamonds sparkle and the most provocative beauty of them all, "The Merry Widow", dances and kisses to the lilting music of Franz Lehar. The delightful score includes "Vilia", "Night", "I'm Going to Maxim's", "Girls, Girls, Girls" and the irresistible "Merry Widow Waltz".

The story, of course, concerns the wealthy and exceedingly lovely young widow who comes to the gayest capital in the world and is ardently pursued by a dashing and debonair fortune-seeker Count Danilo. Handsome Fernando Lamas is the lover of every woman's dreams. Danilo must replenish the treasury of his poor but picturesque kingdom and he is under orders to make love to "The Merry Widow". What begins as duty becomes a delight and the political intrigues turn to sheer romance.

Producer Joe Pasternak, who has made many a movie success, among recent hits "The Great Caruso", has once again blended music, romance, Technicolor, gaiety and stars into an entertainment that can be described as the champagne of musicals.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents LANA TURNER as "THE MERRY WIDOW" co-starring FERNANDO LAMAS with Una Merkel, Richard Haydn and Thomas Gomez. Color by Technicolor. Screen Play by Sonya Levien and William Ludwig. Based on the operetta written by composer Franz Lehar and authors Victor Leon and Leo Stein. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt. Produced by Joe Pasternak.

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August 23, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

In the popular-music business some people make songs famous, some songs make people famous. Patti Page has been on both sides of the balance. On page 10, she is joined by a group of other pretty ladies interpreting the memorable songs which they have made into best-selling classics—or vice versa.

Week's Mail

Terror in Argentina

EDITOR: In case any of your readers still doubt the evil conditions inside the "new Argentina," I beg to state that the two articles by Dr. Alberto Caride (Inside Perón's Secret Torture Chambers, June 28th-July 5th) made the most accurate report published in America.

I recently got away from Buenos Aires after bribing the same police force to get my family out of the same police state. After they had photographed and fingerprinted my son, I had to answer questions about his political background. Difficult—because he was just nine months old. J. A. HOLTEN,
Greenwood, Nova Scotia, Canada

. . . While we remain outraged at the inhumanities of the infamous Perón regime, it is both strange and tragic that Mario Bravo, a victim of the brutalities of the police state, should react to his mistreatment by embracing Communism, the party that now holds 800,000,000 people under the most terrifying system of organized mass brutality ever known, the party which emphatically denies that the individual man possesses any rights whatsoever, and which boldly proclaims its primary objective to be the complete enslavement of every living human being, now and forever, and its willingness to murder and torture anyone who stands in its way.

Perón stands condemned, but I cannot find it within me to sympathize with Mario Bravo, who, having suffered torture, now wishes to ensure that millions of innocents the world over will share his fate and worse. Apparently brutality only succeeds in brutalizing.

EUGENE SNOW, Fort Worth, Texas.

. . . It strikes me that Dr. Caride's grim story of the torture chambers of dictator Perón contains a warning to North Americans.

According to Dr. Caride, the Special Section was created to investigate Communist activity. Doesn't it behoove us to cast a wary eye on our various "subversive squads" which are hounding U.S. citizens and their families for unorthodox political views? "It can happen here" if we persist in flailing at the left and leaving our right unguarded.

ISOBEL ALLEN, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . I would like to say "good going" to you in regard to your editorial on Argentina's Perón and his regime, which is a disgrace and danger to the whole world.

As long as this kind of government exists in any part of the world, none of us are free.

I hope you continue your articles and editorials until someone is awakened enough to demand that such conditions as those that exist in Argentina today be changed.

GERALDINE GUSSON, Cleveland, Miss.

Saving the "Preemies"

EDITOR: I enjoyed your article (July 5th) on premature babies at Johns Hopkins Hospital very much. I am president of Infants' Aid of Chicago, an organiza-

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DON'T BREATHE!
(it'll blow away)

OPEN CAREFULLY warns the box top...for even a faint whiff of air might whisk away this gossamer wire with its tiny speck of oxide. That would be too bad because it's a very useful part of the complex array of apparatus you use when you telephone...and it's the tiniest single part, too!

We at Western Electric make it and all manner of other things required by your Bell telephone company. Some are little, like this bead thermistor which helps control the flow of current in telephone-talk; some, like dial central office equipment, are big, complex.

At all times, as manufacturing unit of the Bell System, we stand ready to make as many as 150,000 different items used in giving telephone service. Our flexibility in manufacture has a lot to do with your Bell telephone company's ability to serve you well, serve you dependably.

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1,168 OTHER BIG PRIZES
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20 Columbia Diamond Ring Sets
3 Helbros Diamond Studded Wrist Watches
50 Remington Rand Electric Shavers
20 Sets "Mastercraft Edition: Book of Knowledge"
3 Round Trips for TWO to Bermuda via Furness Lines
12 Thermolite Sets Appleman Art Glass Works
50 Pedigreed Puppies and Supply of Ideal Dog Food—Courtesy Wilson Packing Co.
1 Necchi Console 4 Portable Necchi Sewing Machines
...And 1000 Cans Beacon Floor Wax
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Follow these simple rules
Just open the wrapper from any delicious Mason Mint. It is all you need for your contest blank. Treat yourself to the best chocolate-mint you ever tasted! AND YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THESE WONDERFUL AWARDS!
1. Simply complete this statement in 25 words or less: EVERYONE SHOULD HELP FIGHT CANCER BECAUSE..... Write on one side of any plain sheet of paper. Enter as many times as you wish. Each entry must be accompanied by three (3) wrappers from any Mason Mint patties, or reasonable facsimiles.
2. Mail your entry to Mason Mints Contest, P.O. Box 940, New York 46, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, October 15, 1952.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter, except employees of Mason Candies Inc., its advertising agencies and their families. Entries must be the contestants' own original work, submitted in their own names.
4. Entries will be judged by the R. L. Polk Co., nationally known judging organization on the basis of originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Judges' decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties. Only one prize to a family.
5. All entries become the property of Mason Candies Inc. to use as they see fit and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. For a complete list of winners, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local laws. Valid only where state law allows.
CHOCOLATE MASON MINTS
A PORTION OF THE SALE OF EVERY MASON MINT IS DONATED TO THE DAMON RUNYON MEMORIAL FUND.

Week's Mail CONTINUED

tion of 950 women, and the only one of its kind that devotes its time and raises money solely for the premature babies at Michael Reese and Mount Sinai Hospitals.

With the work being done at the various hospitals, it won't be long before we can prove to the world that premature babies can and do, with the proper treatment, grow up to be normal children.

MRS. BERNARD FEINSTEIN, Chicago, Ill.

. . . The article on premature babies states that an eye condition known as retrolental fibroplasia may cause eventual blindness and that as yet there is no known cure.

I wondered if the cure could be effected by protecting the child's eyes from light until such time as it was removed from the incubator.

EUGENIE EAKINS,
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Premature infants have been delivered in total darkness in an effort to prevent retrolental fibroplasia, but protection from light has not been effective. Neither has a change in the regulation of oxygen in incubators, large dosages of vitamin E, nor any other experimental treatment thus far tried.

Atomic Secrecy

EDITOR: You are hereby heartily congratulated on the article by Dr. Ralph Lapp (Too Many Secrets Spoil the Atom, July 5th).

Collier's, I notice, has been publishing a number of this type of article lately. Keep it up. We all need a shot of courage now and then to brighten our way.

Somewhere along the line we seem to have lost the pioneer heritage of "Grab 'er by the tail and let 'er rip." True, we have greater international responsibilities than ever before in our history, but Collier's can help us not to be afraid of those responsibilities.

Collier's can help us get our heads back among the stars so that we can set this world an outstanding example of courage, faith, forthrightness and humor, even as the founders of this country did. A. T. BURROWS, Lake Mills, Wis.

. . . The article by Dr. Ralph E. Lapp is so clearly written that the wayfaring man, though a fool, ought to catch the point that our atomic energy program has been badly handled.

Unfettered research is essential to progress.

S. R. WILLIAMS, Amherst, Mass.

Clearing the Road

EDITOR: In regard to the article Traffic Jams—How We Can Free Them *Now* (July 5th), there are a few points I should like to bring to your attention.

First: a great deal could be done by use of alternate routing of intercity traffic with the building of a relatively few miles of connecting links.

Second: many two-lane pavements could be converted to four-lane by the mere expedient of paving the shoulder.

Third: heavy truck traffic can be handled by the railroads by use of the ferry-truck system. This is already being done by the New Haven, Great Western, Burlington, North Shore and others. One train can haul up to 300 trailers.

Fourth: a great deal can be done by stricter parking regulations and enforcement in cities.

Fifth: relatively inexpensive grade separations at main cross streets in cities would do much to keep traffic flowing smoothly.

In general there are a great number of little inexpensive things that can be done to move people faster and cheaper, but since there isn't any graft in them they won't get done.

R. J. HARROD, Oak Park, Ill.

. . . Bill Fay's statistics on the number of vehicles operating in the U.S. and cost of highway maintenance bring some questioning thoughts to mind.

Mr. Fay states there are some 52,000,000 vehicles operating today and that the budget for good road maintenance is $5,200,000,000, or an average of $10 per vehicle.

Yet, in 1950, the sums spent on road construction were well over $1,000,000,000 shy of this figure. Naturally, with less money spent than necessary, our roads are progressively going to fall way behind in the demands of modern travel.

License taxes certainly exceed $20 per vehicle average, when one considers that trucks and buses pay quite a heavy tax. In addition to this revenue we pay gas, oil, inspection, etc., taxes. This means that the budget should be easily reached on the basis of $10 per vehicle, even though some money would be expended in administrative cost.

It would be interesting to know what happens to our heavy auto taxes?

WILLOUGHBY ALBIN, St. Paul, Minn.

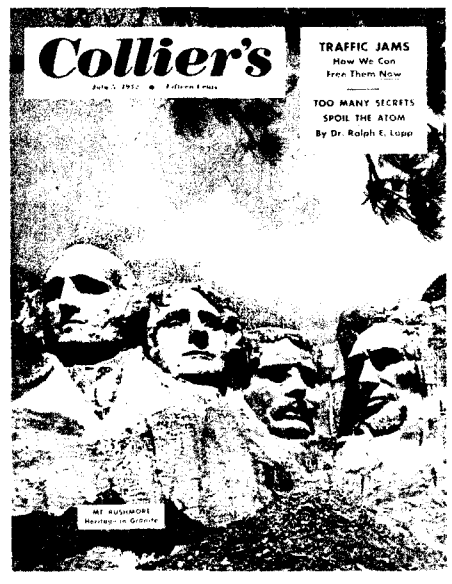
Dakota's Immortals

EDITOR: Your cover picture and article about Mount Rushmore brought back a flood of pleasant memories. I was born and grew up in South Dakota. I remember our teacher telling us about the shortage of funds. Even the school children gave their pennies, nickels and dimes.

If the dictators of this world were to stand and look at Mount Rushmore, knowing that it was created by a free people as a monument to democracy, perhaps they would have a little more understanding and respect for democracy.

I think Mount Rushmore is the most impressive monumental symbol of democracy in the United States. It was an ideal cover picture for your Fourth of July edition.

MRS. MELVIN O'HARA, Utica, Mich.



. . . As a former South Dakotan, I enjoyed the close-up picture and article on Mount Rushmore very much. Not everyone enjoys our enthusiasm, however. A number of years ago while visiting there we noticed another famous sculptor had written in a visitor's book: Man trying to improve upon God.

CLARA FOX STEPHENS,
National City, Cal.

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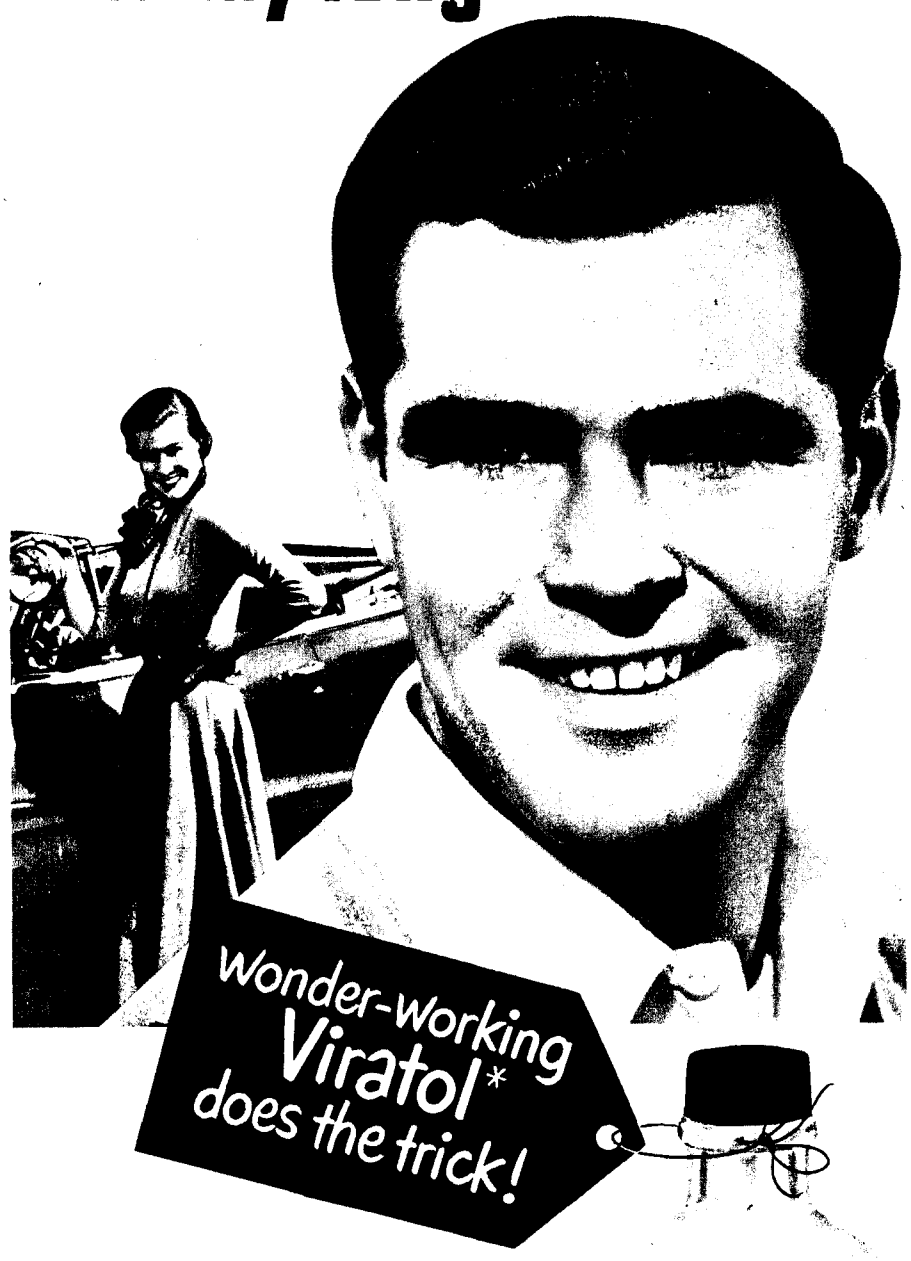
give your hair that "JUST-COMBED" LOOK ...all day long



Prove it yourself. Use new 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic in the morning and see how much better your hair looks . . . even at the end of the day.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Vexing problem in Polk County, Iowa, courthouse was solved by ordering new courtroom chairs for the lawyers. Judges needed new chairs, too, but they'll have to wait. Consensus is that the ends of justice are better served if lawyers are kept off their feet.

★ ★ ★

We've been checking on Radio Moscow. One announcer reported that the USSR was erecting a 47-story building near Red Square that would be "the tallest building in Europe." That was some weeks ago. The guy hasn't been

IRWIN CAPLAN

heard since. In his place came a female voice. She tells us that even if the new building under construction is only 47 stories high, it will be "the tallest building in the world." Secret police probably took care of that traitor fellow.

★ ★ ★

The Army Signal Corps has got out a fascinating little promotion piece telling us how much its men and officers love their work—even, as the orators say, mid shot and shell. For example, we have been asked to behold a "bronzed young Signal Corps lieutenant, . . . wearing the familiar crossed flags and burning torch insignia, grinning as he and his men strain to erect a radio antenna in the driving rain." Want to bet?

★ ★ ★

We've found out, too, that in Los Angeles a Miss Pink has married a Mr. White. Our ever alert informant, Mrs. Josephine Blander, says it's bound to change the complexion.

★ ★ ★

Miss Kathleen Ryan, a student at National University, Dublin, Ireland, writes she has been digging into the social mores of the Irish peasantry of the seventeenth century, a pleasurable pursuit which we heartily recommend to political candidates who find it embarrassing to say something intelligible about more current matters. Miss Ryan thus found the record of what she understandably believes to be a somewhat out-of-the-ordinary proposal of marriage by a young man of Cork to the mavournin of his heart. Said he, with some twisting of his honest cap: "And would you, my dear, take kindly to the idea of being buried in the family plot?"

★ ★ ★

Fearing that we were short of worry material, a gentleman in Bangor, Maine, bids us eat our heart out over the fact that one dollar out of every six paid in wages or salaries in the United States goes to a government worker. No sale. We had a near nervous breakdown about that last year, but at present are tossing it aside as a matter of no future concern. Have we not been told by just about every political candidate able to sneak into earshot that, when he is elected, there will be practically no government employees and our taxes will be so low we'll be ashamed of ourselves? Also that governmental bureaucracy and the cost of living will all but vanish? Why worry?

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours in Ottawa, Canada, begs his fellow readers of Collier's on this side of the border to be patient with our northern neighbor. "We are grateful indeed to the United States for showing us the way to peace and plenty," says he. "We are doing our best to benefit from Washington's fine example of efficient government and solvency. But so far, Canada has only been able to reduce its budget enough to lower taxes on personal income, cigarettes and such trivial things. Please bear with us."

★ ★ ★

Business being a bit slow for the moment, Mr. Henry Sitler of Chicago—Haberdashery Hank—decided to analyze neckties and their wearers. Men who wear bow ties usually play pretty good bridge, says Mr. Sitler. And no matter what kind of tie he wears, the fellow whose tie is too tightly knotted is apt to be quarrelsome. The loosely tied cravat indicates the spendthrifts. That's just about as far as Mr. Sitler has got.

★ ★ ★

It was pretty late at night, and Sam Slauson was closing his filling station in Gresham, Oregon. In fact, says Mr. Slauson, he had closed it. Just as he was leaving, a fellow drove in explaining that he was full up on gas, didn't need any oil but could do with some air. So Mr. Slauson unlocked his compressor

room, dragged out the air hose and was about to go to work on the fellow's tires. "Tire's all right," said the fellow. "Just wanted to blow out my pipe. It's clogged up." And so he blew out his pipe, filled it up, lighted it, and drove off. We gather that Mr. Slauson felt a grudging admiration for the fellow.

★ ★ ★

From Bismarck, North Dakota, we receive a headline from an unidentified newspaper. The sender was unidentified too. The headline reads: Some Europeans Befuddled by U.S. Politics. The sender says the word "some" is additional proof that Europeans still are numerically far behind us Americans in befuddlement. ▲▲▲

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MONY
is my middle name?

Yes—and he's a lucky little shaver! His daddy *isn't* rich, but he's made sure this lad will have money in back of him. For he's made MONY his middle name!

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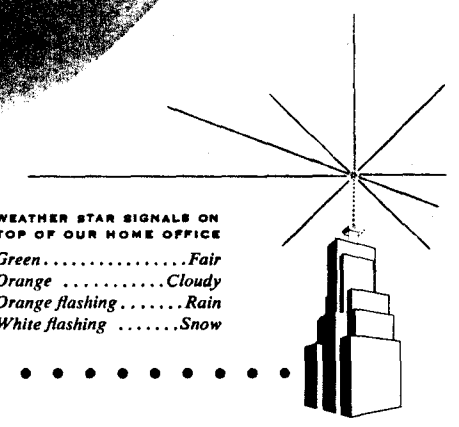

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JANE FROMAN

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

When the music swells
I'm touching your hand;
It tells that you're standing near . . .

WORDS BY LORENZ HART, MUSIC BY RICHARD RODGERS
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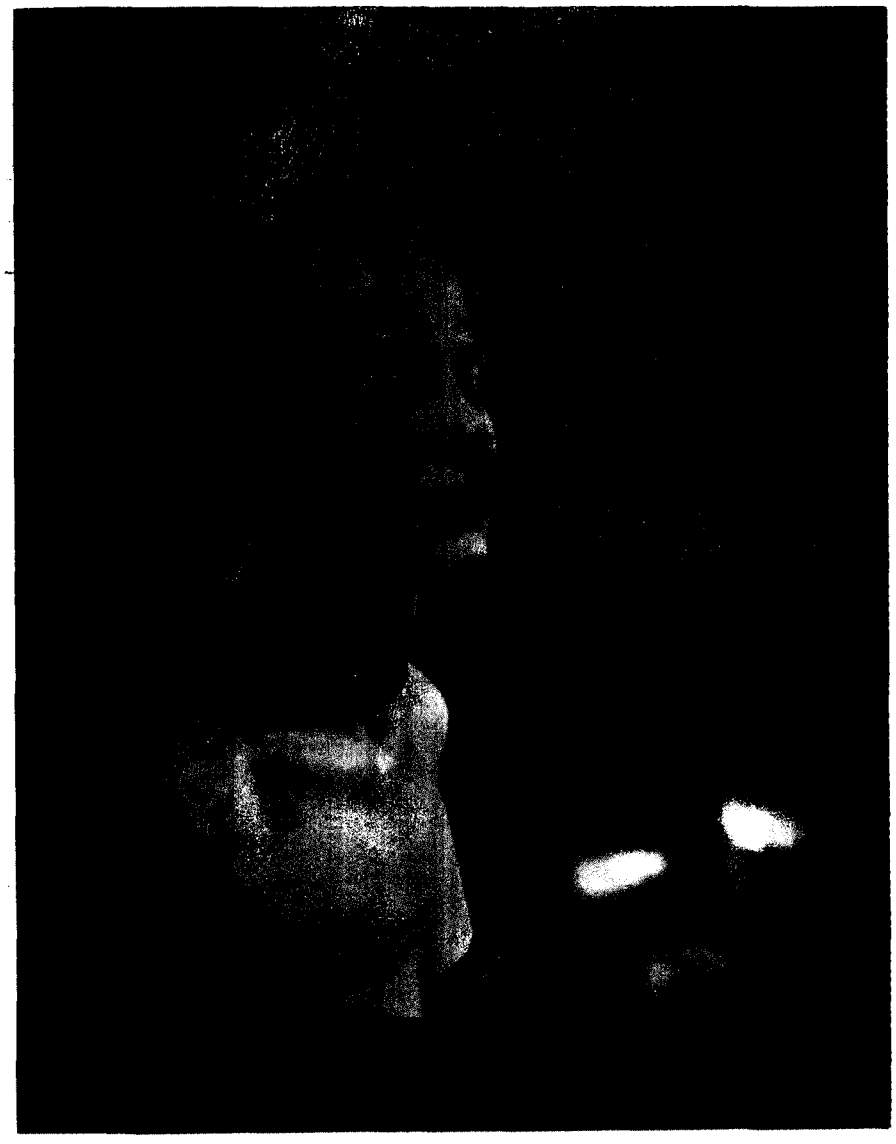

PEGGY LEE

NIGHT AND DAY

Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom;
When the jungle shadows fall . . .
So a voice within me keeps repeating, you—you—you—

WORDS AND MUSIC BY COLE PORTER
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PATTI PAGE

TENNESSEE WALTZ

I was dancin' with my darlin'
To the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend I happened to see . . .

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REDD STEWART AND PEE WEE KING
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Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Some Pops Stay Top

IN THE U.S.A., popular music's native land, everybody sings, whistles and hums. It takes a really solid song to survive that kind of daily use. Like Humpty Dumpty, many a top tune topples under the weight of its own grandeur and presumption. Trick lyrics and vocal calisthenics too often heard soon wear out their welcome. It remains for those happy but rare melodic and lyric combinations which never tire the ear to bolster the best-seller lists year after year. Such songs are known in the trade as "standards."

Singers value standards as they do their morning cup of coffee. They rarely plan a program without at least one old favorite. For although they have helped to keep these hardy perennials alive, the songs have repaid them in kind with countless calls for encores. With a bow to all standards, Collier's asked six leading feminine vocalists to interpret their favorite ballads for the cameras. Some settled on songs they have made popular; others chose all-time greats especially suited to their singing styles. Their choices, in this album of tunes which remain forever popular, show a wide range of favorites.

Jane Froman, one of our best "straight" singers, had a sentimental basis for selecting With a Song in My Heart. The ballad, written by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart in 1929, served as the title for Miss Froman's recent 20th Century-Fox film biography. Vivienne Segal, on the other hand, could hardly ignore Bewitched, another Rodgers and Hart song. She introduced it over 10 years ago and it has burst into bloom again with the hugely successful revival of her musical, Pal Joey.

Peggy Lee, whose CBS radio program is a showcase for her super-sultry singing style, liked the low-keyed rhythms of Cole Porter's matchless Night and Day. And Patti Page, star of the same network's television Music Hall, wears the new-old standard, Tennessee Waltz, like a badge. The ballad, written in 1947 and immortalized by Patti more than two years ago, now is hailed as the top music money-maker of the past two decades. Hoagy Carmichael's melodious old war horse, Star Dust, served as the perfect foil for NBC-TV's musical pride and joy, Dinah Shore. And lovely Lisa Kirk re-created a moment from one of George Gershwin's greatest songs, The Man I Love.

The "little white clouds" may come and go, but apparently that old chestnut "nothing succeeds like success" needs closer investigation; for only the best "pops" stay tops. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BURKE-BEAUJON

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LENA HORNE

THE MAN I LOVE

Some day he'll come along, [illegible]an I love;
And he'll be big and strong [illegible]man I love;
And when he comes my way
I'll do my best to make him [illegible]

WORDS BY IRA GERSHWIN, MUSIC BY GEORGE GERS[illegible]
COPYRIGHT 1924 BY NEW WORLD MUSIC CORPORATION [illegible]GHT RENEWED
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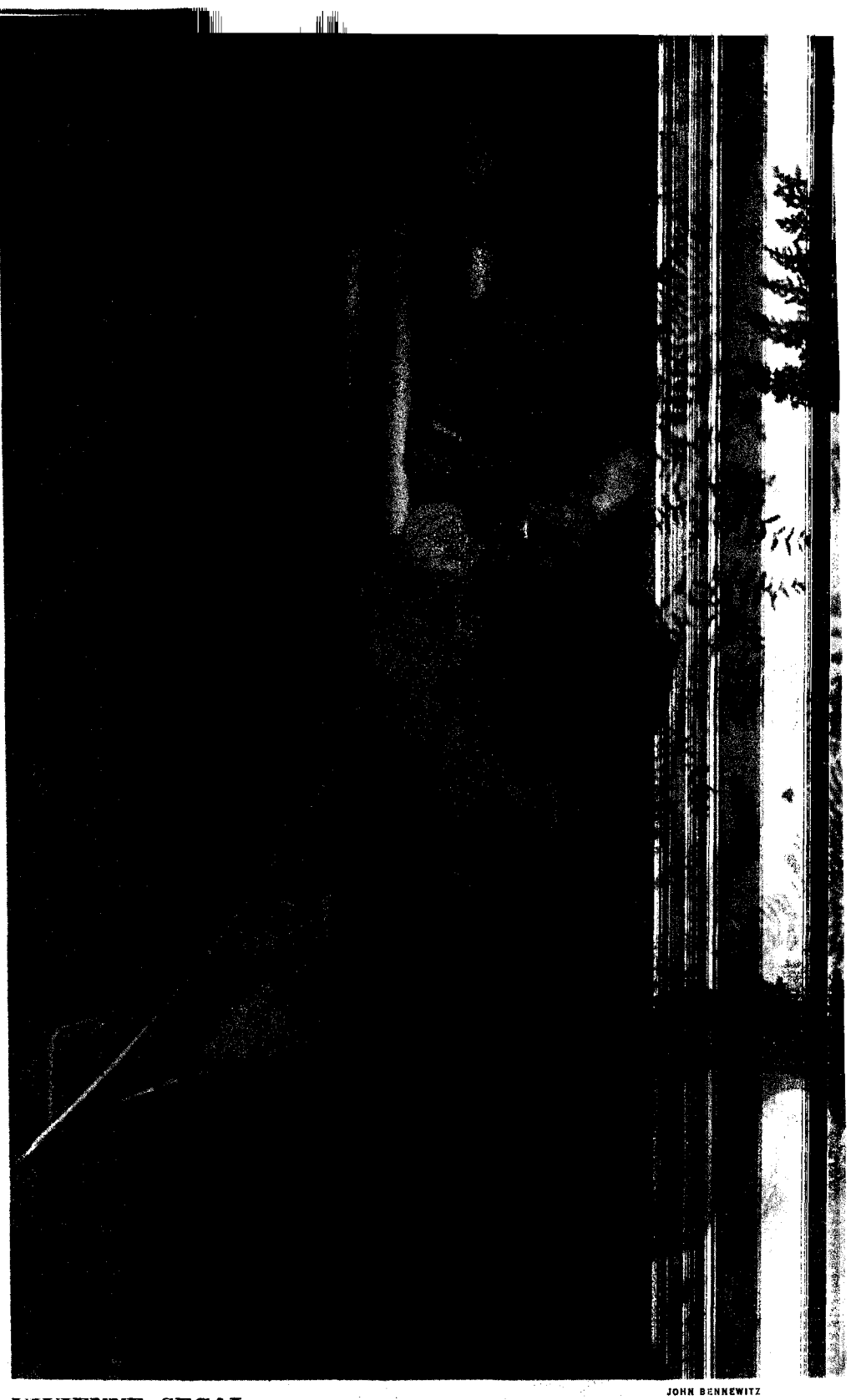

JOHN BENNEWITZ

VIVIENNE SEGAL

BEWITCHED

Couldn't sleep, And wouldn't sleep,
When love came and told me I shouldn't sleep,
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

WORDS BY LORENZ HART, MUSIC BY RICHARD RODGERS
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DINAH SHORE

STAR DUST

Sometimes I wonder why I spend the lonely night
Dreaming of a song
The melody haunts my reverie.
And I am once again with you . . .

WORDS BY MITCHELL PARISH, MUSIC BY HOAGY CARMICHAEL
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NOLAN PATTERSON

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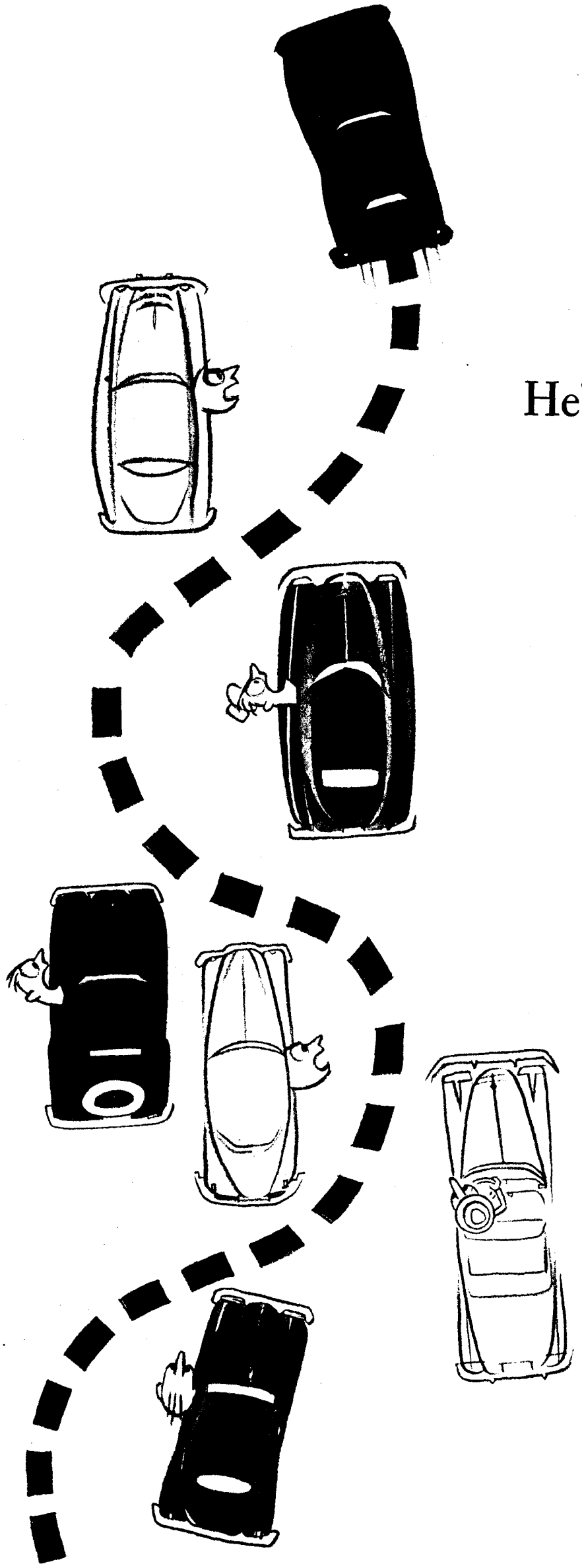

He's cutting in on your pocketbook

RECOGNIZE him? Of course you do! He's the guy who drives other drivers crazy by his lack of courtesy and caution—the careless, inattentive motorist who acts as if the road were his alone.

Don't tangle with him. Let *him* thrust ahead. But remember—next time he cuts in on you—that such absence of road manners is being paid for, literally paid for, by you and millions of other *careful* drivers.

For the selfish, discourteous motorist isn't only a menace to the lives of all who use the highway. He's the driver who boosts car insurance rates . . . by leaving a growing trail of accidents behind him.

What can you do about it? The most important thing is this:

Make sure *you* will never be mistaken for him—however hurried or impatient you may be.

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DUEL without PISTOLS

By JOHN STEINBECK

How does it feel to be used as a Red propaganda weapon? "At first, I was amused," says the author. "Then I got mad." Here s his own story of a now-famous exchange of letters in Rome

WIDE WORLD

Steinbeck and wife Elaine were "churching and antiquitying" in Italy when Communist newspaper printed vicious open letter to him attacking the U.S.

WE WERE in Italy, my wife and I, churching and antiquitying, and gathering material for a book, part of which will, I hope, appear in Collier's from time to time.

A man in Florence explained to me that antiquities are just about the best product a country can have. He made sense. First, you don't have a shipping problem; tourists come to you. Second, the tourists don't take them away—at least if you watch them. Third, your product just keeps getting antiquer all the time. You just sit in the sun and take the profits. That gives you plenty of time to complain about so many tourists spoiling the country. It's a nice business.

Neither my wife nor I can speak Italian. But we took up tourist sign language, which consists of one gesture. If you are explaining something in English to a man who understands only Italian, you speak very loudly and slowly, grimacing as you speak. At the same time, you put your forefinger and thumb together and make a gentle, downward, pulling motion as though you were milking a mouse into the palm of your hand. I don't know what this signifies, but everybody does it.

We drove from Florence to Rome in a Citroën—sturdy, intelligent, cheap, a truly French automobile. It has great power and dash, until it comes to a hill, and it has individuality. Sometimes it smokes, sometimes it speeds up when I haven't touched the throttle and sometimes it just refuses to run at all. There's no good then in tinkering with it or even with swearing at it. You must just walk away and ignore it. In a little while it starts running again.

Rome is a confusing city, and I am an easily confused man. When we got into the outskirts, those two confusions got together, and we really had something. I can't rightly say I got lost, because I didn't have any place to get lost from. I never knew where I was. It was late on a hot afternoon, and the Roman traffic was a feebly squirming mess of motor scooters, bicycles, automobiles, pedestrians and horse-drawn carriages. At street intersections, beautiful policemen stood on boxes and executed ballet movements which had no effect on the traffic, except to slow it down a little.

When we finally found out where our hotel was, it took us more than an hour to get there. I didn't have to turn off the ignition key; the car groaned and stopped, and later they had to push it away to a garage. I think it had a nervous breakdown. The bill was 50,000 lire, and I can't see that anything was done to it, except maybe to soothe it.

Our nerves were shattered, too. We were cuffing weakly at each other with tired ill temper. I dripped out of the car and flowed like sirup into the hotel to find a bellboy. As I came out, a photographer was asking my wife if he could take a picture of me. "At this point, I think he'd kill you," she said. He took the picture anyway. I was too tired to kill him.

The square in front of the hotel was crawling with soldiers of many nations, all heavily armed. And it was while we were trying to find out the reason for the soldiers that we finally learned what had caused the traffic. General Ridgway, in Europe to take command of the NATO military forces, had just arrived in Rome. The Communists had prepared a riot in his honor; it did not come off, but everybody in Italy had gathered to watch, just in case it did.

Furthermore, General and Mrs. Ridgway were

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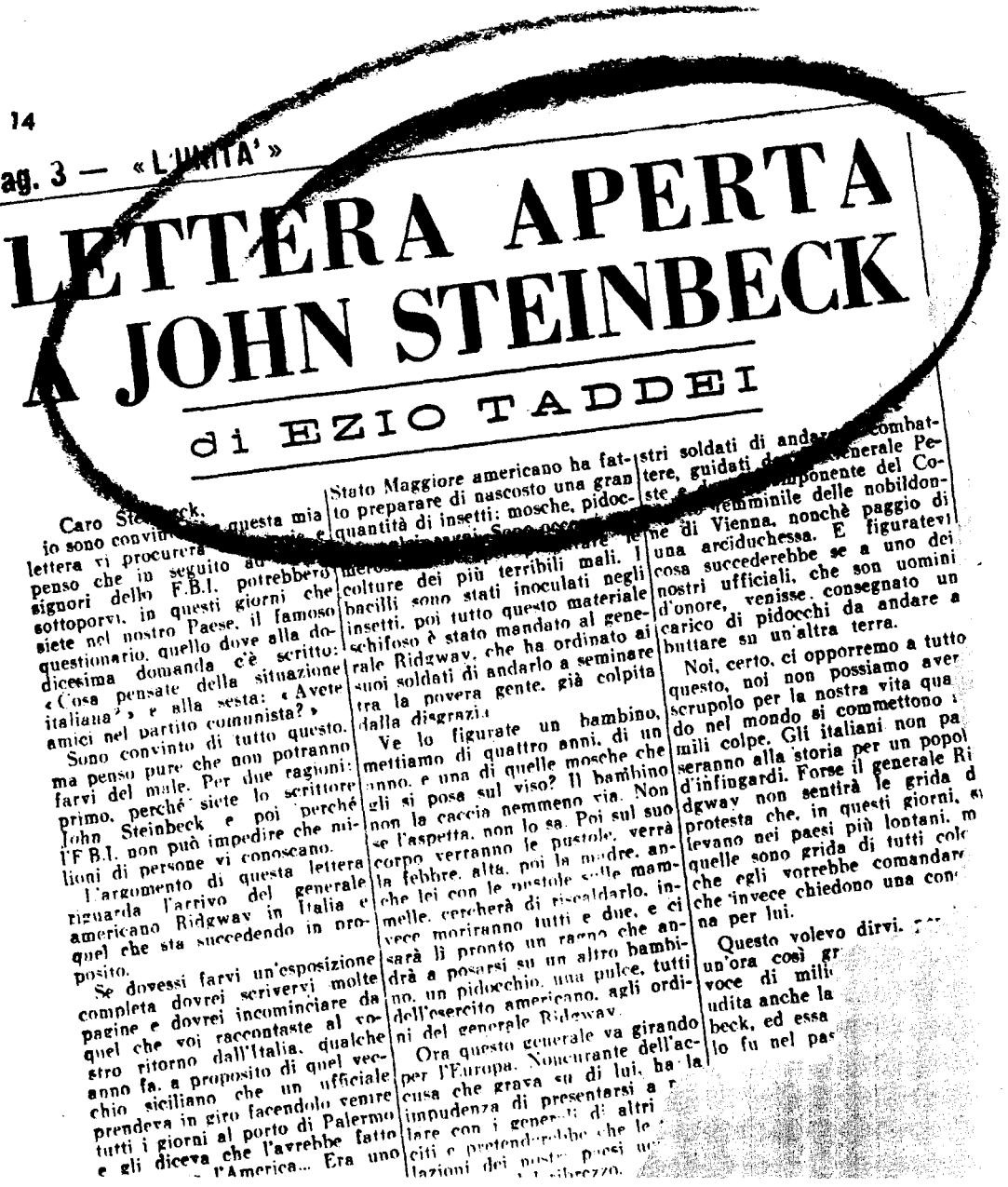

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Pag. 3 — « L'UNITA' »

LETTERA APERTA A JOHN STEINBECK

di EZIO TADDEI

Caro Ste[illegible]ck,

[illegible] questa mia lettera vi procurerà [illegible] io sono convinto penso che in seguito a[illegible] signori dello F.B.I. potrebbero sottoporvi, in questi giorni che siete nel nostro Paese, il famoso questionario, quello dove alla dodicesima domanda c'è scritto: «Cosa pensate della situazione italiana?» e alla sesta: «Avete amici nel partito comunista?»

Sono convinto di tutto questo, ma penso pure che non potranno farvi del male. Per due ragioni: primo, perché siete lo scrittore John Steinbeck e poi perché l'F.B.I. non può impedire che milioni di persone vi conoscano.

L'argomento di questa lettera riguarda l'arrivo del generale americano Ridgway in Italia e quel che sta succedendo in proposito.

Se dovessi farvi un'esposizione completa dovrei scrivervi molte pagine e dovrei incominciare da quel che voi raccontaste al vostro ritorno dall'Italia, qualche anno fa, a proposito di quel vecchio siciliano che un ufficiale prendeva in giro facendolo venire tutti i giorni al porto di Palermo e gli diceva che l'avrebbe fatto [illegible] l'America... Era uno Stato Maggiore americano ha fatto preparare di nascosto una gran quantità di insetti: mosche, pidocchi [illegible] colture dei più terribili mali. I bacilli sono stati inoculati negli insetti, poi tutto questo materiale schifoso è stato mandato al generale Ridgway, che ha ordinato ai suoi soldati di andarlo a seminare tra la povera gente, già colpita dalla disgrazia.

Ve lo figurate un bambino, mettiamo di quattro anni, di un anno, e una di quelle mosche che gli si posa sul viso? Il bambino non la caccia nemmeno via. Non se l'aspetta, non lo sa. Poi sul suo corpo verranno le pustole, verrà la febbre, alta, poi la madre, anche lei con le pustole sulle mammelle, cercherà di riscaldarlo, invece moriranno tutti e due, e ci sarà lì pronto un ragno che andrà a posarsi su un altro bambino, un pidocchio, una pulce, tutti ni del generale Ridgway.

Ora questo generale va girando per l'Europa. Noncurante dell'accusa che grava su di lui, ha la [illegible] impudenza di presentarsi a [illegible] lare con i gener[illegible] di altri citi e pretenderebbe che le [illegible] lazioni dei nostri paesi [illegible] stri soldati di andare combattere, guidati dal generale Pe[illegible] componente del Co[illegible] femminile delle nobildonne di Vienna, nonchè paggio di una arciduchessa. E figuratevi cosa succederebbe se a uno dei nostri ufficiali, che son uomini d'onore, venisse consegnato un carico di pidocchi da andare a buttare su un'altra terra.

Noi, certo, ci opporremo a tutto questo, noi non possiamo aver scrupolo per la nostra vita quando nel mondo si commettono mili colpe. Gli italiani non pa seranno alla storia per un popol d'infingardi. Forse il generale Ri dgway non sentirà le grida d protesta che, in questi giorni, s levano nei paesi più lontani, m quelle sono grida di tutti colo che egli vorrebbe comandar che invece chiedono una con na per lui.

Questo volevo dirvi. [illegible] un'ora così gr[illegible] voce di mill[illegible] udita anche la beck, ed essa [illegible] lo fu nel pas[illegible]

Ezio Taddei's "Open Letter to John Steinbeck" in the Red newspaper L'Unità. When L'Unità refused to print novelist's answer in full, a non-Communist paper cheerfully published it

staying at our hotel. My wife (in Italy, a wife is known as a *moglie*, and in some of the newspapers mine has been referred to as my elegant *moglie*, which seems to please her for some reason) lost no time in making social contact with Mrs. Ridgway. They went down in the elevator together. Mrs. Ridgway said wearily, "Hello."

"Hi!" said my *moglie*.

"Hot, isn't it?" said the general's *moglie*.

"Sure is," said my *moglie*, and at that moment the elevator grounded.

My wife reported, "She's very nice, and she's very pretty, and she looked *cool*." This was a good trick, because nobody else was looking cool that day.

I am a great window-looker-outer, and we had a window right over the square. I took my post there with a glass of beer, and there I stayed the rest of the day. The hotel was surrounded by layers and layers of soldiers, mostly Italians assigned to protect General Ridgway from being shot at by Communists. I have never felt safer in my life. It was like walking in a downpour, surreptitiously sharing an umbrella with a person ahead of you.

I stuck to my post until late in the night, and I guess there must have been some American soldiers among the troops, because very late I heard as horrible a rendition of Down by the Old Mill Stream as it is possible to imagine. The tenor should be shot.

At about four o'clock in the morning, there was an explosion in the square. I leaped from my bed to the window in time to see 14 Italian soldiers begin to change a tire.

General Ridgway left that next day without a single riot. When he had got to Paris, earlier, there had been a big, successful riot in his honor, but the French government had acted in a surprising and brutal way. They not only put a lot of rioters in jail, but they put the bosses who had dreamed up the riot in jail, too. This was considered unorthodox and ungentlemanly. Ordinarily, only a lot of poor people and some policemen get hurt in a riot, and the leaders sit back and count up the score and take bows. The action of the French government had a chilling effect on the planned riots in Italy. The Communists just didn't riot, and they couldn't get anybody to riot for them. It was a great disappointment.

On the drive down from France, I had found that I was well known in Italy. By that I mean that my books have been translated and published and read by a great many people, and that the motion pictures made from my books were known to many more. I found the notice very pleasant. People were kind to me; I could get credit if I ran out of money; waiters and bellhops brought their copies of my books and asked me to sign them. It was a nice feeling.

Writers are taken seriously in Italy and are accorded the same respect that Lana Turner's legs get in our country. This is a shock at first, and I hope I don't grow to love it, because I certainly am not going to get it at home. I remember coming out of a club in New York one night. Two autograph-hunting kids were standing at the curb. One said, "Who's he?" and the other replied, "He ain't nobody. Gregory Peck's in there." Come to think of it, I must say I like that too.

Anyway, the friendliness in Italy had made me feel good. There had been nice pieces about me and about my work in the newspapers in Venice and Florence; so I was not surprised in Rome when a friend brought in a newspaper named L'Unità and showed me a large piece in which my name occurred very often. I can't read Italian, but I could make out from the headline that it was An Open Letter to John Steinbeck. I felt pleased, and flattered that they should do this for me.

I said so to my friend, and he looked at me in amazement. "Are you kidding?" he said. "This is the biggest Red paper in Italy. And this is no compliment." Then he translated the letter.

The letter writer, by name Ezio Taddei, addressed me as Dear Steinbeck and then proceeded to take me to pieces. Not only me, either. He used me to call General Ridgway a murderer, to bring up the moldy propaganda about germ warfare and to

"The letter writer used me t

describe the degeneracy and brutality of American soldiers. He painted a picture of Korea as a place where our troops regularly use the bodies of little children as roadways for tanks. He told of American soldiers creeping out in the night to drop infected spiders and flies on the faces of Korean babies, and he ended up by telling me that if I didn't do something about it and denounce my own country, nobody was ever going to like me as a writer any more.

"The news that has seeped through (about Korea)," he wrote, "has been enough to arouse the disgust and indignation of the whole civilized world. It is not a case of isolated crimes committed by a few individuals, in which case the responsibilities would be limited, but of organized crimes, ordered and directed by a general and commander in chief."

Well, at first I was amused by the complete nonsense of this letter. I've never answered criticism in my life. That's a losing game. You can answer a columnist once, but he has a column every day. I was just about to decide not to dignify the letter with an answer when I found that I was getting mad. This Taddei had used my name not merely for an attack on me, but to get the attention of his readers for what I considered a foul purpose.

How Many Would Read the Attack?

I made some inquiries and found that L'Unità has a circulation of 300,000. Taking into account what the newspapers and magazines call "secondary readers," that circulation meant that roughly 1,000,000 people, and maybe more, would be reading Taddei's attack on America.

Then some other thoughts occurred to me. I've done some newspaper work. I know that the average reader does not read very closely. In a week, a good part of that million would believe *I* had said these things. If I did not answer, I was positive that the Reds would noisily claim either that I was afraid or that my silence indicated I agreed with them. It has been my experience that they are pretty dirty fighters.

I was getting madder and madder. My anger took the form of kindness and gentle treatment of my wife. This reaction startled her considerably. She thought I was crazy or sick. She alternately soothed me and offered me medicine.

I answered the open letter. The answer was not dictated by noble motives. I was simply sore at the guy for trying to use me for dirty politics. I wrote ten pages, in which I took Taddei's letter apart paragraph by paragraph; he had made the mistake of using misstatements of fact which were easy to refute by reference to public record.

"I wonder," I wrote, "whether you believe your own accounts of children ground up under our tanks, of huts blown up and refugees machine-gunned. But perhaps you believe anything you are instructed to believe. And so I will ask your readers who are not instructed: Why, if we are so brutal to refugees, do they always come to us, never to the Communists? People in trouble do not run toward brutality. They run away from it."

I dealt at length with his germ-warfare charges, pointing out that the first mention of this weapon by any nation occurred during World War II, when Russia announced officially that it was fully prepared to "use bacteriological warfare in retaliation against any enemy." Then I said:

"The germs the United Nations are dropping in Korea are little pamphlets. These papers contain the most dangerous and communicable germs in the world, the truth. This is the germ the Soviet fears more than any other single thing. . . . These truth germs we admit we are dropping in Korea. We are proud to drop them."

Finally, in dealing with his scathing references to American soldiers, I abandoned the fact-versus-lie approach. It simply wasn't enough.

"Taddei," I said, "do you know what American soldiers are? They are our sons, our beloved sons drawn from our hearts in the time of our nation's need. They are the dear children of our farmers and our miners, our factory workers, our tradesmen, bankers, writers, artists. I myself have two little sons of six and eight. When they are old

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enough, they will be American soldiers if my nation needs them.

"Now, if you, you personally, have meant to say or indicate or suggest that American soldiers are wicked, degenerate or brutish—you, Ezio Taddei, are a liar."

Finally, I abandoned even this approach and simply called him a liar in so many words.

My wife began laying out bandages, being convinced that I would be challenged to a duel. By that time I was angry enough to welcome such an idea. (In this respect, my more reasonable—or, as some would call it, cowardly—nature was functioning very nicely. My thinking went like this: If he challenges me, I will naturally have the choice of weapons. And I remembered the story of how Abraham Lincoln was once challenged and chose cow manure at five paces. I decided to borrow this weapon, with full credit to Lincoln.)

At the end of my reply to Taddei I said that I was giving L'Unità the right to publish it—but that if they did not, or if they cut or tampered with it in any way, I would try to publish it elsewhere, and as widely as possible. I had my letter translated into Italian and sent it to L'Unità.

My wife and I spent the week end churching and antiquitying. We looked over the Colosseum and brought our schoolbook memories to the Roman Forum. In Ciceronian tones and bad Latin, we denounced Catiline on the floor of the Roman senate. Also, we looked at bones; I guess next to broken marble and beheaded statues, bones constitute Rome's greatest single asset. We went to St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel, too. We were getting to be such experts in churches and antiquities that we were able to break into bitter arguments about dates and events and materials. My sweetness disappeared, and my *moglie* was happy, reassured that I was neither crazy nor sick.

On Monday morning, the Unità people phoned, routing me out of bed. The conversation, both on their part and on mine, was carried on with gentility and hypocrisy.

They said they were glad to have my letter. I said I was glad they were glad. They said they wanted to publish it. I found that very pleasing. They said that due to space limitations they felt it might be necessary to make some cuts—but only because of its length, understand.

I found this attitude downright gentlemanly. But I assured them that I was not a verbose writer. I was heartbroken, but I could not accept their space limitations.

Did I, they asked, then intend to publish it elsewhere? I did.

On this note of false courtesy, we broke off. I went back to sleep. Half an hour later, they called again and said they would like to call on me. I assured them that nothing would gratify me more.

Worried About Language Difficulties

The moment I hung up, I began to worry about this meeting. If they followed the Russian technique, no one who came would speak English. Also, no one would come alone. As a result, everything would be done through an interpreter and I would never know what went on.

Then a welcome thought: Reynolds Packard was covering Rome for the New York Daily News. You can't get a sketch of Packard on a thumbnail. He's big and quiet and Irish-looking, and he has what I always think of as an ominous calm and a dangerous innocence. As comrades in arms, we had fought the battle of the Aletti Hotel in Algiers during the war. We had stormed up beaches together under fire, and sometimes under water. We knew enough about each other so that we are likely to be mutually gentle and considerate for life. Packard is an American newspaperman in the best sense. And he speaks Italian well. I phoned him and asked if he would sit in. He said, "Yop!" which is a lot of talk from Packard.

Our meeting was decorous. Communists always seem to travel in pairs, like cops in Los Angeles. On this occasion, there was one who spoke English and one who said he didn't. Then there was Packard, who always gives the deceptive impression of being half asleep, and, of course, myself.

We got down to business. They opened; they had to, because I didn't say anything. The letter written by Taddei, the spokesman said, had not been written for the reasons I thought. It had been addressed to me as a token of respect.

I bowed and smiled. Packard closed his eyes and gently scratched his stomach with his index finger. The spokesman went on. Since I had unfortunately misunderstood the intent of the open letter, the newspaper, again out of respect, wanted to print my reply. Again I bowed, waiting for the catch. It came right away. They were embarrassed by the length of my reply. It was a matter of paper shortages. Times were hard in Italy. Newspapers had to limit the length of their stories. Therefore, they wanted me to cut my reply to perhaps half its present length. They knew I would do it best.

I said that I deeply appreciated their concern for me, but I wanted to reveal to them my own difficulties. I had not wanted to answer Taddei's letter; I hadn't wanted him to write it in the first place. But once written, it could not be recalled. My answer, I said, was as short as I could possibly write it. I was not known for wasting words. Cutting was the most difficult of writing jobs. I had already spent far too much time with this matter. To cut would keep me out of churches and museums for two

WIDE WORLD

Gen. Ridgway's arrival in Italy was used by Communists as basis for letter to Steinbeck

more days, and, besides, I could not recall anything I felt I *could* cut—out of respect for Mr. Taddei, of course.

Now a little edge crept into the conversation. Did I know that under Italian law an editor had the legal right to cut anything he wished?

No, I did not, but if that was the law, I could do nothing about it. If they felt they must cut, I said, then they must cut.

They were glad I felt that way. And if they did a careful and tasteful job of cutting, then naturally I would not carry out my unjustified threat to publish my letter elsewhere.

It was not a threat, I assured them. It was an inevitability.

"But your letter is twice as long as Taddei's."

"That is a matter of sorrow to me. It took, I think, much more than twice as long to write."

It would take three columns to print my letter. No paper in Italy would consider printing so long a piece in one issue.

"About that, I suppose we must wait and see," I said. I did not inform them that practically every non-Communist paper in Italy had asked for the letter, complete, unchanged.

The man who did not speak English said something in fast Italian, and his companion answered with several seconds of rapid talk. Packard's eyes opened a trifle and then closed again.

We all stood up. They found my attitude unreasonable. I found that I didn't have a choice. Would it not be considered strange, I asked, if I said publicly I would do a thing and then did not do it?

There was a real coldness in the room. We all shook hands and murmured how great our pleasure had been at the meeting, and they went out, walking very straight. They were not pleased with me.

Packard opened his eyes a little. "That other guy knows English," he said.

The next morning L'Unità printed my reply, Communistically cut. Which is to say that every bit of information was deleted, and the paragraphs were rearranged so that the piece didn't make sense. It was a deadly job. But to top it, Taddei had written an answer to my cut answer. His letter ran more than three columns. With alacrity and pleasure, I sent my original piece over to Il Tempo, which is a Rome newspaper of excellent reputation. Il Tempo did not find any space difficulties. It used my letter in full.

Under a Barrage of Accusations

The next day was a little hectic. L'Unità announced that I was a Fascist and in the pay of a Fascist publication. The Communists also said that Collier's was part of a well-known Nazi-Fascist-Imperialist-Wall Street cannibalistic group which had organized to destroy the working classes. Further, they had re-examined my books and had found that they were no damn' good.

For the rest of my stay in Rome, my phone never stopped ringing. Everybody wanted a statement; all I wanted was to get back to my churching and antiquitying.

There is only one last part of the incident which is amusing. My wife, who covers for me with a camera, had an idea that it would be good to get a picture of Taddei for this piece. She called L'Unità, got a girl who spoke English, and asked to take a picture of Taddei. The girl said the office was closed and would not be open until five thirty.

At five thirty, my wife called again and got a man who did not speak English. But he spoke a lot of rapid Italian, and what he said must have been good, because over the phone she could hear people killing themselves with laughter. She hung up and in five minutes called again. This time, she got a man who admitted that he spoke a little English. It seemed to her he had the same voice as the man who a moment before could not speak English. She explained who she was and said she wanted to photograph Taddei for Collier's. The man said he would have to ask Mr. Taddei. Unfortunately, Mr. Taddei was not at that moment available; he would call back.

He never did.

Well, that was the end of that, and I hope it's the end of the whole mess. I wasn't meant to get into things like this. I wish I wouldn't get mad. I get mad at some things in my own country sometimes, too, and I can't keep my big mouth shut. I don't think I'll ever learn to do that.

Someday I'll go back to Italy and finish looking at old bones, old churches and old ruins. I also want to get down to Positano, and look at fish and people. Besides, I have an anniversary to keep there.

One time during the war, I was on a PT boat off the Italian shore, right near Positano. One of our enlisted men went ashore to reconnoiter a brunette of excellent modern architecture. During this tour of duty, he was accosted by a big black chicken with a German accent. Naturally, he arrested the chicken for questioning. Under arrest, that chicken suddenly drew a knife, and our man was forced to defend himself. In the ensuing fight, the bird suffered wounds which resulted in his death.

Those of us in the PT boat had been living on wet sandwiches for a long time. We found a little beach and prepared to cremate the casualty. At that moment, some evil men opened fire on us with 88-millimeter guns, and we had to run to sea. The next day, we tried again to give that chicken a decent burial—with exactly the same results. The third day it was too late. The chicken had spoiled.

Someday I'm going down to that beach again, and I'm going to build a little memorial fire and sit beside it. Who knows what dangerous poultry might stroll by? My elegant *moglie* makes an elegant barbecue sauce. ▲▲▲

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At Army Language School festival, Greek-language students dressed in ballerina-like garb of Greek honor guard (Evzones) and drilled with arms. School de-emphasizes rank: GIs often outshine officers in class. Man at left in squad is colonel, second man is private

Study group in Polish, wearing costumes of different locales in Poland, converses in newly learned tongue

Chorus of students learning Russian holds rehearsal on barracks steps. More than 500 of the school's present 1,200 enrollment, which includes WACs, study Russian

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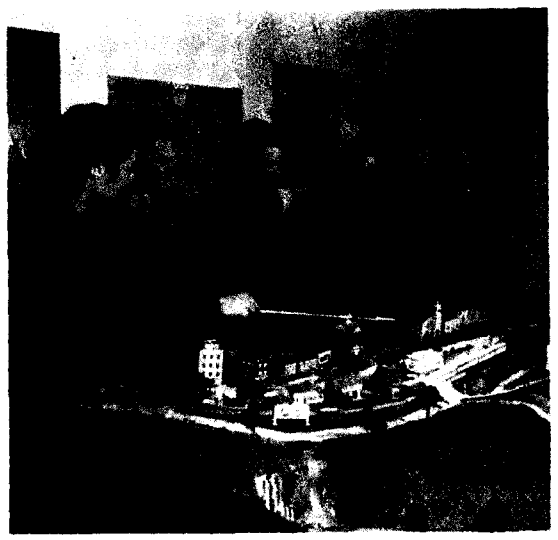

Around miniature of a typical town, students of French build vocabulary by naming objects

Class in Turkish identifies items in common use. Courses stress needs of everyday life

American GIs perform a Chinese dance, accompanied by native instruments. Students made some costumes themselves, others were donated for show by a San Francisco costuming firm

Words Are Weapons, Too

ON THE sea-dashed cliffs at Monterey, California, the United States Army is stockpiling a new kind of weapon—foreign languages. The production line is the Army Language School where 1,200 hand-picked candidates from privates to colonels master the world's 24 key languages—one to a student. Emphasizing the spoken word, the school graduates students after a 23-week course in a Romanic or Germanic tongue, or after a 46-week course in a more difficult vernacular: Far Eastern, Middle East, or Slavic, including Russian—the school's most popular subject. Most graduates are assigned posts as interrogators where knowledge of a foreign language is vital.

But the modern Army realizes there is more to understanding than the simple ability to speak a foreign tongue. Customs, national characteristics, even the casually proper use of profanity, all play vital roles in the subtle task of "being accepted" in foreign lands. Students, therefore, are given capsule exposures to life abroad in the form of foreign periodicals, movies and short-wave broadcasts. They are required to use their new language in telephone conversations with others in their class. The school also encourages students to learn the folk music of the lands whose languages they are learning. "When you sing, you talk friendship," says Colonel D. W. Hickey, commandant of the school. Recently, the program was carried a step further. At a school festival the various study groups donned appropriate native costumes, and for one day the school was turned virtually into an international encampment. Students drilled to commands issued in Greek, acted in Chinese playlets, prepared exotic native foods and joined in a potpourri of national songs and dances.

When the show was over, a top sergeant asked no one in particular, *"C'est la guerre?"* Yes, mister, this is war—modern style. ▲▲▲

Officer-student reads Russian language newspaper in class. Most instructors are civilians. Of 350 in school, 120 teach Russian

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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SAFER HIGHWAYS—

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

One state's answer to traffic hazards is strict driving laws and a ceaseless educational program run by a hard-hitting administrator. Result: a death rate half the U.S. average

WE'LL probably never see the end of all highway traffic deaths. But one way to make a good start is to get a man like Rudy King to head your state motor-vehicle department.

Rudolph Francis King—to be formal—fulfills that function in Massachusetts, where, at last count, the rate of death per 100,000,000 miles was a phenomenally low 3.7. Compare this with the national average of 7.6 deaths per 100,000,000 miles, and you can see what a man like King can do.

Admitted, it's not all King's doing in Massachusetts. He's helped by the state's strict driving laws, the education it gives young motorists, its unceasing safety propaganda. But other states with similar programs don't come within shooting distance of the Massachusetts achievement. The difference can be credited to Motor Vehicle Registrar King. Like his 47 counterparts in various offices across the nation, he is the person primarily accountable for the safety record in his bailiwick.

Massachusetts law requires a driver to keep both hands on the wheel; he can lose his license for dangling one hand out the window, driving with one arm around a girl, or holding the upper door casing with the left hand like a straphanger—"steering with the roof," King calls it. For drunken driving the law is even stricter. Conviction for a first offense brings mandatory loss of a license for a year; five years for the second; and, at the discretion of the registrar, forever for the third. In any case, the driver may be sent to jail as well.

King is the author of some of the severest laws, and the hard-boiled enforcer—along with his 240-man police force—of them all.

One law, enacted in 1930, required all car owners to have lights, windshield wipers and brakes tested twice a year at designated service stations. Although windshield stickers were required to be shown as proof of inspection, the law lacked teeth until King came along. But soon after he took office, hundreds of lax drivers who failed to show stickers were suddenly jerked from behind the wheel and booked in every district court of the state. In the haul were the president of one of the country's best-known colleges, an assistant Attorney General, a Superior Court justice and the official chauffeur to Maurice Tobin, then governor.

The judge and the governor's chauffeur decided to make an issue of the matter. "I've got to see Rudy King," the chauffeur told the governor. "It won't do you any good," said Tobin. It didn't. The chauffeur paid his five-dollar fine.

The Superior Court justice also protested. "Utterly ridiculous," he said. "The law requires me to have my car inspected; it doesn't require me to display a sticker."

"That's not the way the registrar interprets it," he was told. He went to the court beneath his, was found guilty, and appealed the five-dollar fine to bring the case to a Superior Court, arguing that the language of the law did not specifically say that he must display a sticker.

King promptly went before the legislature and asked that the language be made so clear nobody could misunderstand it. The legislature quickly amended the act. The judge called up King to say good-naturedly: "Well, Rudy, you licked me on that." His appeal was thrown out of court. Part of King's success is based on his legislative know-how; prior to his appointment as registrar in 1944, he had been Speaker of the state House of Representatives.

Instead of making King unpopular, his uncompromising attitude has made him one of the state's best-liked and most respected administrators. Two years ago the legislature passed an unprecedented resolution commending him, his registry inspectors and employees for their effective work in promoting highway safety. Last year another such resolution was passed. Democratic Governor Paul Dever has held up Republican Rudolph King and the department he heads as models for all others.

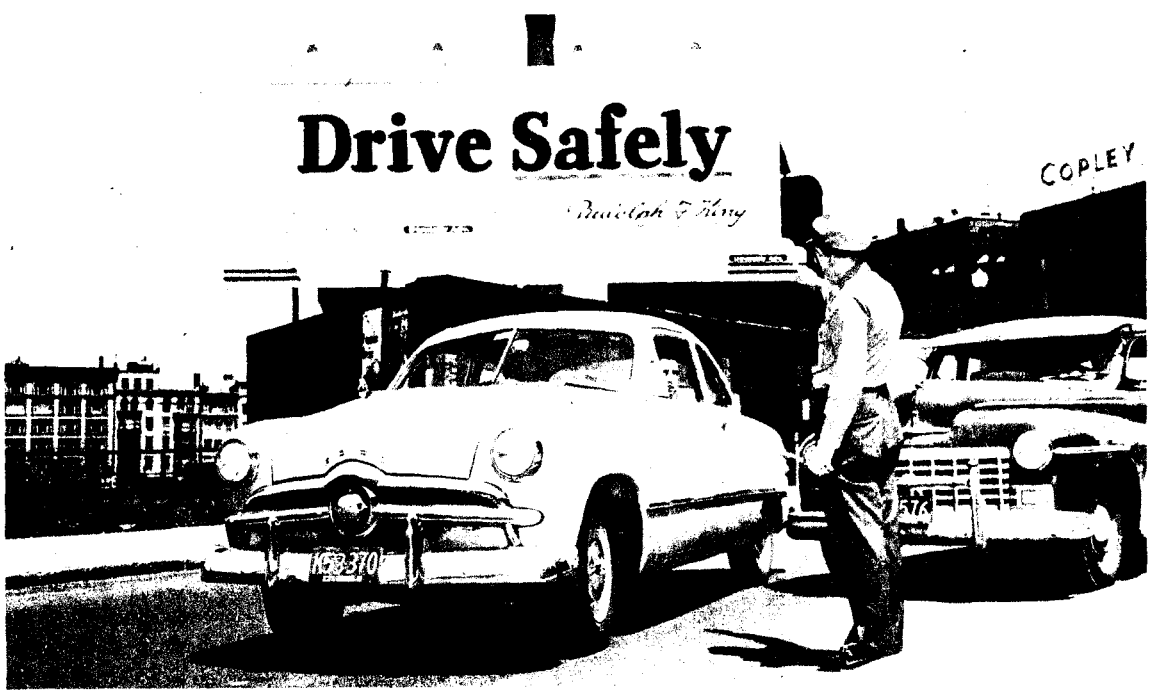
Nor is King's recognition solely within the state. For three years he has served as executive director of the President's Highway Conference, and in 1951 he became the first motor-vehicle registrar ever to receive the Arthur Williams American Museum of Safety Award for the conservation of human life, given annually to an individual making an outstanding contribution to safety on land, sea or in the air. Previous winners have included an admiral and a railroad president.

Under King, the scene of every fatal accident in the state is mapped and studied by registry safety experts to determine whether billboards, trees or structures of any kind obscured the view and invited mishap; often reconstruction is recommended to the Department of Public Works. Reports of operators, police and motor-vehicle inspectors are screened for accident causes that might be remedied. A master card index lists all the accidents and offenses of every motorist. Last year 32,761 were called in for hearings; of these, 6,062 were required to take repeat road tests with inspectors.

Above all, King sees his job as a monumental problem of public relations. He views every automobile on the highway as a suit of armor encasing a potential killer with seven-league boots and a sense of power in his hands, and he works unceasingly to get this idea across to the motorist himself. Last year the need for safe walking and safe driving was dinned into Massachusetts ears in 484 special and regular radio programs and 100,446 spot announcements (all donated free as public-service time).

Everyone in the state was bombarded with material on the subject of safety, by 285 free full-page advertisements in 73 daily, 221 weekly and 41 foreign-language newspapers; by 15,461,566 pieces of special literature; by 9,000,000 safety slogans accompanying items which poured out of vending machines. All slogans and pamphlets, radio and newspaper copy are written by a staff of 30 registry employees, who also turn out a weekly TV show.

This telecast, every Wednesday at 11:00 A.M.,



Private firms share the financial burden of reminding motorists of need for safe driving. On Boston street, officer halts violator, points to sign sponsored by advertising company

Registrar King (l.) records radio safety plea with Duke Savitt of WCRB, Newton-Waltham

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE WOODRUFF

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The Massachusetts Way

stresses the registry's accident-prevention program and is beamed primarily at school-age groups. Teachers, pupils, police school-safety officers and members of King's staff take part in the shows, which are seen on TV screens in every classroom in the communities involved.

A registry survey showed that in Massachusetts the sixteen- to twenty-year-old drivers made a record better than that of their brothers and sisters from twenty-one to twenty-five, and equally as good as drivers in the twenty-six-to-thirty age group. The best records were hung up by those over thirty. Basic reasons for the bad records, it was found, were a lack of the meager technical knowledge required to drive a car, poor driving attitudes and, in a limited number of cases, lack of skill. Imparting knowledge and developing attitudes and skills, King decided, were educational functions.

Driver education had been authorized for Massachusetts public schools as early as 1939, but had never caught on. King sent a corps of registry inspectors into colleges and high schools to interview presidents and principals and find out why.

What Registry Inspectors Found Out

They reported that schools and colleges were so crowded with courses that there was no room for another, and that teaching aids, films, psychophysical testing devices and such had not been provided. There were no specialized teachers and no facilities for training them; no dual-control cars; apparently very little public interest or support, and no funds appropriated for the purpose. It took a couple of years for King to overcome these hurdles.

First, he assigned a former schoolteacher on his staff to the job of outlining a course in driving and writing a teachers' manual. This was reviewed and approved by a committee of state educators. He borrowed films and psychophysical testing devices from insurance companies, which made them available for schools and colleges. He persuaded Dean Albert E. Everett of Northeastern University to introduce a course for teachers. Later, through co-operation of the State Department of Education, others were inaugurated at Fitchburg and Worcester state teachers colleges.

King also made a deal with the State Automobile Dealers Association to sell dual-control teaching cars to schools at $1 each. Dealers benefit in publicity and public display. Where funds for salary or maintenance of a course are not available, they are provided by Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions or the Grange. In Massachusetts 90 per cent of the schools now have driver-education courses, more than half of these behind the wheel.

Paradoxically, the state with one of the lowest fatal-accident records has, at the same time, the greatest number of automobile accident lawsuits ever filed anywhere—64,568 in 1951 alone. King inherited the unique compulsory insurance law which made this possible. Under it, every application for registration plates must have an endorsement to show that the applicant has the required liability insurance coverage. Passenger-car owners must carry a minimum insurance of $5,000 for one death or injury, and $10,000 for death or injury to more than one person, at a rate determined for the area in which the car is garaged. The requirement makes Massachusetts an expensive state in which to drive; it costs an average of $65 to put a car on the road.

Under this law, insurance companies have lost the right to set rates for this kind of insurance or to select their own risks. They must take all comers, good and bad. If a driver has a frightful record of causing death and injury, a company can refuse to insure him. He is then tossed into an "assigned risk plan," out of which all companies take a number of bad risks depending upon the amount

An evangelist of safety, Motor Vehicle Registrar King never misses chance to win converts to cause. At booth in his Boston office, King (center) talks over program with motorists

Work with two-wheeler crowd has reduced auto-bicycle accidents in state. Youngsters watch as officer applies reflecting tape. Bikes later are checked and assigned identifying tags

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of compulsory insurance written by each. Thus, a company which turns down a bad risk might easily get him back.

Casualty companies complain each year that the rate falls far short of covering losses which, they say, have skyrocketed from $700,000 in 1946 to $5,000,000 last year. This year the companies asked for a rate increase of 22 per cent over last year. Insurance Commissioner Dennis Sullivan allowed them 9.7 per cent, which, he says, is "adequate, just, reasonable and nondiscriminatory."

He Enforces Insurance Law Strictly

King remains aloof from insurance rate-making discussions. His only concern is to enforce a law compelling those who register cars to insure against death or injury to anyone among the general public. If, for any reason including nonpayment of the bill, such personal-liability insurance is canceled, he rules the vehicle off the road. He approves of the law, although not necessarily as it stands, and explains: "I'm in favor of any law that does not give a driver a free crack at his first victim. (Some states require a driver to insure only after a fatality.) Going before the board of appeals or the courts to keep a bad driver off the road ought to be standard practice. I don't want bad risks on the highways, but I continue to accept them because they are insured."

Casualty insurance companies take the position that they do not want bad risks on the road, either. They agree with King that the bad risk ought to be ruled off the road, but they split on the way it should be done. Casualty companies say that if King banned bad drivers from the highways, the companies would not have to insure them. King says that if the companies refused to insure drivers, he would not have to register their cars.

The law never has been popular either with the insurance companies or those covered under it, and yet it has never reached a degree of unpopularity sufficient to force its repeal. One formidable barrier is that there are 75 lawyers among the 280 members of the state legislature; the law provides a brisk source of legal income. Another is that after 25 years of conditioning under the law, the people who have found it profitable to become "claims-conscious" are legion. Compensation is asked for "possibility of cancer" because a sudden stop bumps a forehead against a windshield. A man who loses a door handle in a trivial accident not only has it replaced but initiates an action for stomach ulcers resulting from mental anguish.

King does not find it within his bailiwick to combat such evidences of litigation neurosis, but he continues to hammer away at the larger problem behind it: the total elimination of all accidents caused by inattention and carelessness, the human equation. A roving evangelist who works 16 and 18 hours a day, he has visited and revisited every city, ward and precinct, every town, hamlet and whistle stop, organizing, speaking, lecturing. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he has talked to almost every driver in the state either personally, at community halls or on the radio.

Like his inspectors, he is always on patrol while on the road, and it is not uncommon for him to apprehend a drunk and revoke his license on the spot, or to stop a reckless driver and dress him down. Once, as he rolled out of the driveway of his Millis home, a speeding truck barely missed him. King gave chase and flagged the driver down after four miles. "Who are you and why don't you mind your own business?" the man asked.

King put his hand in his hip pocket. He had changed into old clothes and forgotten his billfold. He walked back to his car, got in and drove home. His guess was that the driver would stop in nearby Medway. A little later King again caught up with the man and introduced himself, this time properly.

The driver's jaw dropped. "I'm sorry, Mr. King," he began. "I'm as sorry as you are," King interrupted, "and maybe I needed a lesson as much as you. I'll promise you that I'll never again be caught driving without a license if you'll promise me that you'll never again drive at excessive speed."

The man grinned. "That's a deal," he said, and they shook hands on it.

In cases where King has felt that the courts were too lenient with repeated traffic violators, he has instructed the heads of the 21 registry branch offices to keep in touch with local judges and make repeaters' records available to them. He pops into these branch offices unexpectedly, just as he often abandons his own car, after a speaking engagement, to ride a beat in a regular inspector's car. In neither case is this the "big boss" checking on his employees. Actually, he is regarded as a friendly executive, more interested in the staff's problems than in cracking the whip. If he thinks his staff specialists are getting rusty, he assigns them to refresher courses in technical schools.

As in most populous states, the two most baffling traffic problems in Massachusetts are congestion and the pedestrian. More than a third of the state's 4,390,000 residents are licensed to drive, and more than a fourth own cars; if all Massachusetts motor vehicles were lined up bumper to bumper, they would stretch over half its 20,000 miles of roads.

Pedestrians are constantly being warned, by registry propaganda, to walk on the left-hand side of unlighted roads facing head lamps coming toward them, and to carry either flashlights or something white. Teen-age bicycle riders are reached through school programs, police and fire departments, and registry inspectors regularly assemble the cyclists to direct them in covering handle bars and wheel forks with luminescent tape.

Enabling Amputees to Drive Again

Another special concern of King's has been the handicapped driver. When the first World War II amputees were returned to the state in 1945, the registry cut all red tape to rehabilitate them as licensed drivers. A training center was established for veterans with major amputations at Cushing General Hospital, in Framingham Center. King assigned a supervisor and instructors, and issued the first license ever given a paraplegic. Records on the veterans' safe driving were kept, and the registry's experience with them was largely responsible for the passage of the Congressional act under which such veterans throughout the country are given free cars.

King went much further than that in his own state. He issued special V-plates for the veterans; asked state, city and town police to give them extraterritorial parking privileges and help them when they needed it; and warned all drivers to give them right of way. He broadened his veterans' program to include those with non-service-connected disabilities, restoring as drivers those suffering from heart disease, epilepsy and from multiple sclerosis. In the past five years they, too, have maintained excellent safety records.

A Nova Scotian by birth, King, now sixty-four, came to Massachusetts with his parents when a small boy. As a young shoe-factory hand in Millis, he was temporarily blinded by an explosion of acid touched off by a careless co-worker. It was a lesson he has never forgotten in the importance of the human element in safety.

The total elimination of this human equation—the accidents caused by inattention and carelessness—is King's ideal; that, he figures, would leave only imponderables usually classified as acts of God. He has faith that it can be done if all automobile laws are strictly enforced, if "political fix" is made impossible, if the younger generation is carefully taught how to drive and present-day drivers are re-educated. He refuses to believe you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

King has an unusual hobby—the landscaping of cemeteries—which once gave rise to the quip that "he gets the drivers coming and going." He winces only slightly at such gags, resigned to the knowledge that his incessant propaganda for safety is bound to be taken in some quarters as nagging.

"Not long ago," he says, "one driver berated my secretary, shouting, 'The next thing you know, King will be telling us what knife and fork to use.' As a matter of fact, that man, in his indignation, put his finger right on it. Good driving is good manners on the public highway. Good table manners are marks of gentility, and so are good motoring manners. Besides, they save lives." ▲▲▲

Safety education, to succeed, must be carried out on a local level. Here, King and others study a wrecked car used in Concord, Mass., parade during Adult Driver Education Month

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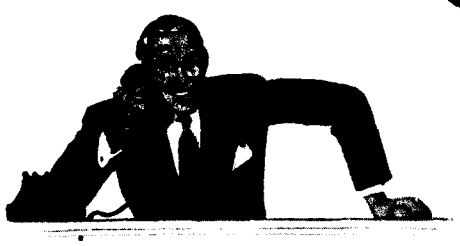
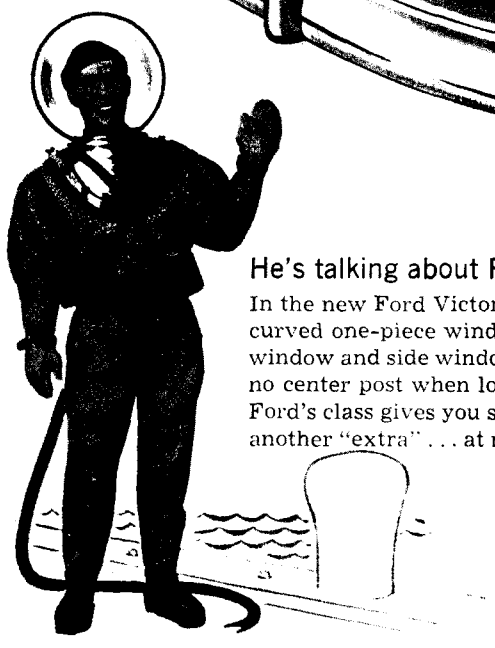
They're talking about Ford's modern body construction! And no wonder! Not only are Ford bodies sealed against dust, draft and weather, they're longer, wider and insulated for quiet! What's more—Ford offers more models and more body, color and upholstery combinations than any other car in the low-price field!

Good news travels fast!

They're talking about Ford's new "go"—the "go" of its 110-h.p. Strato-Star V-8—the only V-8 in Ford's price field. You get high-compression power on "regular"—thanks to the Automatic Power Pilot. And it's yours with Fordomatic Drive, Overdrive or Conventional Drive.



They're talking about Ford's Automatic Ride Control—a special teaming of front and rear spring suspension plus diagonally mounted rear shock absorbers. How it gentles the bumps—how it takes the tilt out of turns! It's a honey to handle wherever you go.



He's talking about Full-Circle Visibility! In the new Ford Victoria you get a huge, curved one-piece windshield, a car-wide rear window and side windows which leave no center post when lowered. No other car in Ford's class gives you so much vision. It's another "extra" . . . at no extra cost.

Now more than ever it's The One Fine Car in the Low-Price Field!

Ford's long-range planning has now put Ford even further ahead of all other low-priced cars in quality . . . even further ahead in savings. This progressive thinking has produced a car which can do more things for more people at lower cost . . . the ablest car on the American Road. Your Ford Dealer invites you to "Test Drive" it today!

'52 FORD

You can pay more . . . but you can't buy better!

"Test Drive" it today!

Fordomatic Drive, Overdrive and white sidewall tires optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and trim subject to change without notice.

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AROUND THE WORLD

By ROBERT CHRISTOPHER

DAILY EXPENDITURES

	Expenses	Balance
1st Day: New York City, Gander & Ireland Subway, $.15; Dinner, $1.35; Cigarettes, $4.80	$6.30	$73.70
2d Day: Frankfurt, Vienna Food, $1.45; Hostel, $.25; Buses, $.40; sold carton of cigarettes, $3.20 (Profit: $1.10)		$74.80
3rd Day: Germany (En Route) Food, $1.32; Haircut, $.20;	$1.55	$73.25
4th Day: Switzerland (En Route) Food, $.32; Hostel, $.30; train, $2.00	$2.62	$70.63
5th through 10th Day: Italy Food, $4.65; Buses, $.91; Hostels, $1.75; Art Galleries, $.30	$7.61	$63.02
11th through 16th Day: Greece Ship Passage, $8; Bus, $.80; Food, $1.32; Haircut, $.20; Shoeshine, $.05	$10.37	$52.65
17th through 21st Day: Turkey Food, $1.10; Supplies, $3.50; Transportation, $2.85	$7.45	$45.20
22d through 23d Day: Syria Food, $1.00; Bus, $.70	$1.70	$43.50
24th & 25th Days: Jordan Food, $.20	$.20	$43.30
26th & 27th Days: Iraq Ball Pen Refill, $.60; Tea, $.05; Buses, $.35	$1.00	$42.30
28th through 40th Day: Iran Food, $5.85; Hotel, $.20; Stamps, $.60; Museum, $.25; Transportation, $12.40; Check Bag, $.20; Shoelaces, $.05; Beggar, $.20; Aspirins, $.05	$19.80	$22.50
41st through 45th Day: Pakistan Food, $.65; Transportation, $.75; Beggar, $.20	$1.60	$20.90
46th through 53d Day: India Food, $2.50; Transportation, $4.90; Check Bag, $.15; Ice and Cokes, $.25; Haircut, $.25; Beggars, $.20	$8.25	$12.65
54th through 61st Day: Siam Y.M.C.A., $.25; Food, $2.75; Temple Fees, $.28; Transportation, $.80; Japan visa, $.80; Stamps, $.35	$5.23	$7.42
62d Day: En Route (air) Hong Kong—Tokyo Bus, $.10; Food, $.32	$.42	$7.00
63d through 65th Day: Tokyo Y.M.C.A., $.40; Food, $1.50; Transportation, $.60	$2.50	$4.50
66th through 77th Day: Pacific Ocean Workaway aboard the freighter Flying Spray to San Francisco	$.00	$4.50
78th through 84th Day: U.S.A. Telephone, $.10; Cup of Coffee, $.10; Train to Oakland, $.30; Food, $3.40; Taxi, $.45; Tip, $.15	$4.50	$.00

On highway in Wyoming, author Christopher heads for New York and the end of 28,000-mile journey. He put a timing attachment on one camera so he could snap pictures of himself

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

JULES VERNE'S fabulous hero, Mr. Phileas Fogg, made his remarkable trip around the world in 80 days, and spent a considerable fortune. One day last March, I decided to make approximately the same trip and spend only $80.

Fogg, as readers of Verne's novel will recall, was the rich English gentleman who embarked on his great adventure after betting half his wealth that the nineteenth-century world could be circled in an 80-day period. As a quite "unwealthy" American, I faced a more modern, but equally great, challenge: to prove that, in the jet-propelled, money-conscious twentieth century, the world could be navigated leisurely on a sparsely filled pocketbook. When Collier's agreed to stake me to the $80 and promised to print my story if the trip proved successful, I was ready to start the junket that would carry me into 17 countries in 84 days.

In the course of my trip I traveled in everything from airplanes to camel caravans and donkey carts. I hitchhiked a ride with the Prince of Iraq, was arrested as a spy in Jordan and had a long-distance brush with Russian guards at the Soviet-Iranian border. My knowledge of four languages proved invaluable. Through talk, barter, and even sign language where necessary, I managed to convince people in every nation I visited to give me reduced rates on food, travel and housing.

On the other hand, five would-be robbers almost relieved me of my slim purse on a dark street in Naples very early in my journey. The trip was always exciting, often funny and sometimes dangerous. The fact that I was able to complete it within my ridiculously small budget is as much a tribute to the wonderful people I met on my travels as it is to any enterprise of mine. Everywhere there was always a helping hand. I never really had to travel alone.

On looking back it seems as if I had spent a good part of my 26 years preparing for the round-the-world trip. At fourteen, I hitchhiked from my home in Chicago to the New York World's Fair, and the next year I took a 12,000-mile trip through the United States, Mexico and Canada on less than $50. My travels and the college training I received under the GI Bill of Rights gave me a working knowledge of three foreign languages: French, Spanish and Italian. I learned photography during a hitch in the Navy, and one of my several postwar jobs had been as a flight purser on commercial air lines overseas.

On the basis of my past experience, I decided to travel as lightly as possible. The only change of clothing I packed was some socks, shorts, handkerchiefs and an extra nylon shirt. This, together with two cameras, a tripod, film and a sleeping bag gave me 50 pounds of baggage.

I made other preparations, too. In exchange for a report I promised to supply on Middle Eastern road conditions, the American Automobile Association issued me an international driver's license and also supplied a complete set of road maps for the overland part of my journey. Since I planned to work my way across the Pacific on the way home, I picked up Seaman's papers verifying my ability to work on a ship. All the inoculations and vaccinations I had received in the Navy were now too old to afford protection, so I went through the smallpox-yellow fever-tetanus-cholera-typhoid immunization routine again.

On the advice of health officials, I stocked up with a good supply of halazone tablets to purify any doubtful water I would have to drink. And I picked up a letter from the New York City Police Department to show that I didn't have a criminal record; had the necessary visas stamped on my passport, and arranged for a Youth Hostel membership which would permit me to stay in the highly desirable inexpensive hostels in Europe.

My great adventure got under way on March 15th. It cost me 15 cents (subway and bus) to

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ON $80

An enterprising young American tells the amazing story of his trip through 17 foreign lands on a budget of less than a dollar per day

reach Idlewild Airport from my room in Manhattan. I was on my way, with $79.85 in my pocket and 28,000 miles to go.

Crossing the Atlantic to Europe caused less of a dent in my wallet than the subway trip. As a former air-lines employee, I knew that overseas air companies occasionally hire extra men to help with the paper work on flights. Seaboard & Western Airlines, a major international air freight company, had such an opening. I was hired for a trip to Germany. The first leg of my journey was taken care of.

Plunging in the Cigarette Market

When the plane landed in Ireland, I took advantage of the duty-free status of American cigarettes to buy four cartons for $4.80. They were a great investment. In trading value for rides, food and information they proved worth more than five times the amount of money I spent for them. The cost of the cigarettes, plus the dollar and change I laid out for a meal, brought my balance down to $73.70 when we arrived in Frankfurt. It was here that I turned the aircraft manifests over to Army officials to complete my job for Seaboard & Western.

I was now entirely on my own—dependent on a glib tongue, a friendly air, bartering ability and the hospitality of the people I met. As a preliminary skirmish, I hitched a ride to Vienna for a carton of cigarettes (sold another carton for a profitable $3.20), and then had no trouble hitchhiking back all the way through Frankfurt to Basel, Switzerland, without having to sacrifice any more of my precious smokes. I did most of my hitchhiking by holding up a sign on which I had written my destination. After a night at a hostel (30 cents), I was ready to leave for Italy. My balance (as you can see on the accompanying chart) was a comfortable $72.63.

Fourteen-thousand-foot-high mountains separate Switzerland from Italy. Scaling the Alps was not in my plans. There was nothing to do but take the train. The full fare through the Simplon tunnel and into Milan was $5—an item which considerably dented my budget. Once aboard, I took the conductor aside for a heart-to-heart talk. It worked. Hannibal crossed the Alps on elephants. I went *under* the Alps on Camels—four packs to be exact and a token payment of $2 for the Italian part of the trip.

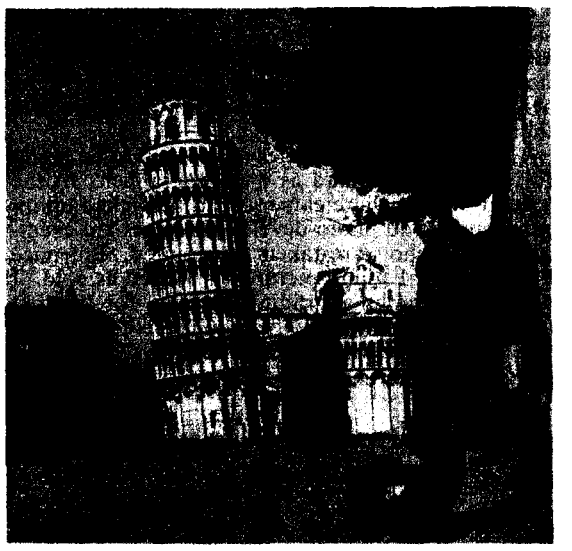
Hitchhiking south through Italy was no problem at all. It seemed that all I had to do in any town was inquire about the chance for a ride and I'd have one. Nevertheless, miscellaneous little expenses kept nibbling at my funds. By the time I reached Naples on the ninth day of my journey, I was down to $63.95. I realized somberly that the daily average of $1.77 a day was too high to get me through the trip.

It was while I was in Naples that a young fellow, who had offered to direct me to an inexpensive restaurant, led me into a narrow dead-end street. Looking from side to side I was able to see four men trailing me. I hesitated for a second, then whirled around and ran toward them at top speed. One caught my arm, but I managed to break away. I didn't slow down until I reached a policeman, by which time my would-be attackers had disappeared. I didn't deduct the shoe leather I'd used up from my budget.

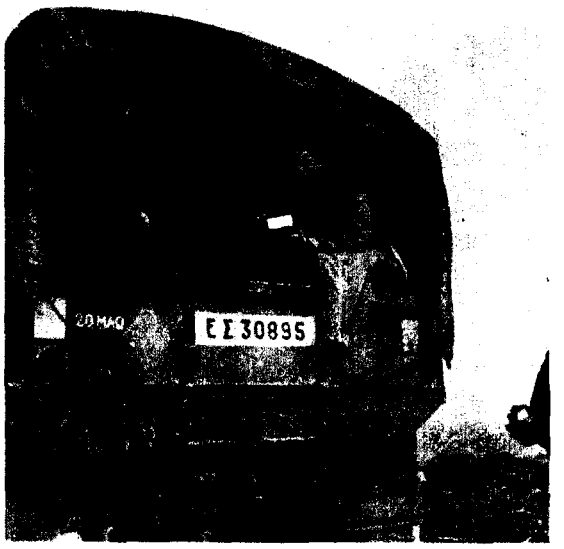
From Naples I drifted east toward the Adriatic. After sleeping (for free) one night in the back room of the Brindisi police station, I found that the regular fare to Greece was $11. Even by pleading in my most fluent and polite Italian, I was only able to get the fare down to $8. It was a shattering blow to my money belt. It left me with just $55.02.

I will never forget my first real contact with the Grecian mainland. My bus trip inland from the northwest coast cost me 80 cents. I had been told by well-wishers in sign language that there would

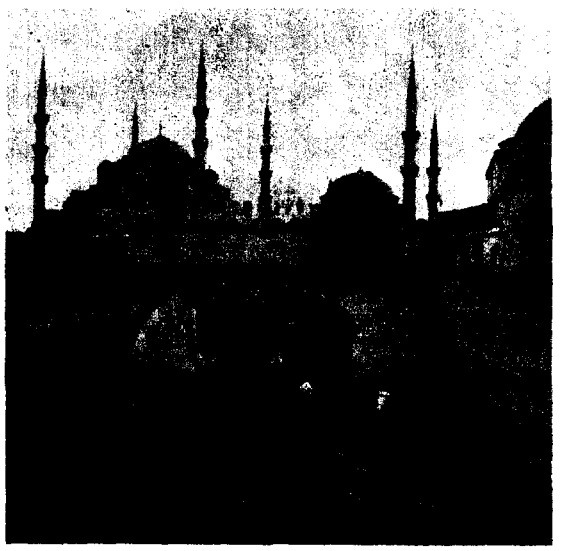
The writer hitchhiked with signs. Here, he shows Swiss motorists where he wants to go



Relaxing for moment in Italy, Bob leans in direction opposite to famous Tower of Pisa



Christopher grabbed ride in army truck for what proved a perilous trip over Greek Alps



Author rests with young guide in shadow of Sultan Ahmet mosque (1.), Istanbul, Turkey

On a Baghdad street, Bob's interest in water pipe was matched by smoker's interest in him

Shave drew crowd in Zahidan, Iran. Viewers were awed by American razor, shaving cream

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The world-circling traveler not only reached his home from Tokyo on $4.50, but ha

be "one bad little place" past Ioannina. The one bad little place turned out to be the 7,000-foot-high Pindus range of the Greek Alps. A blizzard the day before had made the mountains virtually impassable. However, I learned that a snowplow and a truckload of soldiers would try to go through the next morning. I wangled permission to join the soldiers. I wished many times during the trip that followed that I had kept my mouth shut.

We encountered snow, hail, rain, wind, mud and sleet—all at the same time. In one particularly perilous place the truck began sliding sideways. The downward skid only stopped when the truck hit a rock—stopping only inches from the edge of a thousand-foot-deep ravine.

I had many opportunities on my trip to be grateful for the skill I had as a photographer. In the United States, where cameras can be picked up inexpensively and photo-developing stores are everywhere, snapshots are taken for granted. But once I was abroad I found pictures as valued as gold. I used photographs as trading material for the first time to barter my way from Greece to Turkey. The regular fare was 42,000 drachmas ($2.50). In exchange for a pass, I promised to give the manager pictures of his train.

In Ankara, the capital of Turkey, I stocked up with $3.50 worth of canned goods and cigarettes. Even with the free train fare, my balance was down to $45.21.

I already had received a donkey-cart ride outside of Edirne, Turkey. Now, on the way from Ankara to Adana, along the Syrian border, I had a unique ride of another sort. The bus I caught was scheduled to arrive in Adana at four in the afternoon.

Runaway Mule Caused Bus to Be Late

At exactly four, the driver and his 30 passengers, including me, were running around a field in the Turkish mountains trying to catch a runaway mule. The driver had been a farmer in his youth. So, when his oncoming bus frightened a mule into bolting from its master, he figured that it was only right for us all to help catch the animal. We reached Adana six and a half hours behind schedule. But the mule was safe and sound.

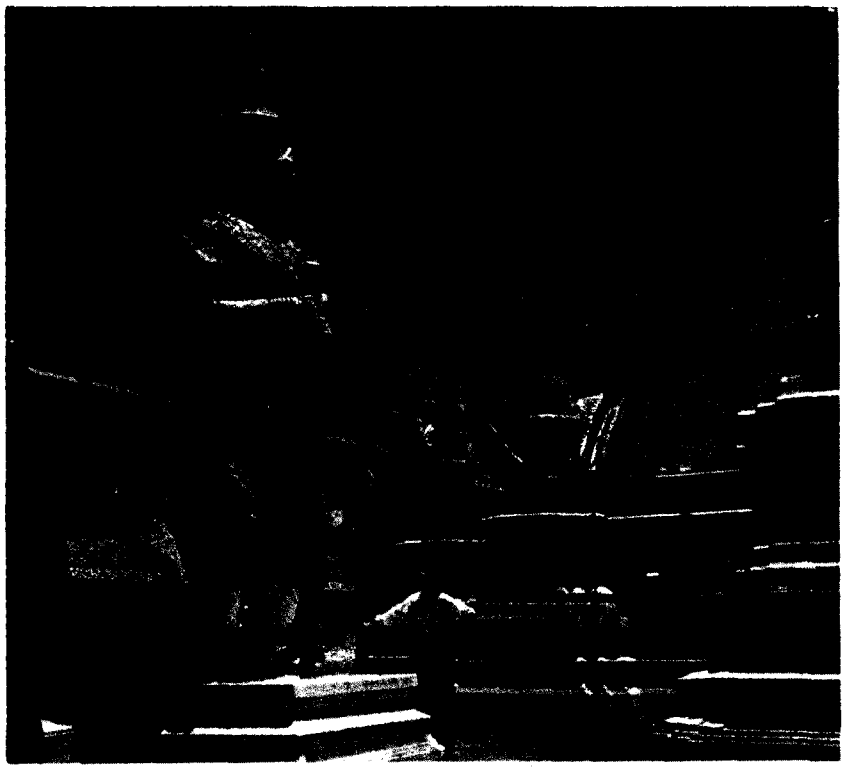
In Syria, I got one long ride by snapping pictures of a highway policeman and promising to send him prints if he would help me reach Damascus. The officer responded by halting every passing vehicle and finally putting me aboard an old broken-down bus that was clickety-clacking toward my destination.

It was in Damascus that I splurged on a 60-cent meal and "dug in" with a vengeance. Much to the waiter's surprise, I ate all of the *smörgåsbord*-type delicacies he put in front of me. Then, much to *my* surprise, he brought me the main course, a breaded veal cutlet. When no one was looking, I surrounded the chop with slices of bread and stuck it into my pocket. After stuffing an apple and an orange into my other pocket, and filling my canteen with fresh water, I left the restaurant content that I had got my money's worth.

I had been traveling 23 days. My balance was $43.50.

The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, my next port of call, provided me with some trying moments. But my problems in this sometimes violent Middle Eastern country were indirectly responsible for my getting a ride with royalty.

Christopher went 30-odd miles from Quetta to Mach, Pakistan, with a camel caravan that was moving a family. The trip cost him nothing



"Most colorful architecture I saw," was author's impression of the royal temple in Bangkok. He stayed full week in Siam, spent $5.23

In Tokyo, Bob visited a family he previously met while working for air lines. Dinner with them helped keep expenses in Japan to $2.50

Christopher helps tighten ship lines en route to San Francisco. As "workaway," he got no pay. But more important, he spent no money

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...oney left to take a cab and leave a tip

I ran into trouble because I had neglected to obtain a visa to enter Jordan. As soon as I reached the border, I was plucked off the truck in which I had hitched a ride, arrested and accused of being a spy. It took 24 hours and the intervention of the kindly Chief of Immigration to win my release, complete with a complimentary visa. But apparently I moved faster hitchhiking than the news of my exoneration. I was arrested again at the last control station in Jordan and detained overnight.

Shortly after I had convinced the guards that I was merely an innocent American on tour, a convoy of 14 cars raced into the control station. It was the Prince of Iraq and his entourage en route to Baghdad. Yes, he told an aide, I could join the convoy if I could find room in one of the cars. Find room! I shipped into Iraq with the whole back seat of an air-conditioned American Cadillac at my disposal. Jordan, with all of its troubles, had cost me only 20 cents.

My good fortune continued as I headed toward Iran. I reached the border on a free ticket I received for taking pictures of the president of a bus firm in his office. At the Iraq border town of Khanaqin, I spotted a new American Buick with a "going to Tehran" look that needed investigating. The driver, a colonel in the Persian army, was on his way to the capital. He was delighted with my offer to share the wheel. The international driver's license that I had received in New York from the AAA saved me two days of tortuous bus travel.

I stayed in Iran for 13 days, the longest period I spent in any country. Unfortunately, living and traveling there cost me $19.80 which turned out to be the most money I spent in any country. Once, during a ride to Meshed in northeastern Iran, I learned that the jeep I was in was proceeding to a village on the Russian border. I persuaded the driver to take me with him, hoping to be able to get a picture of Russian territory with my telephoto lens.

Vigilant Russian Police

This proved to be the rashest kind of optimism. When we checked in at the Iranian police station, I found that my arrival was expected. The Russian border guards, across the Tedghen River, had telegraphed the local officials to ask what an American was doing in the area. The police ordered me to return to Meshed immediately. The Russians obviously were kept very well informed of arrivals and departures in the area, but I wonder if they knew this visitor's balance at the time was down to $35.10. And by the day I was ready to leave Iran, I had only $27.30 left.

Actually, leaving Iran proved quite a problem. Just about the only way to reach Pakistan from my departure point of Zahidan is by a weekly train which leaves on Tuesday. I found myself with four days to kill. When Mr. Mohammed Ayub, the Pakistan consul to the Iranian city, heard of my dilemma, he gave me a suite of three rooms in his home, and even had his servants and his doctor nurse me through a case of sunstroke I suffered as the penalty for having taken a nap on top of the grain truck which brought me into Zahidan.

The consul's generous hospitality was an outstanding example of the friendliness I encountered almost everywhere I went. However, there wasn't much generosity so far as I was concerned on the trip to Quetta, Pakistan. The fare was $4.80. With almost 15,000 miles of the trip I had planned remaining, I had only $22.50 in my pocket.

But once I reached Quetta, everything seemed to go my way. My trip by now had received considerable publicity and I found I was becoming a celebrity. The manager of the Lords Hotel, a real travel enthusiast, refused to let me pay a single bill during my day there and complained because I wouldn't stay longer. And it was he who arranged a free ride for me to Mach with a small camel caravan. Later, when I caught a train for Lahore, I met some newspapermen who insisted that I was a good story and put me on their expense account during the rail trip. All in all, four days in Pakistan cost me only $1.60.

Three Days as a Guest

In Delhi, India, my luck continued. I met a young fellow on the train platform named Som Parkashusrui, who was just starting a month's vacation and insisted on being my host and guide. He, his family and friends treated me like an eagerly awaited relative. About the only thing I could pay for during the three days I was Som's guest was a haircut—and even that was a struggle. In addition to showing me New Delhi and Delhi proper, Som took me northeast to the Mussooree Hill station from which I could see The Himalaya Mountains of Tibet. I left my friend with sorrow, and a balance of $20.55. During my five remaining days in India without him this figure went down $7.90.

In Calcutta, I located Captain Twee Buddhinan of the Thai airline, who had heard about me from my Pakistan newspaper friends. He anticipated my request before I could do more than introduce myself and offered me a welcome free ride to Bangkok. After a week in Siam, the next stop was Tokyo. Since the Thai airline had a few empty seats on a flight to Japan, its officials saw no reason why I shouldn't have one. My only payment was some color photos of the airplane. And those wonderful Siamese said I was doing them a favor!

I reached Tokyo with exactly $7 left of my around-the-world budget. Three days later and $2.50 poorer, I used my Seaman's papers to get a berth on the Isbrandtsen Company's freighter Flying Spray as a "workaway." A workaway labors on the ship for his food and passage but receives no pay. This proved a manifestly fair way to get to San Francisco. I didn't have to spend a penny.

After spending two days with relatives in Oakland, I dragged out my hitchhiking sign for the last time to start the 3,000-mile, cross-country trek home. My $4.50 really lasted. Weary motorists were more than glad to buy me meals in return for a helping hand with the driving.

When I arrived in New York, the city was 84 days older; but I still had 60 cents left.

My last hitchhiking ride ended in Manhattan, at 79th Street and Henry Hudson Parkway. My fingers were sore from pinching pennies. I hailed a taxicab. The cab fare came to 45 cents. I had 15 cents left, but all I had to do now was walk up four flights of stairs to my home. I tipped the driver 15 cents. ▲▲▲

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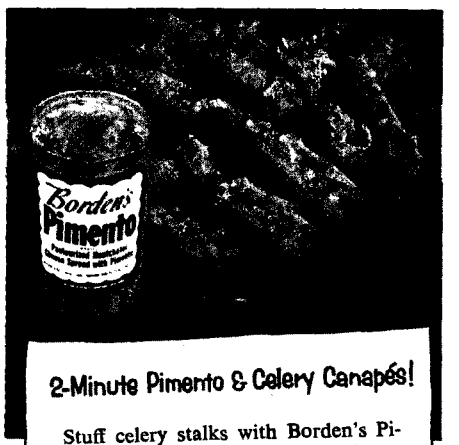

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Continuing My Battle Inside the Korea Truce Tent

A DEADLY GAME OF TIT-FOR-TAT

The great struggle over agenda Item 2 was long and at times heartbreaking. But it had rewarding moments of comedy and drama—and UN delegates won some satisfying victories

By VICE-ADMIRAL CHARLES TURNER JOY, USN

In last week's Collier's, Adm. Joy, former chief of the UN's delegation to the Korean truce talks, told how the conference finally got under way. He continues his dramatic story of the struggle to get an agreement with the evasive, deceitful Communists

EVERY battle has a turning point when the slack water of uncertainty becomes the ebb tide of defeat or the floodwater of victory. I thought the turning point of the Korean armistice campaign had arrived on the last day of October, 1951, when the negotiators agreed on the basis for a truce zone.

On that chill, overcast day at Panmunjom the Communists took the long step backward from the 38th parallel to the battle line, and I thought that the end was in sight, if not at hand. I was wrong. But, since that is the point of my story, let me begin at the beginning.

The agenda debates, the preliminary skirmishes of the armistice campaign, came to an end on July 26th, the day both delegations formally adopted the following agenda:

1. Adoption of agenda.
2. Fixing of military demarcation line between both sides so as to establish a demilitarized zone as a basic condition for the cessation of hostilities in Korea.
3. Concrete arrangements for the realization of cease fire and armistice in Korea, including the composition, authority and functions of a supervisory organ for carrying out the terms of cease fire and armistice.
4. Arrangements relative to prisoners of war.
5. Recommendations to governments concerned on both sides.

These were the topics we had agreed to discuss —the problems requiring solutions.

During the latter stages of the agenda debates, General Nam Il, the senior Communist delegate, had been highly restive. It was clear to me he wanted to get the agenda out of the way and force a showdown on the demilitarized zone.

In the hope of smoking us out, he had persistently interjected statements like, "Only when there is recognition of the 38th parallel will it be possible to end the war in Korea." The ruse did not work. We were under no obligation to commit ourselves until debate got under way on Item 2.

The military problem, clearly, was to define a zone that would safely separate the opposing troops and yet permit each side to rest in defensible positions. Each boundary of the zone should be clearly marked by easily recognized terrain features—rivers, bridges, roads and valleys—to keep unintentional violations to a minimum. The demarcation line should be clearly marked too. It divides the demilitarized zone, defines the limits of administrative responsibility for each side.

By proposing the 38th parallel as the basis for establishing a demilitarized zone, the Communists were insisting on a really political solution to the

General Nam Il, chief Communist delegate to the armistice conference, arriving at Panmunjom with his staff U.S. ARMY PHOTO

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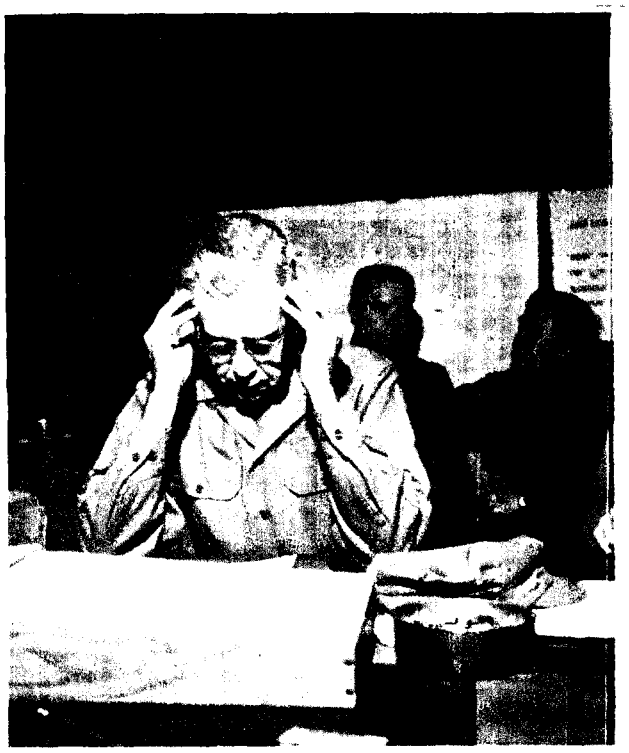
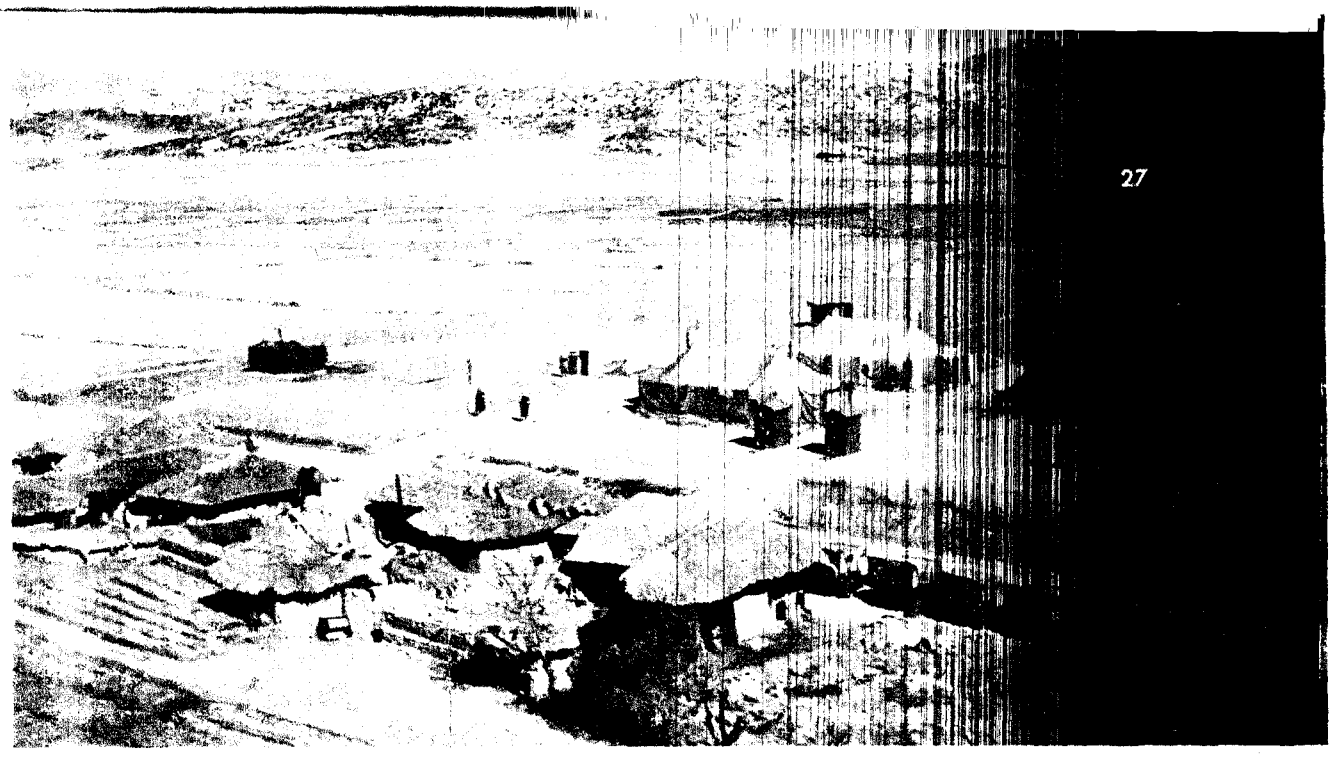


Admiral Joy, in UN headquarters, mapping strategy for next meeting with the Commies



The Panmunjom conference site. The three tents in the center were set up for the meetings, the two at the right for United Nations representatives and the one at left for the Commies

military problem. The Communists, of course, were not concerned with the *military* problem at all. They were anxious to give the appearance of victory to their own people and to erase the penalty for their war of aggression. Actually, the only valid argument Nam Il could have presented for the 38th parallel as a military demarcation line would have been the presence of Communist troops along the length of that line. This argument was denied him by the fact that UN forces occupied positions well north of the parallel in all areas of military significance, but Nam Il seemed only the more determined to close the gap between reality and desire.

His arguments were fantastic. Between July 26th, when the debate on the zone began, and August 22d, when the Communists used a homemade bombing incident as an excuse for suspending the talks, we took them as they came. Let me illustrate. Nam Il's statements appear in italics; my own comments follow in regular type.

To fix the 38th parallel as the military demarcation line between both sides is consistent with the historical fact recognized by the whole world. The war started on the 38th parallel; therefore it should be halted on the 38th parallel. The historic fact recognized by the whole world is that the indefensible 38th parallel was quickly overrun by armed forces of North Korea on June 25, 1950. Since the 38th parallel was completely unrelated to the current military situation, it could by no involution of reason become the basis for a demilitarized zone. Communist desire to return to prewar conditions was understandable, but military realities lead opposing forces to seek an armistice, and the terms of agreement should reflect those realities.

The areas occupied by your side and our side on the south and north of the 38th parallel are approximately the same. Therefore, the withdrawal would not bring forth any loss. United Nations forces occupied twice as much territory north of the parallel as the Communists did south of it. But real estate as such was unimportant. Our primary concern was for the security of our forces. Territory held by United Nations forces north of the parallel was defensible; territory held by the Communists south of the parallel was indefensible.

To fix the 38th parallel as the military demarcation line would be to build a bridge to peace. It would have been more like restoring an old causeway to war.

The warfare has been shifting to and fro four times across the 38th parallel. This means that the 38th parallel relatively reflects the military strength of your and our sides. The fact that the tide of battle had swung north and south of the parallel so many times proved only that there were no defensible positions along it. It is not likely the Communists would have proposed the 38th parallel as a demarcation line had an armistice been negotiated in September, 1950, when the United Nations forces were defending the Pusan perimeter.

Taken out of their reverberating context, these statements do not begin to suggest the rolling thunder effect of Communist debate, but they are representative of the enemy case for the 38th parallel. I think even the novice in military matters will describe their line of reasoning as irrational.

Our own original proposal on the demilitarized zone was based on considerations that must have been as obvious to the Communists as they were to us. In a war involving only the two opposing armies, the battle line would be a logical demarcation line. The battle line would be a fair index of the progress of the war and an accurate measure of relative military capabilities.

However, the Korean war was not an elementary conflict between two armies. Domination by United Nations Command naval and air forces of the seas around and the skies above the Korean peninsula gave the war a second and third dimension north of the battle line. Our air and naval forces, in effect, made all of North Korea a battle area, while United Nations Command forces south of the line of ground contact were free from naval and air attack.

Therefore, an armistice based on the ground situation alone would represent a tremendous advantage to the Communists. Unmolested, they would be able to rehabilitate their economy and repair their war machine. It would have been worth their while to go along with an armistice for just that reason—to obtain a breathing spell in which to prepare for renewed attack—and that may well have been their main reason for suggesting an armistice.

There was no comparable concession they could make to us for the withdrawal of our naval and air forces. We suggested that partial compensation might be made in locating the boundaries of the demilitarized zone. As a starting point for negotiations, we proposed that the line of ground contact be made the southern boundary of the zone and that the Communists withdraw to the north to give the zone a desired depth approximating 20 miles. We pointed out that such a zone met all the requirements—undisturbed balance of military

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. DIMITRI BORIA

Pfc David F. Blazer, of Parrottsville, Tennessee, relaxes among his pin-ups at the UN base camp in Munsan-ni. A member of the Eighth Army, he was assigned to the truce negotiations

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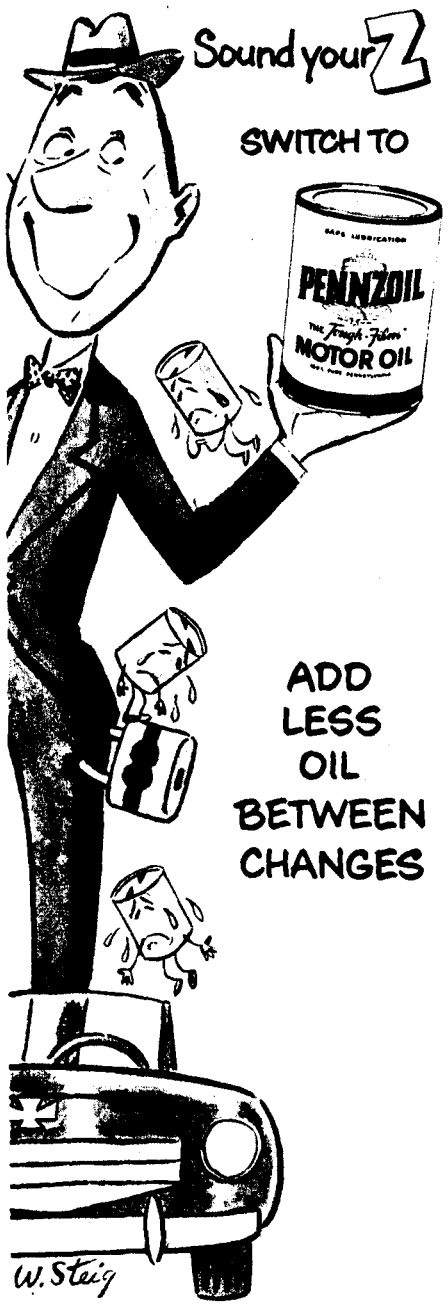

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PENNZOIL MOTOR OIL AND LUBRICANTS AT BETTER DEALERS . . . COAST TO COAST

Nam Il exploded to Joy: "Such logic as yours can deceive onl

advantages, defensible positions to insure the security of respective forces and terrain features susceptible to agreement as boundaries.

However well justified this proposal was, we did not expect the Communists to accept it or to be moved to any great extent by any arguments we might develop in support of it. We made it clear at the beginning that we would entertain any suggestions for adjustments—that is the nature of negotiation. To begin to bargain by stating your minimum position is to leave yourself without anything to bargain with.

Nam Il reacted to my first presentation of this proposal with anger and astonishment. He had apparently taken for granted our acceptance of the 38th parallel, since there had been many public statements in high places that to drive the enemy across the 38th parallel would represent a victory for the United Nations Command. At the conclusion of my remarks I passed a map to him with our proposal translated into lines upon it. He brushed the map aside, requested a recess and stormed out of the room.

The following morning, Nam Il led off with a long impassioned speech typical of many we were to hear in the days ahead. He began, "Yesterday I heard with surprise your incredible statement and had a glance at that map of yours on which were three lines which anybody with red, blue and black pencil could have drawn." Our defense of our proposal was called "a ridiculous theory," and our arguments were described as "naïve and illogical," our attitude as "absurd and arrogant." He said, "Such logic as yours can deceive only those who are neurotic and muddleheaded."

Nam Il had been exhibiting less and less restraint in his remarks of late. This was a good time to tell him off, so I asked for a previously prepared paper on military courtesy. It said, in part: "Military men are expected to be sufficiently mature to realize that bluster and bombast do not and cannot affect the facts of any military situation. . . . I hope to note in your further remarks tangible evidence that this conference will resume the high level of traditional courtesy between military men which, until this morning, it had enjoyed." He quieted down for a while after that.

Uses of "Position Papers"

The incident illustrates the manner in which most of our views became known to the enemy. Each day when we went to Kaesong, and later to Panmunjom, we were reinforced by a vast array of what we came to call "position papers." These staff-prepared papers were statements of our attitude, or position, on every point we thought the Communists might bring up or that we ourselves might want to introduce. Our day-to-day tactical papers went by short titles like Take It or Leave It, Firm Stand or Let's Be Reasonable. Our strategic, or general background papers went by more formal titles, like The Facts about Aggression in Korea, or The Geneva Conventions on Treatment of Prisoners of War.

But no staff, even one as brilliant and hard-working as I was lucky to have, can anticipate all possibilities. Many of our papers, of necessity, were prepared as the Communists spoke, or in short recesses called for the purpose. In view of the importance that could be attached to every word uttered, I wanted to avoid off-the-cuff exchanges. I wanted the official record of the proceedings to reflect the most careful thought of which we were capable. The ready-made and continuously updated file had the effect of making our on-the-spot job that much easier. The Communists apparently thought well of our system for they quickly abandoned their own extemporaneous approach and joined us in the battle of "position papers."

No account of the armistice conference would be complete without some reference to the institution of "nit-picking." I do not know the origin of the term, but it adequately describes the mutilating process that position papers underwent at the hands of the delegates and staff members before they were pronounced fit for use. Regardless of the amount of research and painstaking writing an individual put into a paper, he could never feel he had done more than provide a starting point for the volatile minds surrounding our big conference table at the camp. It was a rare individual who could detect any remnants of his own handiwork in what finally emerged from the onslaught of the nit-pickers.

The debate on the demilitarized zone wore on. Back at our apple orchard campsite people were settling into a routine and no longer seemed conscious of the novelty of the situation. The beginning atmosphere of awe and expectancy was gone. At some time during this transition period, I was drawn into a long, losing campaign with the flies that shared my tent and would have faced certain rout and defeat but for the approach of winter. I hoped winter would

WIDE WORLD

When Chinese troops marched within a mile of the Kaesong conference site, Joy called off the talks and reported the incident to Ridgway. He demanded explanation, got an apology

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render similar assistance in settling our problems with the Communists.

Meanwhile, we became accustomed to the phrase "absurd and arrogant" as applied to ourselves and "just and reasonable" as self-applied by the Communists. Nam Il used the "absurd and arrogant" refrain 17 times in one speech. It did no good to ask him not to confuse his own unhappiness over military realities with what he called arrogance on our part in pointing them out. It did no good to suggest that our proposal was absurd only in so far as reality itself could be said to be absurd.

Red Version of Japan's Defeat

Nam Il contended that the position of the battle line was a concentrated expression of the combined effectiveness of our land, sea and air forces. He claimed that our naval and air power exercised no effect independent of the battle line, and therefore we could not expect to be compensated for their withdrawal. To illustrate our point that the position of the battle line was not an accurate gauge of the over-all progress of the war, we explained how Japan had been defeated without our having to land a single soldier on Japanese soil. But Nam Il had another version:

"Your naval and air forces fought Japan for nearly three years without being able to defeat them. It was only with the participation of the Soviet army that a crushing blow was dealt and Japan was finally defeated. Can these historical facts be negated lightly? Your own example refutes your own theory."

Nam Il conveniently neglected to mention that the Soviet Union entered the war only after Japan had sought Russia's good offices in suing for peace, and only a few days before Japan actually surrendered.

The respective repertoires of arguments and rebuttals were soon exhausted, and one day became distinguishable from another only by some punctuating side show, like the well-publicized two hours and ten minutes of strained silence on August 10th. During the silence, occupied principally by collective doodling and note scratching, I sensed a mounting, but restrained, anger in our own Major General Paik Sun Yup, who sat on my right. After we adjourned for the day, he explained that North Korean Major General Lee Sang Jo, who sat opposite him, had passed a note to Nam Il. The note, written in red crayon and in Korean characters large enough to read across the table, said: "The Imperialist errand boys are lower than dogs in a morgue." To a Korean, this is one of the worst insults.

What appeared to me to be an incorrigible Communist feeling of inferiority was manifested at every turn. One day, Nam Il called attention to the fact that I had spoken for 70 minutes, and the next day, not to be outdone, he spoke for 110 minutes. The endless game of tit for tat extended to all manner of trivia. I sometimes wondered if the long delays in the conference could not be traced to the fact that the Communist delegation was waiting for some Russian to invent the first helicopter so they could match us in mode of travel.

We were not getting very far. I suggested we study the problem over a map. Nam Il refused. I then proposed that we temporarily drop Item 2 and go on

WIDE WORLD

When Adm. Joy reached Kaesong to open talks, he was surprised to find his son Duncan, a Signal Corps lieutenant, stationed there

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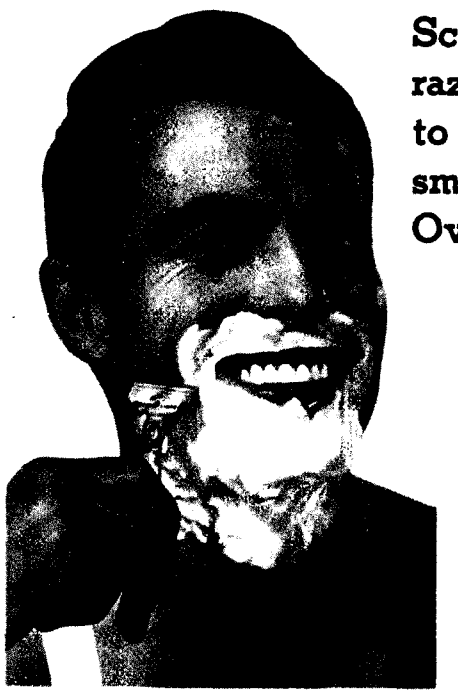

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As the Korean truce talks dragged on, the balance of militar

to discussions of Item 3 or 4, or both. Nam Il rejected the suggestion. Finally, Colonel Andrew J. Kinney, USAF, one of our liaison officers, came up with an idea for breaking the deadlock which became a standard approach to future deadlocks. Kinney suggested a meeting of subdelegations, with the idea that barriers might crumble a little more readily in an informal exchange of views.

I proposed the subdelegation idea on August 15th, and the first meeting was held on August 17th, with two delegates, a staff officer and an interpreter from each side present. I named Major General Henry I. Hodes, U.S.A., as senior member, with Major General Laurence C. (Bill) Craigie, USAF, and Rear Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, USN, alternating as second delegate. Opposition delegates were North Korean Major Lee Sang Jo and Chinese Major General Hsieh Fang.

However, it soon became apparent that the Communists had no authority to discuss any demilitarized zone other than one based on the 38th parallel. They obviously meant to use the meetings to milk us of all possible information while resisting all our efforts to obtain information or a new proposal from them.

I thought the time had come for drastic action and took off for Tokyo the morning of August 19th to persuade General Ridgway that we should present our final position to the Communists on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. En route to Tokyo, I stopped at Seoul and talked for two hours with General James Van Fleet. The Eighth Army commander favored a halt in the fighting in present positions and the establishment of a narrow zone. He suggested that our final proposal should be timed for early September to coincide with a limited offensive designed to straighten out our lines in the eastern sector. I liked his straightforward soldier's approach to the problem.

General Ridgway was interested in the plan of action I proposed, including the idea of a narrow demilitarized zone centered on the battle line. However, in view of the approaching Japanese Peace Treaty Conference at San Francisco, he felt that the time had not arrived for drastic action.

The idea was dropped, and I returned to Munsan the evening of August 21st. The following night the Communists set in operation a plan of their own.

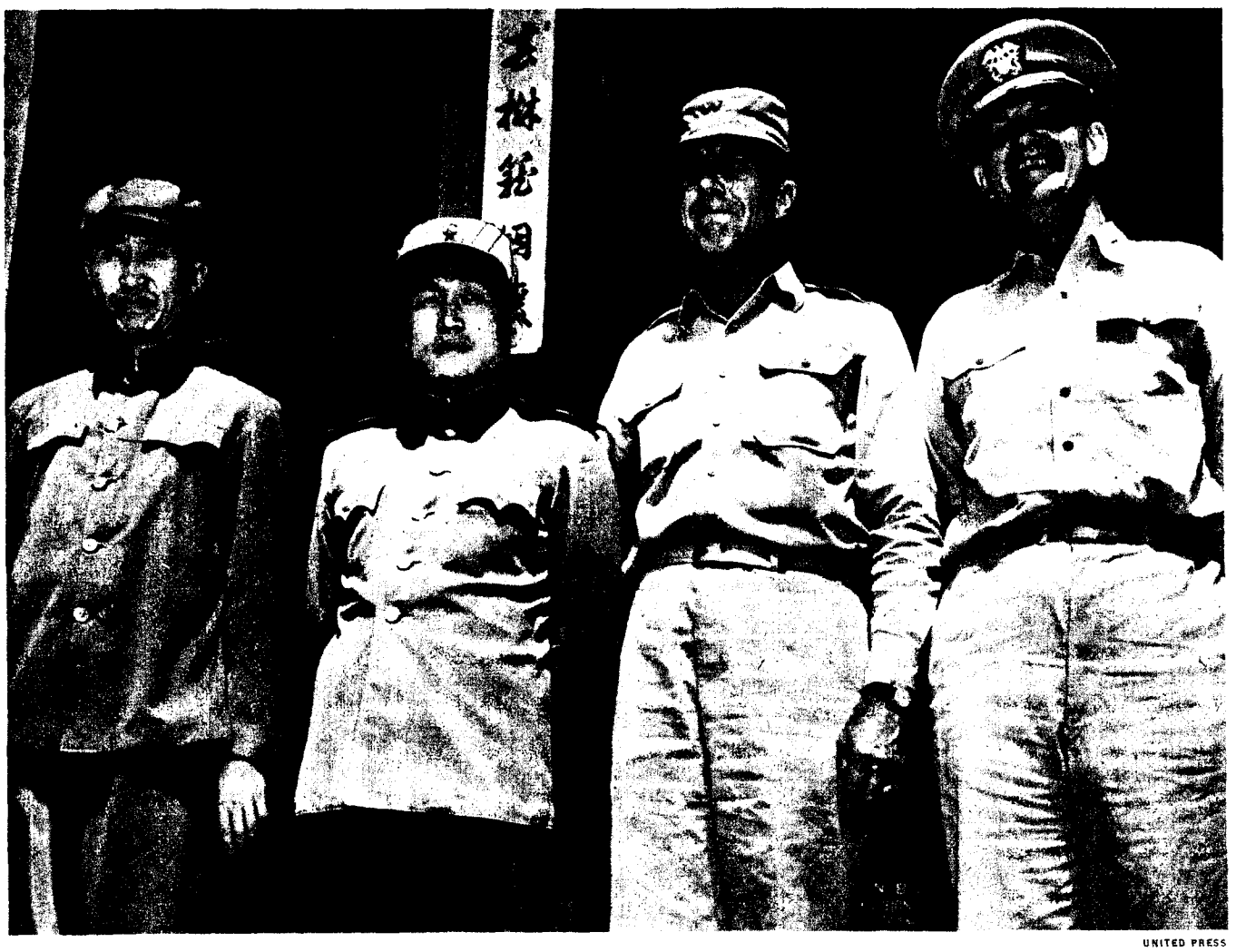
Bombing Story Proves a Fake

Shortly before midnight we received an excited phone call from North Korean Colonel Chang, a liaison officer, claiming Kaesong had been bombed by one of our planes a few minutes previously. Our liaison officers, Colonel Andrew J. Kinney and Colonel James C. Murray, USMC, drove off in the rain to investigate. On the basis of evidence presented, Kinney and Murray concluded the incident was a fake of the most improbable sort, but suggested the investigation be allowed to continue during daylight. Chang declared the incident closed and then, reading from prepared notes, announced that the talks were suspended indefinitely—and "indefinitely" turned out to be a little more than two months.

There was no lack of theories explaining this Communist move. One theory had it that, since the Communists could not talk us into the 38th parallel, they would attempt to drive us back to it. If that was their aim, a series of limited offensives by the Eighth Army soon thwarted it. My own theory went like this. With sublime self-confidence, the Communists had neglected to anticipate the possibility that we would not accept the 38th parallel as a military demarcation line. They thought our capitulation was a simple matter of time. When I proposed the subdelegation idea they jumped at it, taking it as an indication that we were ready to concede. They were disappointed. They were also puzzled and needed time to figure out their next move.

Drawing inspiration from their own zone violation of August 4th, which had resulted in a five-day suspension of the talks, they staged the bombing incident. For their purpose, the incident had to be a palpable fraud, one that we would not admit to. Had we accepted responsibility, there would have been no reason to delay the talks. Successive incidents, several of which we did promptly admit, served the double purpose of providing the Communists with a pretext for further stalling and a ready opportunity to discredit the United Nations Command.

However, the suspension lasted longer than the Communists bargained for. General Ridgway, in his usual forceful manner, seized the initiative and insisted on a new conference site, one under the control of neither side. Perhaps our biggest worry during this period was over the possibility that the people at home might become impatient with the haggling and crowd us into playing according to the Communist ground rules. We were thankful they did not. What really got us over the hump, though, was stepped-up pressure by the Eighth Army. Military pressure was the one argument that made sense to the Communists. Enemy acceptance of a new between-the-lines conference site at Panmunjom



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This subdelegation tried to resolve dispute on buffer zone. (L. to r.) Chinese Gen. Lee Hsieh Fang, North Korean Gen. Lee Sang Jo, U.S. Gen. H. I. Hodes, U.S. Adm. Arleigh Burke

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dvantages began to shift to the Communists

was a real victory for us and a strong indication that the Communists wanted an armistice.

When the talks were resumed on October 25th, at the new conference site, we had heard the last of the 38th parallel. The discussions were immediately turned over to the subdelegations and, after some routine skirmishing, the Communists came through on October 31st with a solution that we would have been willing to settle for at the beginning—a demilitarized zone centered on the battle line. There were differences of opinion over the actual location of the line, and we spent some time trying to horse-trade the Communists out of Kaesong because of the importance of the old Korean capital to the South Koreans, but the real battle was over.

From a negotiating standpoint we had worked up a good head of steam. We were no longer trying to catch up. We were ahead. The feeling around camp was positive and optimistic. But the feeling was short-lived.

The opinions expressed by Admiral Joy are his personal opinions and do not necessarily coincide with the official views of the government or any department of the government

The Red negotiators wanted to fix the then current battle line as the demarcation line once and for all; achieving, in effect, a *de facto* cease fire. We insisted that the demarcation line be identical with the line of ground contact as of the date of the signing of the armistice agreement. Our reason was obvious. With a *de facto* cease fire the Communists could stall to their heart's content over the remaining items of the agenda. With a *de facto* cease fire they would have what they wanted—respite from our military pressure. We would then have no reason for taking more ground and destroying more of their forces; and they, consequently, would have no incentive for coming to terms. General Ridgway and the delegation felt strongly that this was a situation calling for "more steel and less silk." We felt certain that the Communists would eventually give in on the point and that we would, as a consequence, retain the negotiating initiative and reap the benefits of the Eighth Army's continuing pressure.

However, the question had another side. Our mere presence at the conference table represented a commitment in the eyes of the world to seek a solution through negotiation where a final solution had not been arrived at through force of arms. Once committed, no amount of late apprehension could negate our early obligation to proceed in the good faith we had professed; no amount of trepidation could remove our obligation to assume good faith on the part of the enemy until he had proved his own bad faith—and no amount of afterthought could alter the fact that compromise is the essence of negotiation.

If there had been indications that the enemy was disposed to stall, there also had been indications that he really wanted an armistice. He had agreed to a new conference site and he had given up on the 38th parallel, both of which were very difficult decisions for him to make. Some felt that if the enemy were worried about a northward movement of the demarcation line, the 30-day time limit would actually serve as an incentive. Our choice lay between action based on well-founded fear and action based on well-established obligation. The decision was made to respect our obligation and give the enemy the benefit of the doubt.

Agreement on a provisional demarcation line with a 30-day time limit was ratified in a plenary session on November 27th. The Communists had their *de facto* cease fire. Would they accept it as an opportunity to demonstrate good faith by speeding agreement on an honorable and stable armistice, or would they seize on it as an opportunity to stall while they rebuilt their war machine? We did not have to wait long for our answer.

As I write this, the Communists are still stalling. In demonstrating our own good faith we lost the initiative, never fully to regain it. We gradually found ourselves no longer negotiating from strength, but from a position of military stalemate. We had lost the full use of our best argument, the magnificent Eighth Army. Technically the way was clear for a renewal of full-scale hostilities, but practically the way was barred.

The Communists would not resume an all-out offensive because they already had the cease fire they wanted, and we would not because the psychological handicap would be too large to overcome. Who wanted the honor of being the last man to die in a war that might end at any time, and who wanted the responsibility for ordering that last man to die? Expiration of the 30-day time limit was just another date on the calendar. We lost our head of steam and were dead in the water, drifting with the tide. The situation we desired most to avoid slowly began to develop before our eyes—the balance of military advantages began to shift in favor of the enemy.

If the object of a story is to point a moral, my story could very well end here. It has been said that in war there is no substitute for victory. It can also be said that in debating with the Communists there is no substitute for the imperative logic of military pressure.

Debating with the Communists is not as simple as starting from a valid premise and proceeding by cogent logic to a sound conclusion. The Communist way is to start from a false or irrelevant premise and proceed by invective and bombast to a shameless demand described as a "just and reasonable proposal." The relation between premise and conclusion is seldom clear and the road between the two is traveled with untroubled lack of logic. History is rewritten to support the claim of the moment and most claims are uncomplicated by moral considerations. The end is mother of the means. Proof is by assertion, and rebuttal is by vilification. Repetition is the alchemy by which fiction becomes fact and fact becomes fiction. The machinery of debate is used to destroy the purpose of debate, just as democratic institutions are used by the Communists to destroy democracy. While you can expect to accomplish very little positive good through debate you can be certain of unlimited opportunity to foul your own anchor, to become buried under your own patience or to become impaled on your lack of it. Patience and logic are essential, but they can never be decisive. In the end, might is essential to right, not because you or I would have it that way, but because, unless we have armed might and unless we are willing to use that armed might in dealing with the Communists, we cannot win our point and, in fact, we may not survive to argue our point.

In next week's Collier's, Admiral Joy reveals for the first time details of the negotiations over prisoners of war

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THE RAMS RUN

That's Elroy Hirsch, the pro end to watch this season. Last year he led the National Football League in scoring. In 12 games he pulled down 17 TD passes—tying the circuit record—and gained a total of 1,495 yards

By BILL FAY

ON a Sunday afternoon early last December, the Los Angeles Rams invaded Wrigley Field to battle the Chicago Bears for first place in the Western Division of the National Football League. Starting with characteristic power, the Bears' hard running backs ground out a 14-to-0 lead in the first eight minutes of the game. Then, on the kickoff following the second Chicago touchdown, a Bear lineman named Franklin Dempsey rushed downfield and tackled halfback Verda T. (Vitamin) Smith, of the Rams, on the Los Angeles nine-yard line. Dempsey's tackle marked the lowest ebb in the Rams' 1951 football fortunes. Only a week before, they had been upset by the Washington Redskins, 31 to 21. Now, they were on the verge of being routed by their archenemies, the Bears.

In this precarious situation, Bob Waterfield, the Rams' quarterback, faked a hand-off to halfback Paul Younger, who plunged into the right side of the Chicago line. While the Bears ganged up on Younger, Waterfield concealed the ball behind his hip for a 1-2-3 count, then retreated six yards and fired a long pass to end Elroy Hirsch who made a leaping catch on the Rams' 44 and raced another 56 yards into the end zone.

Inspired by this lightning-fast 91-yard touchdown play, the Rams passed the Bears dizzy for a 42-17 triumph. Three weeks later, the Rams also overwhelmed the Cleveland Browns with passes and clinched the National Football League championship—a happy fate predicted in a Collier's article (Pro Football's "Best Basketball Team") at the outset of the 1951 season.

Ironically, Hirsch's catch of the all-important touchdown toss from Waterfield was executed in front of the Chicago bench, literally right under the nose of George Halas, the astute owner-coach of the Bears who helped develop the man-in-motion T-offense, which revolutionized football during the early 1940s. Commenting on Hirsch's demoralizing touchdown during a dressing room post-mortem with reporters, Halas said:

"That play demonstrated the big change that has come about in T-formation football during the last few years. Almost without realizing it, we've reached the point where the pass-catching end has overshadowed the running back as a long-distance touchdown threat. Why, there wasn't a chance in the world that one of those Ram backs could have run 91 yards against us. What's more, none of them could have gone out and made that catch because they were all too busy faking the running play which gave Waterfield time to get the ball away.

"No," Halas concluded, "only an end like Hirsch could have scored on the Bears all the way from the Rams' nine. Come to think of it, I'd say Hirsch is the only end in football who could have done it."

Halas' nomination of Elroy Hirsch as football's most dangerous touchdown threat subsequently was seconded by the professional football statistics for last season. In 12 games, Hirsch caught a total of 17 touchdown passes (tying the National League record established by Don Hutson of the Green Bay Packers in 1942), and led the league in scoring with 102 points. He gained a total of 1,495 yards (shattering Hutson's pass-receiving mark of 1,211 yards, also set in 1942). But even more impressive than Hirsch's scoring and yardage totals was the distance Elroy traveled to register touchdowns. Over the season, his average scoring jaunt was 48 yards. Admittedly, these are handsome figures, but Hirsch's extraordinary offensive potency becomes downright startling when his pass-grabbing gains are compared with the scrimmage yardage accumulated by Eddie Price of the New York Giants, the National League's number one running back.

During 1951, the yardage figures on Price's 10 longest runs, only three of which ended in touchdowns, were: 80, 25, 25, 25, 19, 18, 15, 12, 11, 11.

In that same period, the yardage measurements of Hirsch's 10 longest pass-catching gains, all of which ended in touchdowns, were: 91, 81, 79, 76, 72, 70, 53, 51, 47, 41.

In view of that unprecedented long-distance scoring record, it is understandable that football critics spent the summer predicting that Hirsch would be the most closely watched player in the Rams-College All-Stars game in Chicago on August 15th.

As would be expected, Hirsch is well equipped physically for his pass-grabbing activities. He is twenty-eight years old, six feet two inches tall, 195 pounds, agile, supple and swift. However, there are at least half a dozen excellent running backs in the National League who are younger, bigger and faster than Elroy. So, how come they don't score as many touchdowns?

Basically, there are two reasons. First, as coach Joe Stydahar of the Rams points out, Hirsch knows how to run *with a football under his arm.* "Speed," muses Stydahar, "is a funny thing. There are lots of players in this league who can run faster than Hirsch in a straightaway race, track-meet style. But, when you put a football under their arm, they lose balance and slow down. Not Hirsch. Put a football under Elroy's arm and he speeds up. Don't ask me how. Elroy just does, that's all."

The second reason for Hirsch's heavy touchdown production is that he happens to be working at end—the most advantageous scoring location in the Rams' T—on a championship team which admittedly possesses the most powerful and versatile scoring punch in pro football. Included in the Rams' offensive assets were two pin-point passers, Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin; a quartet of outstanding running backs: Dan Towler, Vitamin Smith, Paul (Tank) Younger, Glenn Davis (who probably will not play this year because of a bad knee), and another end, Tom Fears, who was only good enough to top all National League receivers, including Hirsch, two seasons ago.

Consequently, much as opposing coaches would like to concoct special defenses for Hirsch, they can scarcely afford to concentrate all their efforts on stopping him. When they do, they inevitably create a defensive weak spot somewhere else—and the Rams are pretty good at detecting weak spots. For example, in their championship play-off with the Browns last December, quarterback Van Brocklin arched the winning 73-yard touchdown pass to left end Fears, who had little difficulty breaking into the clear because the hard-pressed Browns had made the fatal mistake of detailing two men to watch right end Hirsch, a decoy on that vital play.

So far as Hirsch now is concerned, there is only one place to play football. That's at end. "Some-

"Crazylegs" on a Touchdown Jaunt: with the Rams in possession on their own nine-yard line in a game against Chicago Bears, quarterback Bob Waterfield (7) fakes a hand-off to halfback Paul Younger on a trap which is so well executed that the line, line backers and halfbacks expect a running play. Hirsch (40), not in photo, is to the right as a flanker. He eludes defensive backs and gets in clear. Waterfield is not rushed. He hits Hirsch on Rams' 44—and Elroy goes on to score

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ON "CRAZYLEGS"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

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Hirsch has great speed, but his biggest asset is his deceitful change of pace

times," Elroy admits, "I feel sorry for those backs. Somebody hands them the football about five yards behind the line and then they've got to fight their way through five or six big defensive linemen weighing anywhere from 220 to 260 pounds. Then, if they should crack through the forward wall, all they've got to worry about is dodging two or three of those line-backers who don't come much bigger than 240 pounds. Another thing: when those backs get stopped, they generally come to rest *under* three or four tacklers. Why, I remember a time last year when our 180-pound Vitamin Smith was piled up by four Bears whose combined weight was 974 pounds. When Vitamin staggered back to the huddle, he had a faraway look in his eyes and he was muttering something about going swimming at Santa Monica."

Pass Catchers Lead Sheltered Lives

Unlike the bruised and battered running backs, pass-catching ends like Hirsch lead a happy, relatively bump-free football life. "On most pass plays," Hirsch says, "I'm split out wide on the line of scrimmage—anywhere from four to ten yards away from our right tackle. When I start downfield, the line-backers may try to knock me off stride, but the rules prevent opposing players from interfering with my progress while I'm trying to make a catch. Usually, when I grab the ball, I'm anywhere from 10 to 40 yards downfield, running at top speed, and covered by only one or two men.

"That," Elroy emphasizes, "is the really nice part of playing end. Once I finally get hold of the ball, I've only got to elude one or two defenders to rack up a TD. But those poor backs usually have to run through a whole team to score."

Anybody inclined to challenge Hirsch's estimate of the relative advantages of playing halfback or end should be advised that Elroy ought to know what he's talking about. He was a halfback throughout his high-school and collegiate career. He even played a good part of his pro football in the backfield, starting out as a wingback for the hapless Chicago Rockets, who quickly became the whipping boys of the short-lived All-America Conference. While carrying the ball for the Rockets, Elroy suffered a fractured skull, a back injury, a badly torn right leg ligament, and enough other aches and sprains to keep him immobilized on the bench or in the hospital for the major portions of three unhappy seasons from 1946 through 1948.

Consequently, Hirsch was a broken-down and somewhat disillusioned halfback when he escaped from the Rockets and signed a contract with the Rams in the summer of '49. For the Rams, Hirsch represented a long-shot gamble. They were hoping that he could regain the breakaway speed with which he dominated the '46 All-Star game.

However, when Hirsch reported to training camp, it was evident that he had no immediate future as a running back because his injury-weakened right knee was prone to buckle under the strain of open-field maneuvering. Fortunately for Elroy, Clark Shaughnessy, then the Rams' head coach, was a patient man. Shaughnessy ordered a daily five-mile running routine to strengthen Elroy's right leg. While the newcomer was running himself into condition, Shaughnessy dreamed up a special headguard to protect him from the possibility of incurring another skull injury.

This custom-made headguard, which Hirsch has worn ever since, was molded from a light, extra-strong plastic material used in the construction of fighter-plane fuel tanks. "It's a dandy," Hirsch enthuses. "Despite the extra padding which protects the area around my right ear where I was injured, the headguard weighs only about 11 ounces—that's about one third the weight of a standard leather model. From the moment I put it on, I felt safe."

During the '49 season, while the Rams were capturing the league's Western Division title, Shaughnessy used Hirsch sparingly as a spot pass receiver. Elroy probably was the only offensive halfback in National League history who labored a whole season without carrying the ball even once from scrimmage. Instead, Elroy operated exclusively as a flanker—a pass target stationed in the flat zone close to the side lines. From this position, Elroy caught 22 passes, four of which were good for touchdowns. At the start of the '50 season, Joe Stydahar (who had succeeded Shaughnessy) shifted Hirsch to right end. "Just remember one thing," Stydahar warned; "the quickest way to get loose from a defensive back is to run straight at him. Then, when you get on top of him, cut left or right. He's got to follow, running alongside you on an angle. Once you get him on that angle, he's cooked. All you do then is cut back on another angle, or else take the cutback and keep on going. Either way, you'll gain a stride on the pass defender and that's all you need. If you can get that stride, our passers will hit you with the football."

Bob Waterfield, who fired nine touchdowns at Hirsch last season, including the 91-yard pay-off pitch against the Bears, believes Elroy's greatest asset is a deceitful change of pace. "Elroy always looks like he's running at full speed," Waterfield points out, "but actually he's saving a final burst. If I can hang that ball out there, Elroy will run just fast enough to get under it."

Hirsch's running career dates back to Thanksgiving Day, 1933. On that occasion, Elroy, aged nine and a third-grade student in Wausau, Wisconsin, was a member of the 16-boy track squad representing Lincoln School in Wausau's annual relay races for children. Lincoln won the city championship. Next year, Elroy was made an anchor man on the Lincoln team. Lincoln won again. When Elroy completed eight grades at Lincoln, his alma mater boasted a string of six consecutive city championships.

Elroy took running seriously even in those days. "During recess," he recalls, "we'd all line up and run around the block. It was a long block and the school was on a hill. We went around the hard way—finished uphill."

Naturally, all this running kept Elroy on the slender side. At fifteen, a sophomore in Wausau High School, he was five feet 10 inches tall, but weighed only 122 pounds. Nevertheless, he tried out for football, made the third team at left half, and played a total of four minutes during the season. According to Otto Hirsch, a Wausau ironworker, the rigors of football training had no diminishing effect on his son Elroy's devotion to running. But they did somewhat change his practice habits.

"We lived two miles from the school," Mr. Hirsch remembers. "Every night about six o'clock, Elroy'd come running home on those cement sidewalks. He'd be skipping and crisscrossing his legs, trying to put his feet down on the lines dividing the sidewalk into blocks. He said it would make him shiftier."

For some unknown reason, Elroy gained 43 pounds during the summer vacation between his sophomore and junior years. In 1939, as a 165-pound halfback, he led the Wisconsin Valley Conference in scoring and Wausau won the team title. What's more, Wausau fans, enthralled by Elroy's open-field gyrations, nicknamed him "Crazylegs" Hirsch—a moniker that has stuck to this day.

This development was especially gratifying to Hirsch, Sr., because some of the neighbors who had observed Elroy's strange sidewalk training sessions were beginning to think that Otto's boy might be a little crazy in the head.

Star Halfback of El Toro Marines

As a sophomore halfback at the University of Wisconsin in 1942, Hirsch was merely sensational. But that was the last Badger fans saw of him on their team. In 1943 he managed to get in some football when he was transferred to the University of Michigan for Marine training; in 1944, he was busy earning second lieutenant's bars at Camp Lejeune and Quantico; in 1945, he returned to football as the star halfback of the El Toro Marines, perhaps the most outstanding of the wartime service teams; and then came those three horrendous years with the Chicago Rockets.

Despite these extensive football travels and his present Los Angeles affiliation, Hirsch still calls Wisconsin home. Right after the Rams' season ends, he hustles back to his job as a public-relations representative for the Miller Brewing Company in Milwaukee.

"With a little luck," Elroy estimates, "I ought to have four more good years in pro ball. After that, I'll work full time at public relations. By 1956, my son Win will be seven, and I'll have to start coaching him on some of the fine points of pass catching."

Commenting on these future plans at a recent social gathering heavily attended by Rams' backfield personnel, Elroy, who is something of a deadpan comedian, remarked:

"I figured if Winfred Brockmeyer Hirsch (Elroy's boy is named for the Wausau High School coach) can just learn how to catch a football, he can play end and be way out there on the flank where those big surly 260-pound tackles won't be falling all over him.

"One thing's sure," Elroy added, patting his pal Glenn Davis consolingly on the shoulder, "I wouldn't raise my son to be a halfback!" ▲▲▲

ACME

Hirsch reaches to snare a pass on the Cleveland Browns' 37 for a six-yard gain. Quarterback Cliff Lewis (62) made the tackle

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Hand Me a Bent Pin

By JOHN KEASLER

"For your information, egghead," the driver said, "we're not going to Lake Larvae"

MY EXILE from the ranks of fishermen stemmed from a singularly innocent invitation. "Say," a friend said the other day, or at least I *thought* he was a friend, "you want to join a few of us for a little fishing trip over at the lake tomorrow? We'll start bright and early."

"Okay," I said blithely, although I hadn't been fishing since they mechanized my truant officer in the eighth grade.

As a man who has always believed the Great Outdoors was put there so people would have something to walk through on the way home to the living-room sofa, I was aware I had fallen considerably behind in my fishing skill and knowledge. I just didn't realize how far.

To put it bluntly, I was a flop as a fishing companion. Not only did I violate angling ethics, but it seems I asked too many ridiculous questions.

I have a feeling not a single inveterate angler on my block will ask me fishing again all summer. I will be exiled, left alone to brood over a cool drink in a shady hammock, while fishermen scorn me and go frolicking off to row heavy boats along muddy banks in the sun.

Exposure of my ignorance to the fisherman's code started early. Four A.M., to be precise.

I was awakened gently by inveterate anglers yanking me out of bed.

"What are you doing here in the middle of the night?" I yelled.

"Let's go!" they shouted. "We want to get a *good early start!*"

Now fish very seldom wear wrist watches. I strongly suspect fish don't even care what time it is.

"Why do we want to get a good early start?" I inquired, kicking my heels.

I thought at the time the question caused a certain coolness, but put it down to the cold water they were throwing in my face. Looking back, I can see it wasn't the question to ask.

"Where's your equipment?" one of my former fishing comrades asked.

"Right here," I said, holding up the borrowed rod, reel and a slightly rusty facsimile of a purple polka-dotted minnow wearing hooks. "How much stuff you think it takes to catch a fish?"

This was another *faux pas,* I realized, when I saw the automobile loaded with hip boots and rods of all sizes, tackle boxes and vacuum jugs, wind charts and earthquake detectors, no telling how many almanacs and what I would have sworn was a whale harpoon. Too sleepy to observe early symptoms of social leprosy, however, I peered into the darkness for a half hour or so as we rolled along.

"Hey," I said, finally, "you guys sure we haven't passed Lake Larvae?" Lake Larvae is only five miles from my house.

The driver glanced coldly over his shoulder. "For your information, egghead," he said, "we're not going to Lake Larvae; we are going to Lake Humid."

Lake Humid is 95 miles from my house as the axle repairman flies. If it has more fish than Lake Larvae, nobody's proved it.

A state boundary line or so later I noted fisherman-filled automobiles coming the other way, from the Lake Humid area.

"Why are we driving to where those fellows came from, and vice versa?" I inquired, struck by a sudden blast of logic. I thought.

It wasn't logic. It was unforgivable ignorance. I had failed to take note of the basic fact that no self-respecting fisherman would consider going to a local spot, even if the fish were trampling one another in rushes for the bait. The farther away you can get, the better.

The same thing, I learned, applies to the actual fishing. You just don't fish where you put the boat in. You go to the other side of the lake, river, bay or gulf, if humanly possible. Many fresh-water fishermen are former salt-water men, who quit the briny in disgust because they couldn't go completely across the ocean before breaking out the tackle. Not and get back by suppertime.

Finally, by shooting the sun, we got to the most distant point across the lake and started fishing. At least, I started fishing.

The other fellows went into conference. "I think a green-jowled Nickum Number 13 should be about right for these waters," opined one gentleman, emerging from his tackle box with a bright-hued object which, if I were a trout, would send me screaming home to mother.

"Not with the wind in the south-southeast," overruled the coxswain. "Right bait is this here Yellow Midge Pondscoggler."

"Hmpf," said the fourth member of the party, unlimbering a frightening object (Mossy Monsterette). "Don't you know the moon is in the third quarter?"

The other two blushed at their oversight and cast out Mossy Monsterettes. We fished for several hours, during which they changed plugs at intervals, stating they couldn't imagine what the trouble was. About 3:00 P.M. one fellow caught a fish on a Scaly Polly-Woggy and everybody immediately switched to Scaly Polly-Woggies. Except me. I caught a trout this long.

"What are you using?" my comrades babbled excitedly, forgetting in their enthusiasm that they weren't speaking to me.

"A slightly rusty facsimile of a purple polka-dotted minnow wearing hooks," I said. Everybody switched to purple minnows, then back to various other little horrors. We caught seven fish altogether, and started back at dark.

From the disapproval crackling through the air in my direction, I sensed the need for keeping quiet as they went into the most important part of any fishing trip: thinking up reasons why the fish didn't bite any better. Perhaps if I had said absolutely nothing, after standing several rounds of beverages, I would not be ostracized today. But just about the time they had decided the fish weren't biting because of a heavy crop of cumulus clouds, combined with a heavy warm front moving over Kansas and a typographical error in the Fisherman's Calendar, I was moved, sadly, to ask:

"Could it be the fish just weren't hungry today?"

That did it. To the slow roll of a beer bottle echoing hollowly on a tackle box, I was read out of the fraternity. My fate is sealed. Professional fishermen will purposefully avoid me forevermore. It could happen to any tyro. However, if it does, I'm getting up a little party myself, tyro. We'll get some bamboo poles and leave about noon.

We'll sit under a tree on the bank all day. When we come home, after purchasing a carton of lobster Newburg, we'll explain the fish didn't bite because they weren't up yet. ▲▲▲

"What are you using?" my comrades babbled, forgetting that they weren't speaking to me

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There was a shine in her eyes as she looked up at him. "Aren't you kind! But I really believe you mean that"

Woman's Man

By FRANCES ENSIGN GREENE

Vance saw nothing wrong in his behavior. He simply treated all women the way he thought they deserved to be treated. And their husbands could have killed him

VANCE CARSON had an understanding of women far beyond that of an ordinary man, and since there had been nothing in his background to account for it, it is only reasonable to suppose that he had been born with it. From his earliest memory he had liked women, not because they were women, but because he found them to be, for the most part, nice, gentle human beings who usually got the short end of the stick in one way or another. He liked their company and their manners and their gaiety, and he had always had this mysterious understanding of their sudden little griefs. And since liking engenders liking, women adored Vance Carson. The slow, affectionate smile he turned upon them all, from his great-aunt to his cleaning woman, held a lethal charm for them.

And so, as a result, Vance Carson was lonely for his own kind. Men don't like, or quite trust, another man whom women like too well. They said, with faint contempt mixed with jealousy, that he was a "woman's man," and they shied away from him while their wives continued to worship him and to confide in him, because he was the great friend, the lost love, the dream that never became a reality. Which all went to show what fools women were, the men said. A little attention of the sort Carson dished out, and they were gone geese.

Of course there was a measure of truth in that. Since Vance Carson loved all the women he knew, in a sense, it had been impossible for him to forsake the many for the one. The hurt went deep when they forsook him, as they were bound to do sooner or later, but even that he could understand. Women needed to marry, obviously. He never forgot them, and continued to send cards on their birthdays and at Christmas; so they never forgot him, either. He saw some of them after their marriages, since his was the shoulder made for crying, but this only brought him added pain because he was powerless to help them out of their new difficulties. His ears were full of marital disputes, injustices and antagonisms, and so his heart ached. What in hell, he used to ask himself when the anger built up in him, was the matter with people that they couldn't get along together, if they'd once cared enough to marry?

It never occurred to him that he himself might have something to do with it. Nobody had ever told him that a husband had a slim chance of measuring up to Vance's own perfections, seen so fondly in retrospect.

In that spring he moved to Morristown, Vance was, at thirty-two, a big, rangy man with gray eyes. His nose was short and straight, his mouth cleanly

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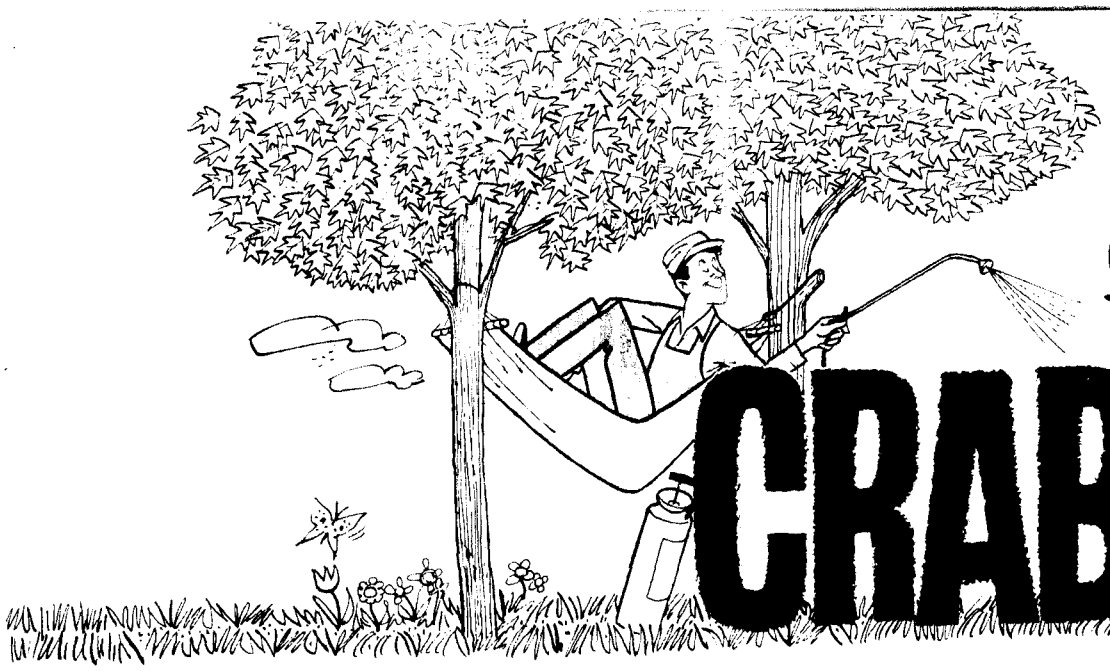

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drawn and good-natured even when it wasn't smiling. As a matter of fact, one of the nicest things about him, old Mrs. Carrington used to tell herself in her lonely ruminations, was his complete cleanness *and* his thoughtfulness. When she died, she would leave him richer by a hundred thousand dollars—though he wasn't to know that—because he'd treated her as though she weren't an old woman at all.

It was partly because of the roses to Mrs. Carrington that he moved to Morristown and took over the New Jersey territory for the rug company for which he worked. The old lady was the largest stockholder in Roman, Inc., and her opinions carried considerable weight.

VANCE liked Morristown, and he liked his new work. The first morning he'd walked into the office, a medium-sized, medium-dark-haired young man had come over to him and clapped him on the shoulder. "You're Carson, of course. I'm Don Daly, your assistant in sales. Welcome to the sticks."

There was something so hearty about the man, and his grin was so warm and sincere that Vance was filled with a hopeful sense of well-being. He smiled as they shook hands. "You'll have to show me the ropes and try to be patient. Okay?"

"It's a breeze. Nothing to it. Come on, I'll show you around and let the people meet the boss."

They worked well together from the start, and they decided privately that they were going to put New Jersey on the map so far as Roman Rugs was concerned. This was their chance, working as a team, with salesmen under them, and they were going to make the most of it. They were friends, and that was the important, the satisfying thing.

"Why, a room is not a room without a Roman Rug," Vance told Daly one day, and they both stopped short and began to chant it over, liking the alliteration and the short syllables. It had a sort of music. A little corny, Don said, but good; the kind of thing that hits the public right between the eyes. They began to have visions of a national slogan.

"Tell you what," Daly said at closing time, giving the desk a crack, "my wife is having her best friend for dinner tonight. If you can stand the chatter of a couple of women, come on home with me, and we'll map out our plans. But I want to warn you, this Vicky is quite a dish. A lot of girl."

Vance laughed, "Brother, you tempt me, but it can't be done. Your wife's probably got just the right number of lamb chops or something, and she wouldn't be very happy to see me come barging in at six o'clock."

"Oh, well, hell. She's always crabbing about something anyway, so it might as well be that. However—" Evidently an old memory came to Don, because he began to backtrack. "You're right, I suppose. So I'll eat with you instead, and we'll let the girls shift for themselves. An evening of peace will be appreciated by me. Maybe by them, too."

On the third day, while their precious slogan was still ringing in their ears, Vance made another suggestion. "Let's go over and ask Mrs. Carrington what she thinks of it. She lives out here in Far Hills and I'd like to consult her."

Don looked stupid with his jaw dropped. "Mrs. *Carrington?* You mean you're going to ask that old—"

"Hey. She's been a good friend to me, and moreover, she's got a damned good business head. If she thinks the slogan's half as good as we think it is . . ."

Mrs. Carrington did, but by the time they left, it was obvious to Daly that if Vance had recited the alphabet it would have been music to her ears. "Pretty nice," he said almost cattily on the way home, "to have the loudest voice on the board think you're such a wonder boy. How do you do it, Vance? Maybe you could give me a few lessons."

"Oh, take it easy. Your imagination's working overtime."

"The devil it is. I've seen you turn on the charm. The minute you come in in the morning, every girl in the place acts as if she's just got a shot in the arm. What's the secret of your success, Professor? It can't be sex appeal, can it?"

There was the old familiar edge in Don's gibing, so Vance let it go. He had been happy in their relationship, and wanted to keep it that way, but he went back to his apartment with a little sense of unease gnawing at him. This was how the rift had always begun when he'd had a friend like Daly. Out of an old knowledge, he sensed that the rift would widen because of women—the pitiful, defenseless women that he liked and understood.

On Friday, Don handed him an invitation for dinner the next night. It was written on heavy, deckle-edged paper and began, *My dear Mr. Carson: My husband and I would be delighted . . .*

Vance turned to Daly, almost disliking him. "It wasn't necessary to make her do that. Give me your telephone number."

In the afternoon, Don came into his office, sat down in a chair, and linked his hands behind his head. "Well. What'd she say to you? I'm talking about Eloise. The ball and chain."

"She was cordial; couldn't have been more so. I like her voice, and the way she laughs. There's a lot of warmth—"

Daly was staring at him. "Well, aren't you the one! The great Carson, by golly! Now I've heard everything. Never mind, I'm just kidding." He got up suddenly and left the office, left Vance looking after him speculatively.

WHEN Eloise Daly opened the door to him the next evening, the smile Vance gave her was delighted and appreciative. She was a handsome, long-limbed girl with an even tan, who put out her hand to him and smiled back. "Hello. You're not at all forbidding; I wonder why I was so nervous? Come in, for goodness' sake. Don's upstairs changing his clothes, so you can help me with the drinks."

She was frank and without artifice; Vance liked her at once, and he liked the home she had made for her family. It would be hard to stay depressed, he thought, in a place where there were so many good colors. He stood still in the living room for a moment, almost tasting his enjoyment, before he followed her into the kitchen. Eloise leaned against the sink, watching him as he took the cubes from the ice trays. "I was scared silly of you until I heard you on the phone. Entertaining the new boss—you know. And I was afraid the kids would act up; they're little hellions sometimes. Don won't discipline them; so it's all up to me. Good grief, would you look at what stepped out of the pages of Esquire!"

Don had come into the kitchen on crepe soles, with the children behind him. He was dressed in green gabardine slacks and a rust-colored sport shirt, and at his wife's comment he looked down at himself self-consciously. "Hi, Vance. I see you found the way all right. This is Donny and this is Linda. Kids, this is my boss. Butter him up so Daddy can get a raise."

KENNESAW

"I'm gonna have to fix that roof, Bessie. Lately I've been downin' too much rain water"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

The boy seemed to be about seven and the girl five. They stood there, nice-looking children, staring at Vance as if he were a creature from another world. Eloise spoke to them sharply. "Can't you say how-do-you-do to Mr. Carson? Donny! Linda!"

"Isn't it too bad Papa can't afford to get an English governess, so they could be taught to bow and curtsy? If Donny could click his heels it would be a nice parlor trick, too." Vance was shocked at the antagonism in Daly's voice. "Maybe you can understand they're just kids, Carson, even if their mother can't. Shall we take these in the other room, or do we now serve drinks in the kitchen?"

The dinner was a rather harrowing experience for Vance. When it was time to leave, Eloise went to the door with him. "You see how it is," she said bleakly. "I wanted so much, because of your association with Don, to make you like us, but I never saw the kids act worse, or Don so—" She broke off, hearing her husband's footsteps behind her.

What was it Don had said?—that she wasn't warm? How could any woman be warm toward a man who had needled her time after time in front of a guest, as Don had done tonight? Vance made himself lie a little because he felt so sorry for her. "Don't give it another thought. I've enjoyed my taste of family life and I'll never forget that pie. I'd like to come again, if you'll have me."

There was a shine in her eyes as she looked up at him. "Aren't you kind! But I really believe you mean that. Yes, please come again, any time you think you can stand it. You aren't a stranger. I feel as if I've known you for years."

So Vance went often to the little white house on the edge of town, partly to prove to her that he could stand it, and partly to prove to Daly that his wife was a human being in her own right who was entitled to respect and courtesy from another man. His affection for Eloise was sincere, and he hoped that Don knew it.

Sometimes, when she had been shopping in town and stopped in at the office in the late afternoon, Vance drove her home if Don was out, and neither of them saw anything wrong about having a drink together at a roadside tavern. Nevertheless, he didn't mention to Daly that he'd been with Eloise, had listened to her confidences and complaints. She had asked for his understanding and he had given it to her, but after one of those sessions with Eloise he could not like Daly quite so much as he had before.

AT TWELVE ten on a steaming day in August, a Miss Victoria Jennings was ushered into his office, and subsequently changed the course of his life. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; moreover, there was nothing in her eyes for him but active dislike. He was not prepared for such ripe and improbable beauty leaning over his desk, and certainly never before had a woman—any woman—looked at him like that. He got to his feet and held out his hand, which she ignored. "Miss Jennings? What can I do for you?"

She drew a deep breath. "You can do a great deal for me. You can leave Eloise Daly alone and thereby do Don and Eloise and me a great favor. You know, of course, that she thinks she's in love with you."

There was nothing for him to say, with this beautiful fury bending over him. He looked at her in astonishment as she went on. "I am Eloise's friend, Mr. Carson, and I assure you that I am not used to doing things like this. Last night I listened to her extol your virtues until I was frightened—and a little sick. Well, she's an adult. I'd have let her go her own way and make her own mistakes, except for one thing. I am also a friend of Laura Scott's. I've heard all this before from another woman."

He thought quickly. Laura? Laura? And then, with real pleasure, he remembered. A summer in Edgartown. "But I knew her as Laura Bellamy! Of course. She had a house on Martha's Vineyard. I heard she had been married a couple of years ago, but I haven't seen her—"

"Since she got her divorce? She's been to Reno, you know—or didn't you hear that?" Now the eyes were really blazing. "She couldn't stand her husband. She kept remembering you, bless your kind, understanding heart. She figured if she got rid of Scotty she might have a chance with you, since you'd made such a play for her."

And now he was angry, and it was hard to remember his courtesy. "Miss Jennings, I am not a monk. I have had love affairs, but Laura Bellamy and Eloise Daly have not been among them, nor will they ever be. I've only tried to be decent to them—a couple of unhappy, embittered women, and God knows there are plenty just like them. I've known too many."

That stopped her. She sat down and took a cigarette from a package in her bag, and he held his lighter to it. She said at last, "Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you constitute yourself a committee of one to bring light into the lives of unhappy women? You surely don't expect me to believe that?"

"Let's not be patronizing," he an-

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swered, with the anger still warming him, "and frankly, I don't give a hoot in hell what you believe. But *I* believe that my life, and what I do, is none of your concern."

"Of course. But what happens to my friends definitely is. I am fond of Eloise and fond of Laura. I won't see them victimized by a man who trades on the emotions of dissatisfied women."

Strangely the anger left him as suddenly as it had come. She was so lovely in her indignation and so eloquent in the expression of it. He wondered, briefly, how she'd look when those amazing eyes weren't flashing blue fire and settled affectionately on a man. He gave her his slow smile, and said, as a statement of fact, "Miss Jennings, you haven't had lunch."

"No. I'm skipping lunch to have this talk with you. I hope it will be worth it."

He laughed. "Of course you have the wrong slant on this thing entirely, but couldn't I try to prove it to you over a lunch table just as well? In a nice, air-conditioned restaurant?"

"Why? I'm not an unhappy woman, Mr. Carson. I don't have any domestic problems, and I am not frustrated. There's no reason for you to go in for any missionary work with me."

"Maybe that's the reason I'm so anxious for your company. Please don't object. Besides, I'm hungry."

For just a second her eyes flickered. "All right. I wouldn't want you to starve to death, because what would the girls do then, poor things? I couldn't resist that; I'm sorry." And the little smile she gave him showed him that she was.

IT IS difficult to be hostile in pleasant surroundings, as Vance knew, so he took her to a charming little place that was not overcrowded and where the air was cool. She made only one protest. "I want you to understand that I am here only because I want to talk to you, and I felt I had no right to keep you from your lunch. Have I made that clear?"

"Oh, very. Now, what will you have to drink?"

By the time they had finished their cocktails, he knew that she was secretary to the branch manager of an insurance company and that she'd been in high school with Eloise and Don Daly. Neither had ever gone around with anyone else, she told him. It had always been Eloise and Don together, right from the start, a sort of classic young romance that everyone had respected.

"And you think I've blasted it? Look, the thing that is wrong with Eloise and Don is something that's been coming on for a long time, like a wasting disease. Maybe neither of them ever knew enough about anyone else. They've got bogged down."

Her blue eyes were on him now, neither warm nor cold, but seeming to measure and judge him. "I don't want to admit that. And I don't want you to put such an idea in Eloise's head. You've already done enough damage."

Vance spread his hands in exasperation. "But I tell you, I like her. I like a good many women, and I see the mistakes their husbands make with them. Good Lord, they give more tenderness to their lawns and flower gardens than they do to their wives! And it's so easy to be nice to most women."

She considered that, and after a moment she laughed, and his heart leaped at the sound of it. "Actually, I think you mean well, and I think there ought to be a law against you. Because you're poaching, Vance Carson, even though you don't realize it."

AFTER he'd gone back to his office, he sat thinking about her, repeating her name and remembering the sound of her voice, remembering the way her eyes narrowed and then lifted at the corners, and the full, generous sweep of her lips. And she would have none of him; she had told him as much when he'd asked to see her again.

And now what was there for him? He still had the shoulder women loved to cry on, the heart that understood, and he was sick of it. For a moment, he saw himself through the measuring blue eyes of Victoria Jennings, and he didn't like what he saw. Perhaps women didn't have such a bad time of it. Maybe they made their own bad times, or contributed to them. For example, if he were Don, how would he like to be married to Eloise? He who wanted tenderness so much that now he was dreaming of it in the middle of the day? Eloise never did the things a loving woman ought to do, never caressed Don or teased him, or spoiled him in the way all men like to be spoiled. Now he remembered that there had been times when he'd seen something that looked like pain in Don's face.

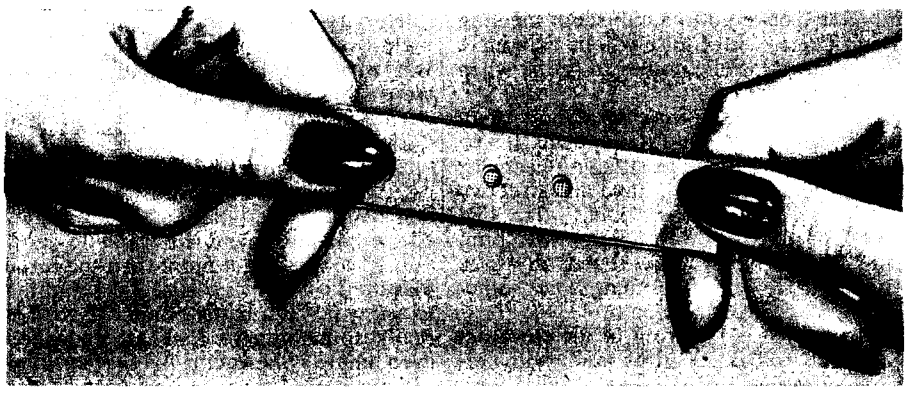
Victoria had said while they were lunching, "Eloise and Don are still in love, but they don't know it. They've both got lost and are looking for each other. They enjoy their wrangling now because it's the only form of communication they have, and it's a way of working off their emotions."

"It's a hell of a way," he'd said. "When I get married—" and then he hadn't been able to go on, because he couldn't tell

"They're called inner tubes—they come from old auto tires"

COLLIER'S — JAMES WHITING

New Plastic Bandage Stays Neater, Cleaner



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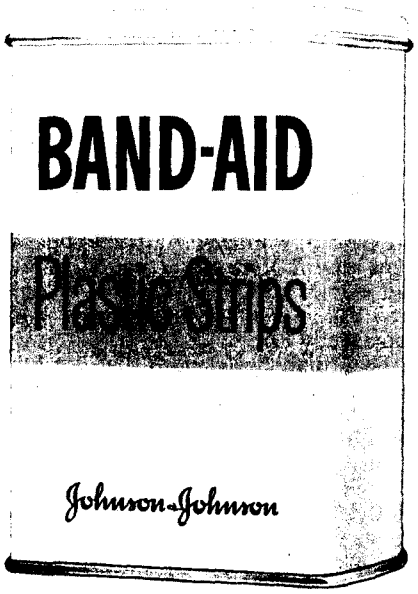

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her, an hour after meeting her, that she was the one woman in the world he wanted to marry.

Later, when Daly came in to bring his report, Vance looked it over casually and handed it back to him. "Good job. Money in the bank, boy." Don shrugged and turned to leave, and even the set of his shoulders was unfriendly. "You going to be home tonight? I thought I'd drop around."

"I've got to go to a cub scout meeting with Donny, but Eloise will be delighted. The only time she comes to life is when you're there."

Vance laughed, making a show of it. "Oh, well, that's my fatal appeal. It's so damned fatal that I'm an aging bachelor while you, my friend, have an attractive wife and a couple of kids." He had thought that Don would laugh with him, but instead he saw now that Don's eyes were full of bewilderment, and something that looked like pain.

As they stood in front of the elevators at five o'clock, Vance said, with repressed anger in his voice, "Tell Eloise not to expect me. I'm going on a bat tonight. Enjoy your scouting, my boy. Let's hope it improves your disposition."

Stepping into the cage with Daly and feeling the coolness between them, it was hard to remember the fun they'd had when he had first come here. For a little while he had almost believed in Don's friendship, but it hadn't amounted to anything. From the warm, eager guy he'd known, Don had turned into this surly stranger. As they stepped out into the lobby, he said, "Look, you damn' fool, why don't you get smart? You've got a wonderful wife." And then he slammed out of the building, not caring, scarcely thinking, heading alone in his own direction.

And now what? In an hour he could be in New York, and there'd be a random evening with some pretty girl who was nothing to him except someone to ease his loneliness. And then suddenly, quite without reason, he thought of an old lady who was more lonely than he, because her life was nearly over. She needed him. If he were to tell people that he wanted to see her because he knew that, and because he loved her for her sweetness and wisdom, nobody would believe him. Not even Victoria Jennings—or would she?

He had to find out. The girl at the switchboard said that Miss Jennings was in. Would he wait? He would wait. A few minutes later, Victoria came out to him, a little frown between her eyes. He stood up and looked at her levelly. "I have a friend, a very great lady. I wish you would go with me to call on her. It would be a kindness to her and to me, and I know that you're kind."

It was strange that a woman could grow more beautiful in the space of three short hours, but Victoria had managed such a miracle. The frown cleared, and she smiled at him. "All right, Vance. I'll be ready at eight." . . .

MRS. CARRINGTON held out her hands to them both. "My boy. Dear Vance. And what a lovely girl you've brought me! This is an evening to remember." It might have been maudlin coming from someone else, but she was so very old, so fragile, such a lonely old woman. And she put her arms around Victoria as though a dream had come true. "My dear, you're so beautiful. I wanted him to have someone exactly like you."

They didn't stay more than an hour, for fear of tiring her, though she protested mightily; and they each kissed her soft old cheek in parting.

On the way home, Victoria still seemed to be under her spell. She said gently, "Bless her heart. I'll go to see her again, without you. I'm so grateful to you for letting me know her. Vance, why did you want to take me with you?"

"Can't you guess? I suppose I wanted to prove to you that all my women friends aren't young and desirable. That sounds fatuous, but I don't mean it to be. I admire her as much as anyone I know, and I love her. I am not ashamed of that, or of having you see that I do. And if you hadn't loved her too, I don't think I would have—liked you very well."

"I see. Vance, I wasn't prepared for your being quite so disarming."

He left her at the door of her apartment, and he did not ask to see her again. But when her beauty and her warmth were shut away from him, he knew a deeper loneliness than any he had known. . . .

Several mornings later, Don came into his office and asked gruffly, "Can you come out to the house Saturday night? Eloise has this friend she wants to show you off to, and I got more than the usual blasting last night because I'd forgotten to ask you. You better come. This girl's really something to look at, and she's even single. She might be another conquest for you. You can turn on the charm without making anyone jealous—unless it's Eloise."

"Lay off that kind of talk, boy."

"All right, don't get sore. Look, Vance, I like you. I was as fond as all hell of you, but there's something—Oh, nuts. Maybe you can't help it. The women are like a bunch of damn' bees buzzing around you, and probably Vicky won't be any different from the rest."

Ridiculously, Vance felt his mouth go dry, but he said, with an ease that surprised him, "Saturday is my birthday. I wanted you and Eloise to have dinner with me at the Old Mill. Can't you come, and bring your friend?"

"I don't know why not. Sounds good. Oh, Eloise will jump at it. You hold a hoop, and she'd jump through that."

Vance got to his feet. "Don, what the hell is the matter with you?"

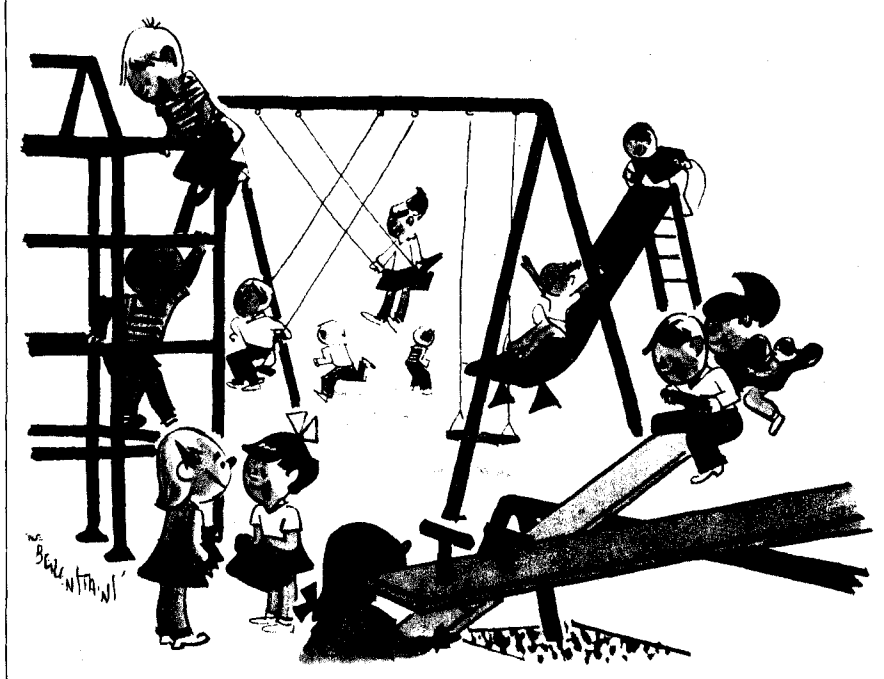
"What do you mean?" The muscles jumped in Don's jaw. "Why should there be anything the matter with me? I thought you were my best friend, that's all. So my wife makes a fool of herself over my best friend, and I'm just supposed to stand by and take it like a little gentleman. Isn't that the idea?"

Slowly a smile spread over Vance's face. Best friend. My best friend. It was one of the most heart-warming things he had ever heard in his life. He said quietly, "How stupid can you get? Your wife isn't in love with me. If you'd stop snapping at her, you might find out how much you mean to her. Now, come on and shake."

Dubiously, Don looked at his outstretched hand and then put his own into it. For the first time in days, Vance saw a smile begin in his eyes. "All right, keep talking."

SHE was wearing a filmy blue dress with lavender flowers in it; her hair was piled high on her beautiful head for comfort in the summer evening. They said how-do-you-do to each other as though they hadn't lunched together or spent an evening with an old lady, and if the gladness in his face was too obvious, no one seemed to notice. Eloise beamed at him proudly and lifted her eyebrows at Victoria as if to say, "See? What did I tell you?" and Victoria smiled back in just the right way, as though reserving her opinion until she knew him better.

SISTER



"Where would you like to eat lunch—on the swings, the Jungle Gym, the slide or the seesaw?"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Vance had reserved a table in the far corner of the great raftered room, and now, as they sat down, the Dalys looked about them with appreciation. "It's a good thing you had a birthday, Vance," Eloise said a little too gaily. "I'd probably never have seen the inside of this place if you hadn't. Don's idea of a celebration is to invite all his relatives to our house for a meal."

Don snorted. "Oh, for Pete's sake! I feel so sorry for the hard life you lead that I'm apt to bawl any minute."

"Martinis all around?" Vance asked, as though he hadn't heard them. He looked at Victoria and smiled; she caught the tenderness in his face and drew in her breath quickly.

"Make it four quick before my wife decides she wants something fancy." Don stopped, and frowned, with another thought. "A guy outside wanted to drive my car into the parking lot. Can you imagine that? Anything for a lousy tip. I told him nothing doing."

"Oh, you should have let him take it," Victoria said. "He's got the most extraordinary memory; it's worth a tip just to see him bring the right car up when you're ready to leave."

Surprisingly, Eloise answered with some spirit, "Well, good heavens, you can't blame us! We've got a lot of stuff in that car. Why should we turn over our keys to a perfect stranger?"

Us. We. Vance considered that. He thought that marriage was really an amazing thing. "No reason why you should, of course. Hey. The guinea hen here is pretty special."

"Then you better get it," Don told his wife. "It's the most expensive thing on the menu, and who knows when you'll ever eat out again? And we can't feed guinea hen to my sponging relatives."

"Your *boss* is taking the check, dear, so don't worry."

Vance looked a little weary. "Are you two going to have a sparring match now? Can't you wait till you've eaten, so you'll have more strength?"

The waitress came with their drinks, and there was heavy silence at the table. After she left, there didn't seem to be any point in saying anything. Don looked sulky and Eloise a little bewildered. At last, Victoria raised her glass and smiled at Vance with her curving mouth. "Let's drink to your birthday. I hope your year will be a good one." Under the table, she patted his knee lightly, so lightly that it was almost no touch at all, and yet he felt it, and it made his heart sing.

THE guinea hen was excellent, as he had promised it would be, and when they had finished, Eloise leaned back dreamily, smoking her cigarette. "Ah, that sauce! Vance, could you speak to the hostess? Maybe she'd get the cook to tell me how to fix that heavenly fowl and make the sauce that goes over it. If *you* asked—"

A thundercloud gathered on Don's forehead. "Now, why shouldn't *I* ask her? What's the matter with *my* charm for the ladies? Or do you think Vance has a corner on the market?"

There was a little agony in his voice. Vance set down his coffee cup and said, very softly, "Shut up."

"*What?*"

"You heard me. I said shut up. I'm sick of being batted back and forth between you like a badminton bird."

"Batted?" Eloise was stunned, sitting there with her mouth open as she looked from one man to the other.

Vance felt the little sense of elation that anger brings. "Sure. Don made himself think that you're carrying a torch for me, because he wanted another grievance against you. And you've held me up to him as the nice boy Galahad because that was your way of fighting back. Well, now I'm fed up with it. I've liked you both and tried to be a friend to you both, but it was a losing game." He ground out his cigarette with a hand that trembled a little. "Listen, you two. If you can't stand each other, why don't you call it quits?"

"Call it quits? The Dalys turned and stared at each other, and Victoria looked at Vance in astonishment.

"Don't tell me you haven't thought of it. You bickered at each other the first night I came to your house, and I've never heard you stop. How long do you expect to keep it up?"

Don said, through his teeth, "Why don't you mind your own business, Carson? In another minute—"

"See what I mean? Sweet disposition. Everybody wonders why you're such a door mat, how you've stood him this long, Eloise." Vance felt another kind of elation, now that the anger was gone. You couldn't be angry long with a man and a woman who looked the way the Dalys did now.

"I thought you were my friend," Eloise said softly. "I didn't know you could say such a thing to me." He saw her eyes widen in wonder and then narrow as the little worship died. Victoria saw them too, for her hand pressed suddenly against his arm. "Maybe I'd better explain something to you," Eloise went on. "Don and I understand each other. I

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could never understand anybody in the world the way I do Don, not even my kids. We're like parts of the same person. And don't you say anything about him. He's mine, I love him, and I make him so—mad, sometimes. Why wouldn't I?"

It was hard for Vance to keep the laughter out of his voice. Women were wonderful, really wonderful. "I don't know. You're the best judge of that."

Don smacked his fist down hard on the table. "It's a good thing we're where we are, or I'd bat your ears off! My wife has proved she's one woman you can't wrap around your little finger. So how do you like that, pal?"

"Let's have no talk of batting ears!" Astoundingly, that was Victoria, with blue fire in her eyes. "Vance has had the courage to say what everyone who knows you has been thinking. You're disgraceful, both of you. And you have the gall to talk about love! If this is love, and this is marriage, then I want no part of either."

Eloise looked as if she couldn't believe that this was happening to all of them. A tear spilled out and rolled down her cheek. "It isn't always like this. I didn't know it was so bad everyone talked. We just got started, and it got out of hand. It takes two to quarrel, and I could have kept still, but I didn't. Sometimes Don is—he's sweet."

"I am not. I've got a lousy disposition, and we're getting the hell out of here right now. Galahad will be glad to look after his new champion." He stood up and made himself look fierce. "A room is not a room without a Roman Rug. What hogwash! Eloise always said it was no good. You and your bright ideas!" Then the eye closest to Vance closed in a wink. "But you *did* prove something, didn't you? You're the boy who—"

"Good-by, Vance Carson." Eloise had her hand on her husband's arm, and she was looking straight across at Vance. "I thought you, of all people, would understand, but you never did, did you?"

When they had gone, the silence was heavy for a moment. And then Victoria said, turning her water glass about in her fingers, "I wonder what he meant by that last bit of business? About your proving something?"

"Oh, Lord, I don't know. Some harebrained idea of his own."

"Are you sure it was his own?" Suddenly she turned to him with her eyes shining. "Vance, there are some things that you simply can't do to women, and this was one of them. A woman can complain all she likes about someone she loves, but just let some outsider do it, and see what happens. They all defend what they love. I'm afraid you don't understand much about women, Vance, to have done a thing like this. Eloise will never like you again."

THE elation now was singing within him. "That doesn't matter. But *he* matters. He's my friend." He turned to the girl beside him. Her eyes were warm upon him now, and very blue. "And you matter more than either of them. Will you let me see you every night in the week, starting now?"

"Of course."

"Thank you." He turned his smile upon her, the slow smile that women had always loved. "I think I'd better warn you that this won't be a friendship. I'm through with friendships, because I love one woman and that's you. I want to court you, and then I want to marry you, if you'll have me."

"If I'll have you!" She leaned her head back and laughed softly. "Vance, you idiot. You *don't* know much about women, do you? How long will it take, this courting business?"

"About three weeks. No, make it two."

Victoria laid down her napkin. "Two weeks is a very short time, my dear. Don't you think we'd better get started?"

He reached for her hand, and they went out of the old inn together, into the soft summer night. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S

"What I don't like about boys is, they're so darn necessary!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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The

"Pay me my dollar!" I said. "And my dime," said Stu. "Take your dirty money, pigs," Tinsel said sweetly. "Let's double all bets"

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Hardhearted Kid

In which De Lucie, that susceptible domestic, rescues a mother-to-be and provides the Iredale family with more excitement than she'd bargained for

By MARGARET CHASE

The Iredales' house
Sunday

Dear Rocky honey:

When will it be your turn to come home from the war on rotation? I keep hoping.

We need good guys in this country, too. A queer thing happened yesterday. A strange girl begged me to rescue her. I don't know from what, but I know from where. I intend to investigate this. If I don't get an answer from Sister Thomas in one week, I will call the police.

It happened on the River Road, in that dip between the two hills with brick buildings on top. Do you remember that Mrs. Iredale doesn't like anything in her house to die, even mice? The Iredale children love to see the mice peeking around doors and sitting on jelly glasses in the pantry. But they nibbled some of Mr. Iredale's scripts, and he said, "Mice must GO." So I have been catching them in a live trap and dumping them out in the country once a week.

Yesterday, Mrs. Iredale stopped her car at the dip. I set the live trap down among the ferns, opened the door and ducked back into the car as the mice shot out and disappeared. Then a flock of girls in plaid smocks came pelting down the hill, screaming "Stop! Stop!" followed by a tall old nun in a white robe striding as fast as she could.

She was excited, and she hollered, and the Missis hollered right back. Sister Thomas, the nun, said she had been watching for us. She had stationed a girl with a telescope at a south window every Saturday morning since the first time we freed the mice at the dip between the hills. She claimed a thousand mice ran up into Good Samaritan Hospital, and Mrs. Iredale said we freed nineteen last week and today only twenty-six so don't be ridiculous, and I said please, please, and Mrs. Iredale said De Lucie, keep out of this.

While they were yelling, one of the prettiest girls stopped laughing long enough to whisper in my ear, "Save me! Help! Help! I am practically a prisoner. Have you no home, no bed, no shelter for poor little Tinsel?"

"What do you want?" I gulped.

"Write to Sister Thomas and ask for Tinsel. Demand Tinsel and no one else. Save me!"

This Tinsel is sort of doll-faced, with soft tan hair turned around her face so pretty, with waves at the temples. Big rich eyes like a couple of mince pies, and her face looks scrubbed and powdered, with a pink stain on the cheekbones, like a rhubarb pie slightly underdone. Just a second. Want to get an apple.

I wrote Sister Thomas as soon as we got home. I explained that the beautiful lady who was driving was snippy because she is Mrs. Wally Iredale, wife of the famous radio commentator, and she *is* snippy. I also explained that I take care of the Iredale children, Cherry and Stuart, and do the cooking, and my husband is a big-shot corporal in the Army. And I said: Let that girl Tinsel go. I did not threaten. I commanded her: Let Tinsel go.

Your loving wife,
De Lucie

P.S. Continued on Tuesday.

I was wondering if Sister Thomas had received my letter, when I heard a siren wailing in the alley, and a long white ambulance drove up to our kitchen door. The big, ugly-faced driver jumped down and held up his arms to catch a girl who had been sitting beside him. She kissed his cheek as she slid past, and he let out a squawk and dropped her. Tinsel.

She said Sister Thomas acts quick. The minute she got my letter she called up my boss, Mr. Iredale, and he said Tinsel could live with us in seclusion until she has her baby. Oh, no! And have half my room, and half my clothes closet, that is bursting with my dresses, and your suits, that I take out and brush when I get lonely.

"Tinsel," I said crossly, "you got a button off that blouse."

"I know. It's why I hardly ever wear it."

"What was the matter with staying at Good Samaritan?"

"Gee whiz, De Lucie, Sister Thomas doesn't let you have dates!"

I don't want Tinsel here. She has a downright mischievous look. I'm going to ask Sister Thomas to take her back, and I will come to the hospital and set traps for the mice.

Your loving wife,
De Lucie

Thursday

Dear Rocky honey:

She's still here. She has a cot and dresser in my room, and there's a theory that she helps me. Ha! Her marriage certificate is taped on the wall right across from our wedding picture of me in a veil and you in a lovely rented dress suit.

Her husband is dead. He cracked a telegraph pole in half with his motorcycle and expired in the police ambulance. He was eighteen years old. No job. He was cute-looking and a wonderful motorcyclist. Two wealthy families are waiting impatiently to adopt her child, which will be beautiful.

"Where's the poor fellow's picture?" I asked her.

"That's a good question. I'm glad you asked that question. Look up the answer and tell the class tomorrow." She talks like a high-schooler. "I wouldn't put up Covey's picture because he was a heel."

"Don't say that. He's dead."

"Don't preach. The only thing I want is to be completely free. Sister Thomas says my heart is as hard as a black walnut, and the same size." She smiled cheerfully.

"That time you hit the bull right on the head."

Mrs. Iredale explained to me about the work they do at Good Samaritan. Doctors and ministers and priests send girls there who are in trouble, and young penniless widows like Tinsel, too. Sister Thomas gets them jobs doing housework so they can support themselves while they are waiting for their babies to come. Their employers pay them only twelve fifty a week, because they naturally aren't too spry, and they get every Friday off to return to Good Samaritan to check with the doctor and Sister Thomas. When the time comes, they are taken care of at the hospital for two weeks, and they peek at their child just once through a glass screen, before a good reliable family adopts the fatherless baby. The whole program is to protect the unborn.

Tinsel is smiling and full of fun, but she has

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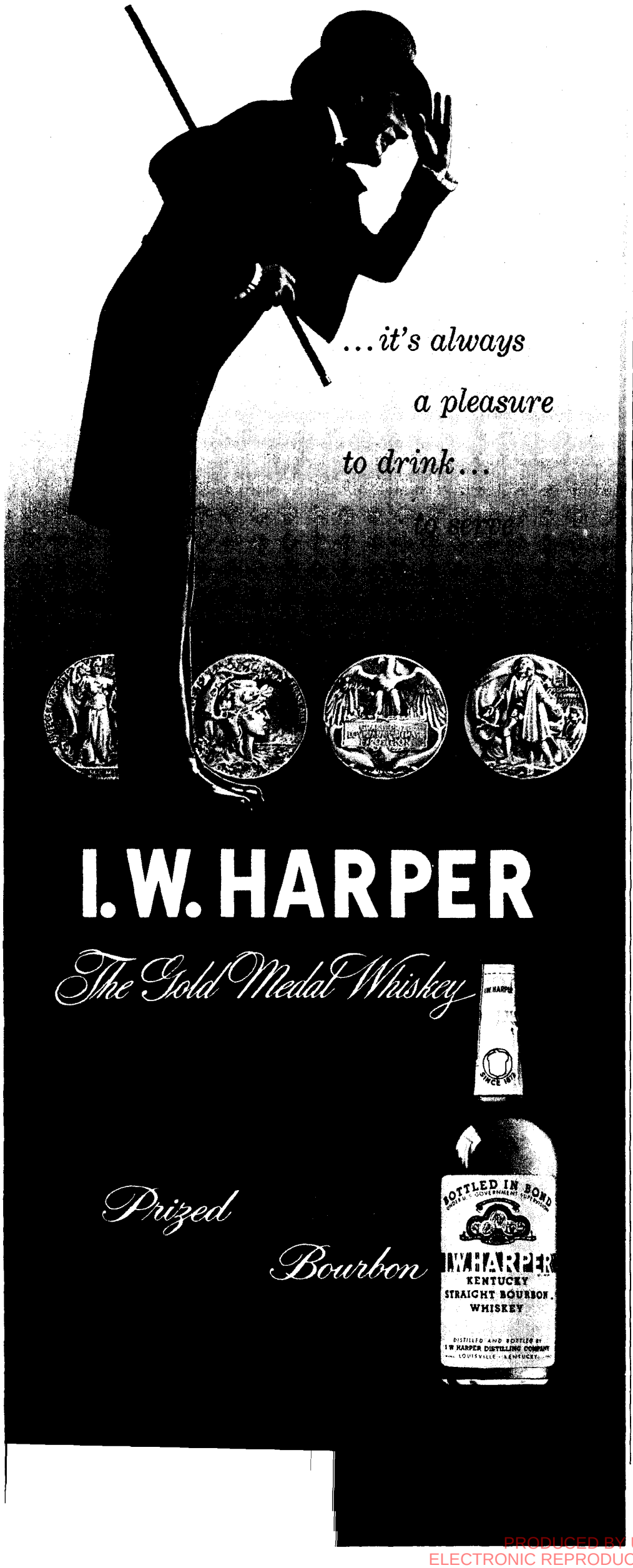

no more intention of doing any work than a pussycat. She stays in bed all morning, drinking tea and working her way through the Iredales' books.

Mrs. Iredale is shocked at her laziness. She insists that Tinsel must wash the dinner dishes in return for her twelve fifty a week.

"Why?" Tinsel complains. "I don't enjoy dishwashing."

"That's strange," replies the Missis. "Everyone else adores it."

Yesterday aft I was in the kitchen making cinnamon rolls for dinner. Cherry was buttering the pans and sprinkling sugar, and Stu sat cross-legged on the table, reading. We heard a siren wailing in the alley, and Tinsel opened the door. She was wearing one of the Missis' old velvet maternity dresses. Nate, the ambulance driver, gave her a couple of magazines, and she gave him a kiss.

"Cut that out," said I. "What do you want to act like that for?"

"That's a good question," Tinsel said airily. She never met the guy till three weeks ago, but she sure leads him on. And shoves him back.

"Sickening," said Stu, looking up at the wrong time. He is jealous.

"Nate, will you drink a cup of coffee with us?" I asked him.

"He won't," said Tinsel, with her little smile. "He likes beer. Go on home, Dawn Man."

"Aw, let him sit down, Tinsel. De Lucie likes to feed people," Stu put in.

Nate looked humbly at Tinsel. "Do you mind if I sit down?"

"I'm not interested either way," she said, laughing.

"Cinnamon!" said the ambulance driver, taking the glass of beer Stu poured him. "This place smells lovely. At my home, my old mother sits paralyzed, and I do the cooking, which ain't good. I wish I could get a pretty young lady like Tinsel to come and live with us. I'd marry her. I wouldn't mind if she had a raft of kids. I'd keep 'em all."

"I'd mind," Tinsel said decidedly. "I'll let anybody at all adopt my urchin as soon as he comes. How middle class can you get? Kids are only work and worry, and you never get your sleep. I want to be free. I intend to be a dancer, a good one."

"You're a hardhearted kid."

"I met a man who will give me a chance to be a night-club dancer in Chicago." She sat down in a kitchen chair, kicked off her slippers, showing pretty feet with painted nails, and threw a handful of marbles on the floor. "Watch me pick these up with my toes. It's an exercise to keep the arch high."

"My marbles!" Stu roared. Tinsel looked pathetic. "You may keep them, Tinsel."

Cherry was delighted. She took off her little shoes and socks and started to practice. Nate untied one huge white brogan.

"Put that shoe back on, Nate. Oh, De Lucie, Nate's about to cry. You can pick up marbles too, Nate. Who am I, to make another human being feel bad? That's a good question."

They were all picking up marbles with their toes, and I told them not to slip and bust a leg.

"Kill-joy," said Tinsel. "De Lucie is hopelessly middle class."

"Aren't we all?"

"Gosh, no. Any girl who is stupid enough to get married is in the lowest class, with drunks and loafers, and simple-minded Stone Age guys like Nate."

"Sister Thomas says I have ambulance-wisdom," he said sulkily. "I know about people. Most hysterics are young girls. Almost everyone is on the brink of heart failure. Never let anyone hit you on the ear with a broken bottle."

We all argued at once, but Tinsel yelled the loudest. "If I get to be a great dancer, I'll be top-drawer. You're only out of the top drawer if you are the best of your kind." Like Mr. Iredale.

"The ones that belong to me," said the ambulance man, "get three square meals a day. I've never missed a payday since I was sixteen."

"I don't care. I just want to be free. No baby. Just free."

Nate washed his glass in the sink and put it neatly away. "That was the way Covey felt, wasn't it, Tinsel? You're a lot like him."

"Thought I'd never get through with them. I'm gettin' to hate the five o'clock rush hour!"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

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"You go on home," Tinsel told him violently. "I wouldn't be like Covey for anything. Or motherly and middle class and insipid like De Lucie."

"That's a lie," said Cherry. "De Lucie is sipid."

I hope I am.

Your loving wife,
De Lucie

Friday

Dear Rocky honey:

Tinsel has a new ambition. She was sitting sewing one day with her feet tucked up on a chair rung, while I scrubbed the kitchen floor. She was embroidering an initial on a white silk handkerchief.

"How pretty you make an ishal," Cherry said, leaning on her. "Is that for Nate?"

"The Piltdown man? No. I am making this for my friend that has a night club in Chicago. I don't want him to forget me."

"Are you in love with him?"

"Don't be silly, De Lucie. Love is just a silly word."

I gave it to her straight. "No. Love is like dust. You don't know where the dust comes from, sifting in and spreading over the polished furniture, even when the windows are shut. No matter how awful people are—fighting and killing and hardhearted—little acts of kindness and love keep sifting in, like dust. From somewhere; maybe God."

"Love is spinach. Say, De Lucie, what makes the Missis so special? You work all day, and I work half a day, sometimes, and the Mister works all day and half the night. But the Missis toils not nor does she spin."

"She sits on committees. She raises money for charitable truck. But what makes her special is, the Mister thinks the world of her."

"I have a burning ambition," Tinsel said softly. "I'll never be content until I induce Mrs. Iredale by hook or crook to put her lily-white hands in the dishwater. If I have to, she has to."

"Bet a dollar she never does."

"Real money? You made a bet. I'll stick a dollar on the shelf, and you do too. Okay. I'm betting she washes dishes this very night. Not all of them, but some."

"Are you crazy, Tinsel? I'll take part of that bet," Stu said briskly. "Can I buy into this sporting event for a dime?"

"Why not? Put up a dime, and I'll match it."

That night, while I was putting Cherry to bed and reading to her about Alice in Wonderland, Tinsel's voice came floating up the back stairs, like cream rising.

"Oh, Mrs. Iredale, I'm so glad you came out for more coffee, because I have a problem. Those three early American bottles on the shelf were dusty, so I put them into the dishwater. They are rare and valuable, aren't they? But I can't get my hand inside the bottles to dry them. Will you do it? Your hands are smaller than mine."

Purest sirup. The Missis' voice sounded like ice water. "Cherry, Cherry! Come downstairs and dry some vases for Tinsel, darling."

Cherry ran down in her dressing gown, proud to be appealed to. Then we heard the Missis playing the piano. Stu and I raced down the back stairs.

"Pay me my dollar!"

"And my dime. Easy money!"

"Take your dirty money, pigs," Tinsel said sweetly. "Let's double all bets for tomorrow."

Just so the Mister doesn't hear about this.

Your loving wife,
De Lucie

Monday

Dear Rocky honey:

I got all your letters, and they are under my pillow. Tinsel was out kidding the postman when Nate came roaring up on a motorcycle, very pleased with himself.

"Borrowed this. Shall I buy it?" he called. "Lots of speed!" Tinsel shook her head, and her smile was gone. "But Tinsel, you said you wouldn't ride the ambulance with me any more."

"There should be some means of transportation invented that's halfway between the motorcycle and the ambulance." He got off and sat down on the grass, very downcast. Tinsel sat on the steps, with her eyes fixed on the asters and marigolds in the yard, and talked softly. "One Saturday, last year, I went riding on a motorcycle in back of a boy that had been in high school with me, and while we roared along, singing and gay and getting dusty, it seemed like a comical idea to get married. So we did. I hardly knew him, but he was cute-looking. I didn't want to tell my sister, that I lived with, that I was married until Covey found a job. So we didn't say anything. He never got a job. All he did was ride his motorcycle, and one day he got killed, turning around to talk to the girl behind him."

"But why wasn't you killed, Tinsel?" Nate asked.

"Because I wasn't there. I was working in the dime store. It was another girl sitting behind him by that time. She wasn't hurt badly. She told me afterward that they were in love. Love—even De Lucie says love is like dust."

So now I know why she hates the thought of him and doesn't want the child.

"Don't you get serious about me, Nate. I'm going to be a great dancer. You better not come around to see me for three weeks." I wonder if her words would have more effect if she didn't kiss him good-by and tell him to call her up at exactly eight o'clock.

"If you don't want to see me for three weeks, you better give me plenty of notice when you do," growled Nate. "I ain't going to buy no case of beer for the interns."

If the driver doesn't get a maternity case to the hospital on time, and the child is born in the ambulance, the driver has to buy the interns a case of beer. Nate has given some poor ladies hair-raising rides.

He finally went back to Good Samaritan when the Missis came out to the kitchen to put fresh flowers in the vases. She put her diamond rings on the glass shelf over the sink. I saw Tinsel glance at them and smile secretly.

"Come on, De Lucie, take me up to bed and read to me," Cherry was fussing when I dawdled on the back stairs after dinner. The Missis came quietly to the kitchen to drink up all the coffee that was left in the pot, because she loves coffee. Immediately the kitchen phone rang. Tinsel dropped the dish mop and talked to Nate in a low voice.

"Hold it, Tinsel. Did I leave my rings out here?"

"Yes, Mrs. Iredale," Tinsel said over her shoulder, very busy with the phone. "You put them on the glass shelf over the sink. Aren't they still there? They must have fallen into the soapy dishwater. Take the mop and fish all the dishes out, and you will find your rings among the knives and forks, I am sure."

I lose this round, I thought, hiding around the curve of the stairs and trying not to snort. Stu was grinning down from the top of the stairs.

"A good soaking will do the rings good," said Mrs. Iredale coolly. "Continue billing and cooing as long as you want. When you finish washing all the dishes, please bring my rings to me in the living room. I will be playing the piano."

I took two bucks and said let's quit. She wouldn't. She tries a new dodge every night. Once Stu and I were collecting our bets when the Mister came into the pantry to mix a highball.

"What goes on?" he said.

I was so ashamed I hoped lightning would strike me.

"Oh, Dad," Stu faltered, "we bet with Tinsel. She still thinks she can inviggle Mother into putting her hands into the dishwater. I keep winning dimes, and De Lucie wins dollars."

"Tinsel," said the Mister, putting his hand into his pocket, "if you win that bet you can be President of the United States. Here is ten dollars as a contribution to a gallant but hopeless cause."

See, honey? She is influencing me, and Stu, and even the Mister, and not for good.

Your loving wife,
De Lucie

P.S. But nobody influences the Missis.

Wednesday night

Dear Rocky honey:

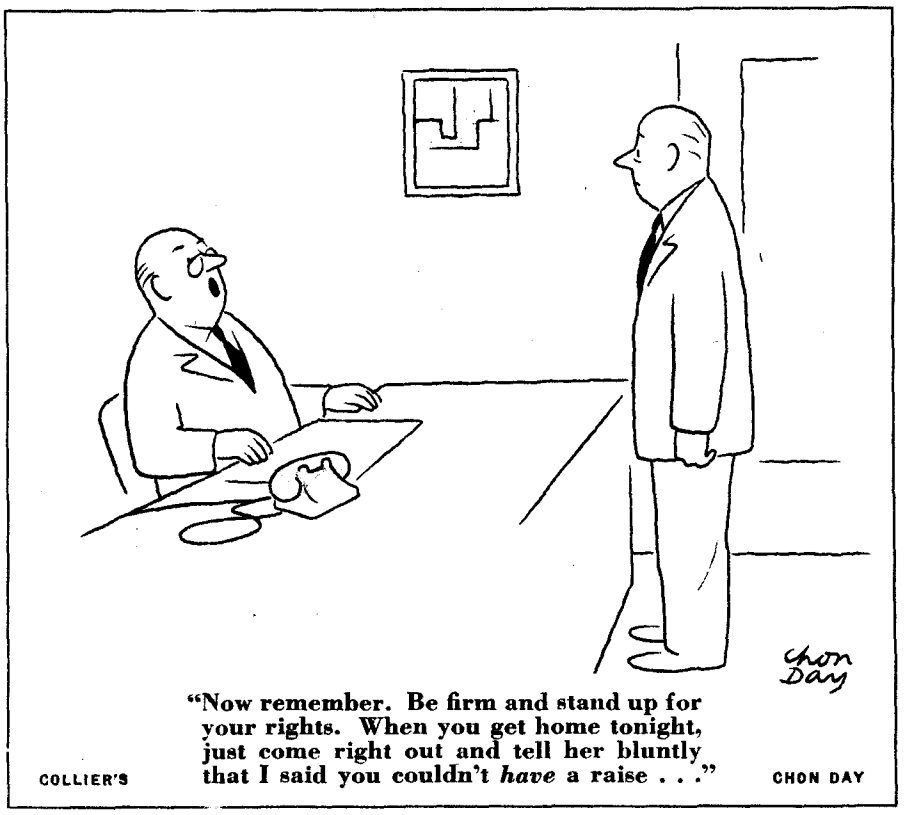
Everything came out different.

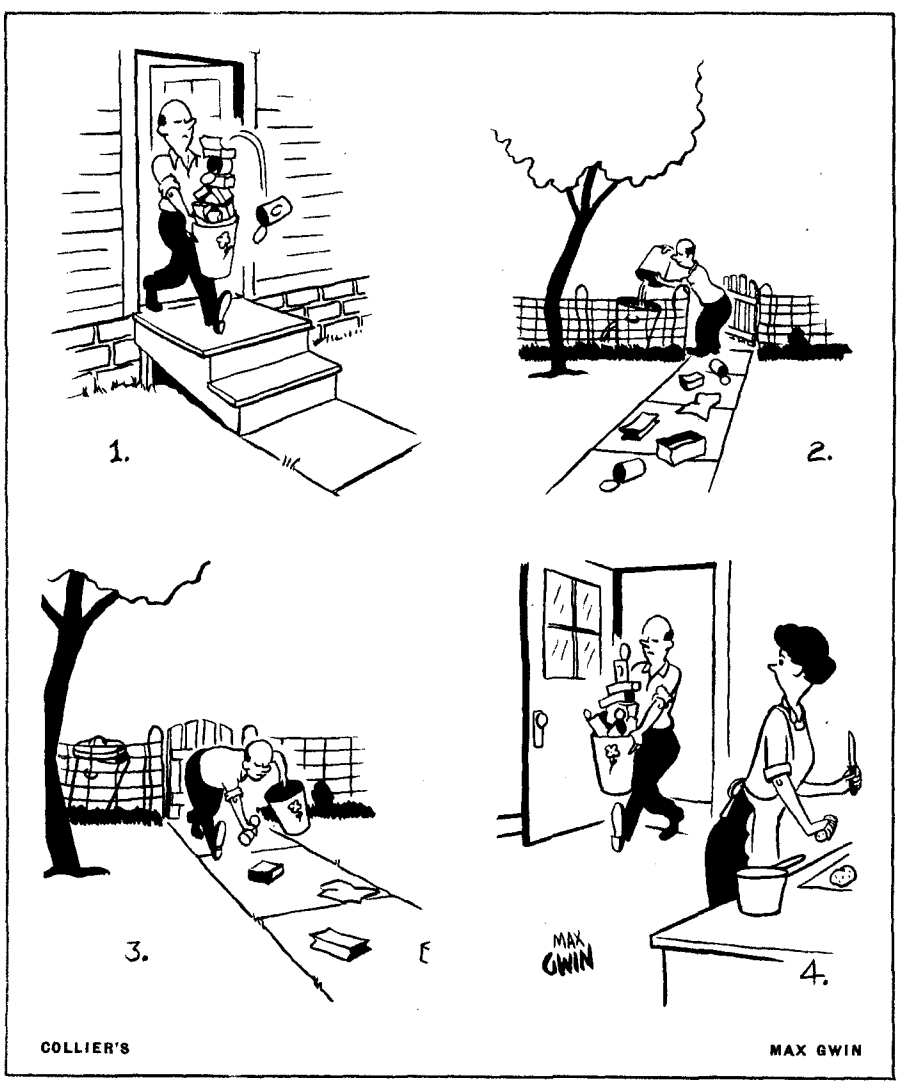
Yesterday morning I was getting breakfast while Tinsel was doing her foot exercises, picking up marbles.

"You know what a secretary in the Good Samaritan office told me?" she asked, arching her pretty foot. "Everything is arranged. Two wealthy women are waiting anxiously to see which one gets the urchin. One wants him if he's a boy; the other gets him if he's a girl. They expect it to be a lovely child. Superior stock."

"Why don't you keep it yourself?"

"Are you crazy? Covey's child? A


Chon Day
COLLIER'S
"Now remember. Be firm and stand up for your rights. When you get home tonight, just come right out and tell her bluntly that I said you couldn't *have* a raise . . ."
CHON DAY



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couple of months from now I'll be studying ballet. This strange interlude will be forgotten. I'll be free."

Tinsel stood up, slid on a marble and came down whack on her back. She went to lie down, quite bruised, and an hour later was feeling pretty miserable. I asked Mrs. Iredale to look at her, and she said we better get the doctor from Good Samaritan at once. They told me Nate had gone after another patient, and the doctors were busy. But the ambulance would come as soon as possible.

"I wonder if this pain could be— I can't believe it's time," Tinsel gasped. "Please tell the kids to go outdoors. I hate this, Mrs. Iredale. I don't feel like going on."

"Hold on to me," said the Missis. "Don't cry, Tinsel. The doctor will help you. By the way, I thought you were really clever the night you dripped candle wax on your hands and told me they must be blistered from frying fritters, and would I please wash the dishes while you bandaged your hands."

"You caught on?" Tinsel forgot her backache and smiled.

"Certainly. I tried the same trick on my grandmother when I was little, but I didn't get away with it," said Mrs. Iredale, looking at her wrists. Bruises were coming out on those strong, brown wrists from Tinsel's frantic fingers. "De Lucie! Call Good Samaritan again and tell Nate to get here. Take Cherry and Stuart and go away at once. Don't come home until night."

I did just that. I hated to go. I took the children to a restaurant for lunch and to Playland for the afternoon.

At six o'clock, we came home. Stuart dashed ahead as he always does and came out on the front porch, bawling, "The storkie! The storkie!"

A very young doctor came past us, whistling, carrying a black bag.

"Hello, girls! Hear the news? That ambulance driver Nate is a card. Just so he needn't buy us interns a case of beer, he turned around and brought the patient back here again. What some guys will do to get out of buying!" The doctor jumped into a little car and drove away.

The Missis was standing at the stove, pouring out a cup of tea. Tears were running down her face, and she wiped her eyes and blew her nose.

"What's the matter? Is Tinsel going to die?"

"No, Tinsel is fine. The doctor was here, and he is sending a nurse tonight. It's a baby girl. Go on in. Take this tea."

Cherry and I ran to wash our hands, then tiptoed into my room.

"Hi." Tinsel got out of bed in a nightgown, and walked across the room and turned on a light.

"Are you supposed to do that?"

"Oh, sure. Modern technique. I'm very strong." She got back into bed and leaned against the wall.

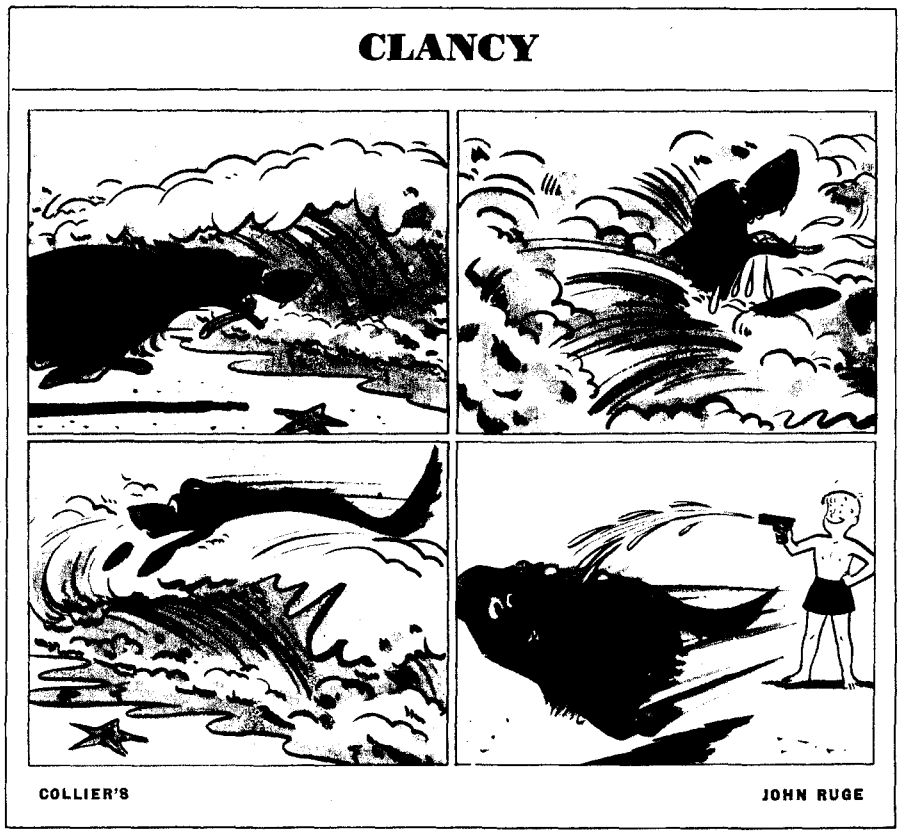
There was a dresser drawer on my bed, lined with pillows. In it was a new baby, half concealed in white silk handkerchiefs, a skinny, meager little object, its tiny face waxy and wrinkled like an old man's. It gave a feeble, hopeless little mew of a cry that made my throat get thick with pity. This sickly little creature is not going to make it, I thought. It's going to die.

"She is not!" Tinsel cried in agony, reading my shocked face. "My baby is going to live!" Her pretty mouth trembled with terror, and tears swept over her eyes. "Oh, De Lucie, I am so afraid! My poor little baby!"

"The urchin is littler than my baby dolls," Cherry said sweetly. "She is so tiny. I love her."

"I love her too," whispered Tinsel, wiping her wet face with the sheet. And then, as if pity had just been born in her, she said a strange thing: "Oh, poor Covey. Poor Covey. He was so young."

"Well, you got a look at the baby,"



I forced out. "You wouldn't have, if you'd had time to get to the hospital. For fear you would get attached to her, and not want to give her for adoption."

"No one is going to adopt this baby," Tinsel snarled. "I must have been crazy. And they are not going to put her in an institution either. I'll take care of her myself. Oh, De Lucie, my dancing days are over. But don't think I mind. Everything is fine."

There was a little whimper from Cherry, who was fussing with the handkerchiefs around the baby. "Her face, Tinsel! What's the matter with Urchie's face?"

I saw the right side of the baby's face: a pitted bright red birthmark from brow to chin, sharply outlined in the livid little face.

"Oh, that," Tinsel said in an offhand way. "That's nothing. It's not important, Cherry. No one will ever notice that, she is going to be so pretty and smart and well-dressed and good. She is a perfect baby really, only rather small. Maybe no rich lady would want to adopt her, but that shows they are fools. I am going to give her everything I can."

"Let me help you," I said, choking. "You can be a dancer if you want to, Tinsel. Rocky and I will adopt your baby."

"You got your nerve. No one gets my daughter but me. Mrs. Iredale says I can work here and keep her. She said anyway I wouldn't want every night off to step out with a cop, the way you used to. If you act sorry for me, De Lucie, I'll slap your face."

Tinsel jumped out of bed, full of fight, poor little exhausted thing, just as Nate came in, calm and sensible, his broad, ugly face full of kindness and pity. The Missis called Cherry out, but I stayed.

"Here, here, this won't do," he said, easing Tinsel back into her bed. He scooped the baby up in his huge paw and said to it, "Hello, honey," in a voice as soft as snow. "Fine head."

"Give her to me, you great trampling horse. Oh, Nate! She is so weak." Tinsel held the baby close to her heart and sobbed. "Can we save her, Nate?"

"Of course we will save her. You ain't worried about that little birthmark, are you, Tinsel? They fade out in a few months. I've seen lots of them. And if they don't fade out by themselves, sometimes the doctors can fix them up." He spoke with calm knowledge and authority, and Tinsel's drowned eyes looked at him with a shine of hope. She smiled weakly, and I had to go and hide my face in the curtain to bawl. "Sist Thomas invites you to return to t hospital and to bring your child."

"She is kind. Isn't it funny? Mi Iredale is really kind too. But I can go back. I've got Baby. What a heartless guy you turned out to be, bringing me back here so you wouldn't have to buy beer for the interns."

"Don't be funny now, Tinsel. This ain't the time for it. You know you can have every cent I got, and body and soul. I already bought them interns a case of beer, so you couldn't tease me about that. Wasn't you lucky to have your child here, so you could see her, and love her, and want to keep her with you always?"

"Yes. I was lucky. But I wish she had a daddy, Nate, a better arm to lean on than mine."

"I sure would like it if you would let me pass around the cigars, and tell them interns I'm going to get married, and have a beautiful stepdaughter."

"De Lucie, come here," Tinsel called. I'd been hiding back of the curtain, wiping my fool eyes that kept filling up with tears all the time. Tinsel hates anyone to cry.

"What?"

"De Lucie, did you ever notice that Nate is a one hundred per cent top-drawer man? You are, my darling," she said softly to him.

Nate knelt down beside her cot, and I never saw a man look so proud. She nestled into his big arms with a sigh, like a little girl that finally came home at night, all tired out from playing too long.

Then Mrs. Iredale came in with the Mister, pushing Cherry's old baby carriage full of baby clothes they had been getting out of the attic.

Nate got up and said to the Mister, "Good evening, sir. I'm going to ask Sister Thomas for Monday off so we can get married."

"That's a fine idea," said the Mister, shaking hands. "May we come to the wedding? Congratulations all round. Gertrude darling, that leaves you high and dry again, doesn't it? When Tinsel gets married, and Rocky comes home and takes De Lucie away, who will wash the dishes? Am I elected?"

Mrs. Iredale looked at her husband reproachfully.

"Wally, how absurd. I will, of course. You talk as if I were incompetent. I can do the housework as efficiently as these two young girls, I should hope."

Can you tie that, Rocky?

Your loving wife,
De Lucie

P.S. A crate just came from the store. It contains an automatic dishwasher. The paper that explains how it works shows a picture of a mother reading in an armchair with her feet on a pillow and her children smiling with pleasure while they fit dirty dishes into the thing. How top-drawer can you get? ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S
"Pop, you're done for. That arrow was dipped in boiled spider legs, powdered bat wings and chopped cobra tongues. Got any last words?"
STAN FINE

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It's a Pleasure

By CASKIE STINNETT

Always insult the entertainers

THERE'S a convention going on somewhere right this minute, and before the year is over, according to fairly reliable statistics, every male adult will have attended 1.4 conventions. A breakdown of that figure shows that some males will have attended *14.6 of them* (the italics are mine, all right), but I would hesitate to call them adults.

As long as you've got to go to at least 1.4 conventions, you might as well know what to do when you get there, and these instructions will cover most situations likely to arise. And it isn't all bad: there's plenty of free-loading at the official luncheons and dinners; some elderly delegate is sure to bring his knickers for golf; and so far as drinking is concerned, you'll find the boys are as broad-minded as bacteria. The worst feature, of course, is the fund of stock jokes, which unfortunately lend themselves to localization; and if your stomach is even a little queasy, my advice is to return your ribbon badge and cancel your reservation.

Now for the instructions:

Note carefully that men are always "menfolks" and women are "the wives." A slip here will mark you as a beginner.

In presiding at the meetings, refer jokingly to members by name. Substitute the proper name and use this one verbatim:

"I see that Eddie Saunders' badge says 'Call Me Eddie' on it, but that wasn't what Mrs. Saunders was calling him when she helped him out of the cocktail lounge last night."

(There will be some whistles and stomping on that one.)

The delegates will all complain about the hotel service; so in speaking or presiding, don't overlook an opportunity to join the band wagon. Memorize this one:

"One of the fellows in the Illinois group was having breakfast in the coffee shop this morning, and when the waiter asked him if he wanted his eggs turned over, he said, 'Yes—to the Smithsonian Institution.' "

(That's a sleeper; give it time.)

If they are too slow getting it, follow fast with: "As I said to Eddie Saunders at breakfast, I said, 'I don't care how crowded a hotel is, Eddie, there's always room for one bore.' " (That will loosen them.)

Never permit the word convention to escape your lips. Always say "annual get-together." More friendly.

It is unavoidable that an amateur entertainment session is scheduled for one evening, and if you try to avoid it, you're a coward. There are no child singing acts—you don't have to worry about that—but there's everything else, including a low-comedy routine which ends with a lock step off to the wings. In case you're asked to be master of ceremonies, remember that the insult is the only acceptable introduction technique. That goes like this: "Our next number is a violin solo by Charlie Peabody, of the Iowa delegation. Charlie plays the violin like Heifetz—under the chin." (Allow plenty of time on that one.)

There are always two or three people who don't know what a convention is for, and they arrive loaded down with brief cases bulging with statistics and licking their lips in anticipation of the business sessions in the Continental Suite (in most hotels this is located between the Independence Suite and the Betsy Ross Suite on the mezzanine floor). These fellows will challenge every remark you make, and there is only one way to handle them. Fix your challenger with a steady stare and say, "Have you recently read the Annual Report of the Bureau of Yards and Docks for 1922?" If he has a shred of honesty, he will admit that he hasn't. Then play your trump card. "Then read that, and you'll see what I mean," you say, smiling.

In announcing the site of next year's convention, build up plenty of suspense and play on state pride until your conscience gives way. "We're going to meet in New Hampshire in 1953 because we want everyone to see how wonderful New Hampshire

PETER WYMA

There's plenty of free-loading

is—(near riot in the New Hampshire group)—and because we want New Hampshire to see how wonderful the rest of the country is!" (Pandemonium.)

(Holding up hands for silence) "—And the theme for next year's get-together is CO-OPERATION, SERVICE AND UNITY!" (This can be changed occasionally, but I advise against it.)

Above all, remember that a new joke will lie there like a rare old Axminster. It's foolish to take a chance with a story that hasn't been thoroughly tested by time. The convention is one place where the novice needs the steadying hand of an elder. ▲▲▲

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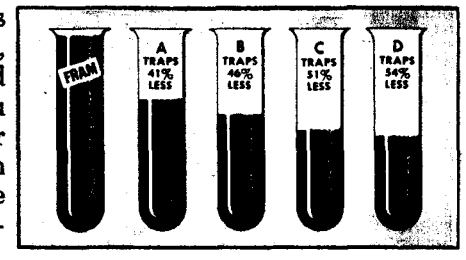

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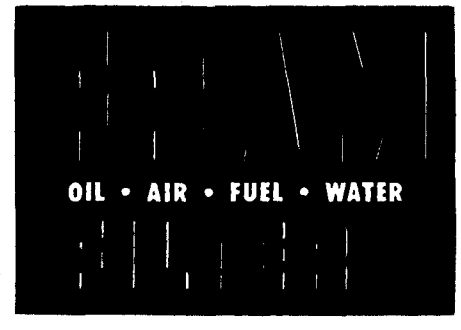

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THE BOY WHO WASN'T

They were giving Marty a bad time at home—stifling him, keeping him broke, boring him hal

TUESDAY night, the night Marty's silent inner conflicts finally got him into a tragic jam, started off about like any other weekday night. After dinner he sat at the dining-room table with his algebra book open in front of him, listening to his mother and father discuss, with some anxiety, the high cost of living. It was that time of month when their conversations were most likely to deal with finances, inflation, taxes, economy. Especially economy, and that's what griped Marty. Their concern with economy probably meant he wouldn't be seeing the new Gene Kelly movie at the Criterion, and he felt irritated and put upon and terribly restless, although there were other things that contributed to his malaise. His scholastic status, for instance, was not a thing to give him peace of mind. And then there was his gnawing poverty.

He stared unseeingly at his textbook, blinked his eyes often, and listened, picking the pieces of conversation out of the louder cacophony of shots and screams coming from the television set. Marty had developed a knack of ignoring the television completely.

"Three hunnert and thirty-six bucks a month I make," his father said plaintively. "Once that was good dough, but now it ain't enough to get by on."

Marty's mother grinned faintly. "Maybe a reason you 'ain't' getting more is because you still say 'ain't,' dear."

"I picked up the expression from the boss. When I ask for a raise, he says business ain't so hot. Anyhow, no matter how you say it, we operate on a deficit, honey."

Marty groaned out loud. "Aw, for Pete's sake!" Deficit! Cripes!

They looked at him quizzically. "Sorry if we disturb your search for knowledge," his mother said. "Why don't you try *not* eavesdropping and concentrate on studying?"

Hah! Marty thought. Who could study around this pinchpenny dump? Television set going full blast, people moaning hard times. He had a constant, compelling itch to *go* somewhere, *do* something, chuck the stupid homework and get out of there. Homework! The school systems needed a good overhauling. A guy's evenings oughta be his own.

In the other end of the living-dining room, Ellie and Paul, his kid sister and brother, were being TV fanatics. You think it bothered them if their parents cried on each other's shoulders about how poor they were? Not those two. Ellie was seven, and Paul was five, and every night of the week they got lost in the TV, as if they'd crawled through the seventeen-inch screen into another world, leaving their empty shells crouching in the living room, the way cicadas leave their dry, empty husks clinging to tree trunks when they change into creatures with wings. Wings, that's what kids like Ellie and Paul had, Marty thought. Wings in their minds, so they could fly away from everything tiresome and fretful and worrying. Marty envied them, but he himself was too old. And besides, and maybe more to the point, TV hurt his eyes. A lot of stuff hurt his eyes lately. Stuff like algebra, Spanish, history—any kind of printed matter. Even movies a little, only not as much as other stuff. Well, okay, he knew the score. Glasses! He needed glasses.

Take like now, with the homework. The algebra teacher, Curlylocks, he thought Marty was a moron. And the Spanish teacher, a cute chick, she thought Marty was a lard-wit, too. He couldn't habla the español much, or write it or read it very

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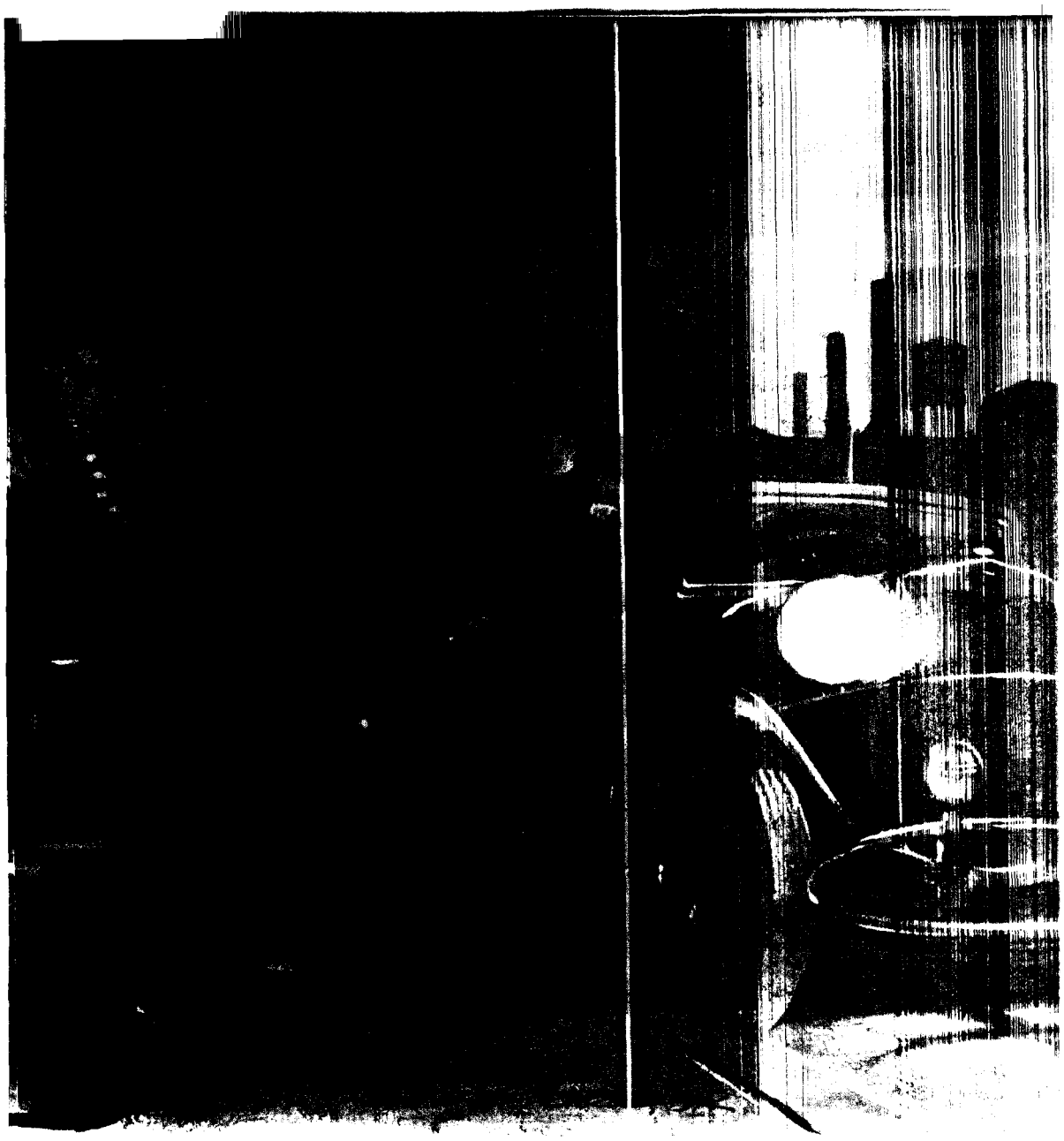

"I'm comin', Buck," Marty yelled. He was sickly aware that he was deserting safety and would probably get a lot of bruises for his trouble, but he felt he had no alternative

CHICKEN

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

illy. But outside there was speed, excitement, and danger

well, on account of his aching eyes. So if he wasn't at the foot of the class, at least he had the distinction of being among the top ten boneheads in the junior class. But creeps, glasses! You seen the types that wear glasses. Worms. Squares. Oh, sure, there were plenty exceptions. Central High's top-scoring basketball forward wore them, and a couple of the football varsity men, but take a guy like me, Marty thought: skinny to begin with, not tall, not much of anything. Put glasses on a guy like me, and whatta you got? He shuddered. That's all I need. Four-eyes Webber. Real fat.

His father said, "Honey, I got to say this—now don't fly off the handle—but you don't know how to shop. That's part of the trouble. A woman thirty-eight, almost forty, and you've got the business acumen of a child."

"Thirty-eight?" Marty's mother exploded. "You know perfectly well I'm thirty-five, Al Webber. Almost forty! I ought to shoot you."

"Now, there's the first sensible thing you've said all evening," Marty's father announced. "You'd have all my insurance, plus Social Security, and you could get on state welfare."

Marty sighed and closed his algebra book and opened his Spanish text and stared at the swimming words. *Yo tengo* something. I have something. I have nothing! *¿Qué hora es?* What is the hour? He looked at the clock. Ye gotts! Only eight thirty? He felt more restless than ever. What's going on out there in the world? he wondered.

"Women," his father was expounding, "have it pretty soft, Grace, my plump parasite."

"Okay, boy, I'll swap jobs with you any old time," she said. "You do the homemaker routine—shop, cook, make beds, scrub, do dishes. It would be a revelation to you, my friend. And look who is calling who plump. Or is that a money belt you're wearing?"

"Whatever it is, it ain't a money belt."

Cabeza: head. My aching cabeza. My tortured scronium. Marty shut the Spanish text and doodled restlessly on his notebook and wondered what was happening outside the prison of his home. Through the dummy archway, the TV screen was a shimmering blur in the living-room end of the apartment, with Ellie and Paul hunched tensely in front of it, staring raptly at the rippling images, listening to the noise. Marty sighed and pushed the notebook away from him.

"May I intrude a word about here?" he asked his parents.

His father looked at him blankly. "Only one word? Shoot."

"Could I borrow a buck, just until I'm eighteen?"

"Your sense of timing is atrocious," his mother said. "And what's this about when you're eighteen?"

"When I'm eighteen, I got a job waitin'. With the United States government. Gunbearer. Remember? The dragoons."

"The kind of grades you're bringing home from school, you'll never pass the mental examination, pal," his father said.

Marty winced. "Don't go buildin' up my hopes," he said.

"What do you want with a dollar?" his mother asked.

MARTY felt the futility of it all. "Just carry it around, feel it, look at it, smell it. Maybe brag it up I'm loaded. I'd be a big man with the crowd if I had a genuine American dollar, Mom."

"Who wouldn't be?" said his father. "You're a comedian, pal."

Marty's mother said, "So are you, pal."

"While you're laughing, go make me a cup of coffee, woman," Al Webber said. "I'll try to fend off this panhandler."

Panhandler. Marty stared at his father, not seeing him well but trying to see him, into him, trying to weigh him and judge him—a little on the bias, under the circumstances—trying to see what was there inside the big man who was getting bald, getting fat, and getting three hunnert and thirty-six bucks a month, which wasn't enough to cope with inflation, taxes, rent, insurance, dental and doctor bills, the bite, the gouge, the squeeze. He was so hard up his son couldn't be like other guys, with an allowance. If his son wanted to go skating, see a movie, a football game or something, he had to panhandle. Apply the touch. And it was even money he wouldn't get money.

"Is that final?" Marty asked, getting up from the table.

"You want it in writing?" his father said, trying to make light of it, smiling a little. "Better luck next time, son."

Nuts! Marty went into the bathroom and scowled at the mirror, running thin fingers through his mop of brown hair. He tried to picture himself wearing glasses, with thick plastic rim and earpieces. Hell with that noise! He washed and went out, got his hat and jacket, and paused at the front door, nursing the feeble hope that his father would relent and shake loose from a dollar.

"Where to?" his father wanted to know.

Marty shrugged. "Take a walk. That's all I can afford to do."

"I'm deeply touched," his father said. "But not in the way you hoped. Did you do your homework?"

"You should have seen me," Marty said bitterly. "It was a real show, the way I did my homework, Pop. You shoulda been watchin'."

"Maybe I should. Don't be late. Tomorrow's a school day."

Marty went out, closing the door behind him with restraint. Don't be late, tomorrow's a school day. Good thing he told me, he thought sarcastically. Boy, some home I got, some parents—generous and kind.

Outside, it was cool and quiet, and he felt a sense of taut relief, of having escaped from parental domination, but crowding it was the familiar loneliness, the rudderless feeling he got when he was broke, with no special place to go. He started walking east toward Main Street. You could watch guys shoot pool, or bowling, and it didn't cost you anything. You could watch people walking the streets; that was free. Or cars driving past. The best things in life are free, like breathing. Good old breathing, it was gratis. It's real fat to be sixteen years old with a tightwad for a father, he thought glumly.

Going up the stairs to the second-floor billiard room, he bumped into Buck Perry, the last guy he'd expected to bump into. And he felt an immediate lifting of his spirits. Good old Buck Perry.

"Hey, Mart, boy! Where you headed?"

"Nowhere. Just messin' around. Killin' time."

"Kill it with me, man," Buck said. "I'm cele-

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bratin' tonight. I took my physical for the Army today, and it calls for a ball. Are you with it, kid?"

"General, it sounds most," Marty said.

This was Buck Perry, a king among boys, a tough and talented athlete, a lady-killer, devil-may-care the way most boys would like to be devil-may-care and don't dare. They went down the stairs, Buck's muscular arm thrown carelessly across Marty's thin shoulders, Marty's heart swelling inside his narrow chest because the king wanted him around. Who, *me?* Marty kept thinking. Me and Buck, the slashing halfback and track and basketball letter man, the Golden Gloves boxer, the pilot of a hot rod, the quail dog, the Robin Hood of Central High? The guy me and every other guy envies because he is big and handsome and grinning and poised and reckless, this guy that more than anybody else in the world I would like to be like, he wants *me* along? Holy kapolie!

They got in Buck's hot rod, a real hairy job, and cruised the downtown streets, looking for recruits. They chanced upon Ironhead Allen, just a guy, average footballer, average scholar, average everything. He was with the notion of a ball. They drove around some more and found Fink Zapatelli, one of those nonentities who help balance up a crowd, a short and squat and homely boy in whose background was dark tragedy that would dog him throughout his life, a guy nobody would yearn to be like. This was the gang tonight, the fingers of Buck's wingding.

"A ball takes geetafrate," Marty ventured. "I ain't got dime one."

"Who needs money?" Buck asked scornfully.

"I spit on money," Fink said. "But what about refreshments?"

"That we can get without money," Buck said. "Untense, gents."

HE KICKED the hot rod open and roared west on Tenth Street and slowed her down as they passed a cheap beer joint whose neon sign identified it as the Purple Pheasant. Buck turned the corner and nosed into a dark alley and stopped.

"I need one volunteer," he said. "Chickens need not apply."

"That leaves me out of it," Fink said. "I'm chicken."

"Ah'm yo man, General," Marty said, shivering. Anybody else, he'd stall until he got the pitch, the gimmick. A quick flash of self-knowledge told him he was volunteering solely to impress Buck. Buck punched his shoulder approvingly, grinning, and proceeded to explain the mission they were about to undertake. Marty shivered some more.

"Well, yeah, it's fat," he admitted. "But cripes, Buck, they ain't gonna sell *me* no beer. I'm sixteen, and I guess I look it."

"In the Puce Pigeon," Buck said, "they don't care if you're wearin' a diaper, just so you got jack, Jack. That's why I picked it. If they act reluctant, just tell 'em you been in there before, see?"

"Okay," Marty shrugged. "But, speakin' of jack . . ."

"Fink?" Buck asked, and Fink groaned and said, "I got a dime I was fixing to invest in a pinball machine I know that's got the fix on it."

Ironhead sighed. "I'm loaded. Two bits. I'll be the sponsor."

So Marty walked around the block, shivering with excitement and nervousness, and outside the joint he hesitated. Buck wouldn't clue him wrong, but cripes, surely even a roach barn like this wouldn't sell beer to a sixteen-year-old minor, would it? Well, he had to try, anyway—for Buck, to show Buck he wasn't chicken. He opened the door and went inside, and there was a man reading a newspaper behind the bar, and four customers—two very young girls feeding nickels into a claw machine, financed by a couple of hot-eyed older guys. Marty moved up to the bar, trying to act casual. "Draw one, Clyde," he said brusquely.

The newspaper came down; black eyes studied him. The man had a thin black mustache; thick, black, oily hair; and a sallow skin. A real character, Marty thought.

"Do I know you, kid?"

"Sure, Clyde, I cash my old-age pension checks in here alla time."

"I can't place you," the man said; and Marty said, "Hey, Dad, why the frost? My gang loads here alla time. Beer me, beer me."

The man shrugged and drew the beer. "You sure look young, kid."

"Clean livin', Dad," Marty said. "I'm well preserved. Exercise. Maybe that's what you need, a little wholesome exercise."

Instantly he realized he'd overdone the insolence. The dark eyes glittered with hard dislike. The tough voice grated, "Maybe I oughta exercise on you right now, clown."

Marty was—well, not *scared*, but—worried. Worried. He had messed up Buck's deal, probably. Buck would—Buck! Hell, Buck was just outside, within hail. Marty felt less—well, nervous. "Go ahead, rough up," he said. "Flex tough, and meet my chums. Make me some trouble and get acquainted with my circle of friends, Dad."

He could see the guy reconsidering, backing off in his mind. Ol' Buck, he done fine in Golden Gloves, two KOs before he turned an ankle. Go ahead, Liphair, Marty thought. Me and Buck will wreck this dump.

The bartender sighed. "Punk kid gangs," he said wearily. "Drink up, toughie." He went back to his paper, muttering to himself, and Marty felt triumphant, but at the same time he entertained a small, incipient sense of guilt, of transgression. Ignoring it, he sipped the beer, and in a minute he put his dime change in the juke box and moved back toward the curtained doorway into the back room, where the men's john was—and where the beer was, cases and cases of it stacked against the back wall beside the alley door. A simple, uncomplicated alley door with an ordinary night latch, which Marty quickly and silently unlocked. He opened the door furtively, and Buck was there with Fink. They came in, and Buck whispered, "Flush the john," and Marty flushed the john, and then Buck and Fink were gone, and two cases of beer were gone, and Marty stealthily closed the door and locked it. Then he went back up front, through the curtained doorway, and finished his beer. But the hounds of fear were panting at his heels now; he was Liza on the ice cubes; he wanted out of there. He drank the beer and strolled to the front door and went out, conscious of Liphair's back-stabbing glance.

OUTSIDE he forced himself to walk slowly, fighting an urge to bolt, his mind summoning up pictures of Liphair going into the back room, his suspicions aroused by Marty's demeanor; discovering the loss, screaming into a telephone, describing in minute detail one Marty Webber, boy bandit. They can't prove anything, Marty thought. I walked outa there empty-handed, didn't I? I'm clean. I should worry.

But he did worry, until the hot rod came alongside, and then he breathed a sigh of relief and got in, and the mob roared away from its latest job, laughing like crazy. What a pood *that* was. Smooth. Man, they oughta go in business. Shoulda seen ol' Mart—cool as a cucumber.

Marty sat up front with Buck, accepting a bottle of warm beer, trying to reconcile the deed with a spurious theory of degree-of-wrongness. Not stealing, not really. A game, a daring contest between them and the Purple Pheasant, them risking no telling what, but winning the prize, two cases of lukewarm beer. They *earned* it, didn't they? And that crumb, he oughta lose more than beer for selling the stuff to a minor in violation of the law. Anyhow, Marty told himself, *I* didn't steal anything. All I did, I just opened a door. Was there a law against opening a door?

Fink and Ironhead were arguing. Fink had taken Ironhead's last cigarette. Ironhead was indignant. Buck smoothed it over. "I'm givin' away my trade secrets," he said, "but okay, I'll show youse punks how to rate cigarettes without spendin' coupons." He drove downtown, to the notorious Sanders Street neighborhood east of the tracks, where, people would say, you could get arrested for double parking or kidnaping a giraffe or committing suicide, but not for much else if you knew the score. These days, you think a cop can support a family on

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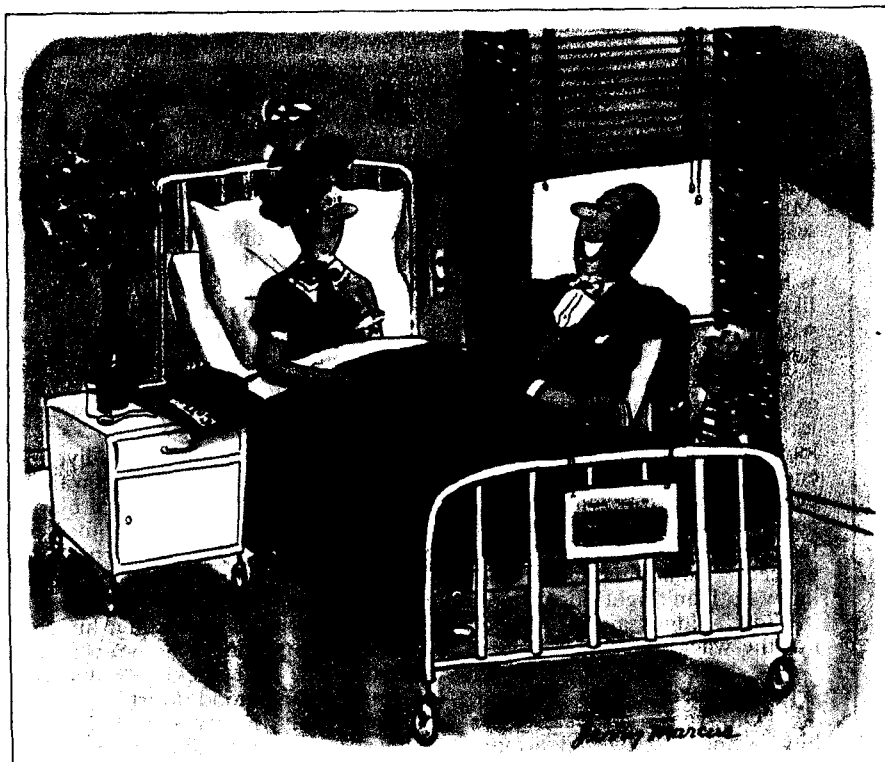

COLLIER'S **"At first the dirty dishes were a problem; then I had another sink installed"** JERRY MARCUS

two hunnert and sixty-five per? Get up the nut and operate without fear.

Buck parked the hot rod and they followed him along the filthy sidewalk and into a place called the Joy Grill, which was no grill but had a splintery dance floor and sold ice at fifty cents a bucket, and attracted with its appropriately dim lights a raunchy clientele. Buck paused inside the door until the four-piece Western swing band tolled the dancers onto the floor again, and then he gestured curtly and led the way down a line of booths, pausing briefly several times. He ignored the loose change on the tables—apparently he had his own code of ethics—and took only cigarettes, slipping them behind his back to Fink Zapatelli, who stuck them in his shirt. Four packs, and Buck gave the signal to withdraw, and they headed for the front door. And then suddenly Fink was blocking traffic, saying hold it, hold it! He stared at the dancers, an ugly shadow darkening his features.

"Buck, will you put the slug on a guy for me?"

"No," Buck said. "What guy?"

"That guy with the fat blonde in the black dress! *That* jerk!"

"No," Buck said. "What you got against him, Fink?"

"Oh, nothin' much," Fink said. "Except he's my lousy, no-good father, the dirty, crumby—"

"Geez, you guys, let's blow!" Ironhead said nervously. Buck made a move toward the door, and Fink said in a hoarse and desperate and crazy voice, "All right, blow, then! But I got to slug that louse, jist once, the stinkin'—" He started pushing past Buck, and Buck grabbed him, arguing with him; and then abruptly, out of the dimness and shadows, came the inevitable hulking, hard-faced man, big with the beginning of obesity, pig-eyed, with scowling thick eyebrows, a bent nose, an imitation carnation in his lapel. A fixture, part of the joint's equipment.

"What's up?" he asked, looking them over. Nothin', they told him. "Whatta you punks doin' in here?" Oh, lookin' for a friend, Marty said. The man sneered: "You're lyin', jerk; you ain't *got* a friend."

There was no mistaking what he wanted. Action, he wanted. Trouble. Buck asked with false timidity, "Are you the bouncer here, mister?"

" 'At's right, crumb, I'm the bouncer here."

"Well, then," Buck said respectfully, "let's see you bounce." And he hit the big man—*splat!*—and the bouncer bounced, all right—off a booth, off a dancing couple, and on the floor, face down. It happened with such violent and unexpected swiftness that Marty stood gaping with shock until Buck hauled him out of the place. When they got in the hot rod, they had been reduced to three, and Buck said, "Where's Ironhead at?" When nobody answered, he nodded. " 'At's about what I figured. He bugged out when trouble started. He grew feathers, like a chicken."

HE STARTED the car, and Fink said, "I wisht it hadda been my louse of a father you hit. I hate 'im so bad it makes my stomach hurt. He run out on Mom when I was ten. I'll get him someday, you see if I don't!"

Marty felt a little sick to the stomach himself, but not from hate or anything like that. He felt more like he'd turned over a flat rock and found crawling filth under it. Some lovely world we got here, he thought, a little nauseated, remembering the dancers, the bouncer, the joint; remembering Fink's father, who looked astonishingly like Fink; remembering the woman he was with. The funny thing was, they hadn't left the filth back there; it was still with them someway—like if you stepped in something, and the only way to get rid of it entirely was to throw away your shoes, only you had to have shoes. It was—

"Something gnawing you, Mart?"

"No, Buck," he said. "I'm just still—well, surprised, I guess."

"He ast for it, didn't he?"

"Sure. Boy, you really split him. You clobbered him, Buck."

"All right," Buck said. "That calls for a drink, Fink. Uncap 'em."

Fink opened two bottles and passed them up to the front seat and said drearily, "Drop me anywhere, Buck. I've had it."

"Hey, you can't poop the party, like Ironhead done," Buck said.

"Aw, I lost my edge. I'll check it to you guys."

So they drove him home, and then it was just Buck and Marty, two great warm friends, cruising around drinking beer and talking. Buck said take him, for example, he didn't mind goin' into the Army. Of course, if he didn't have to, he could take his pick of four or five football scholarships with under-the-

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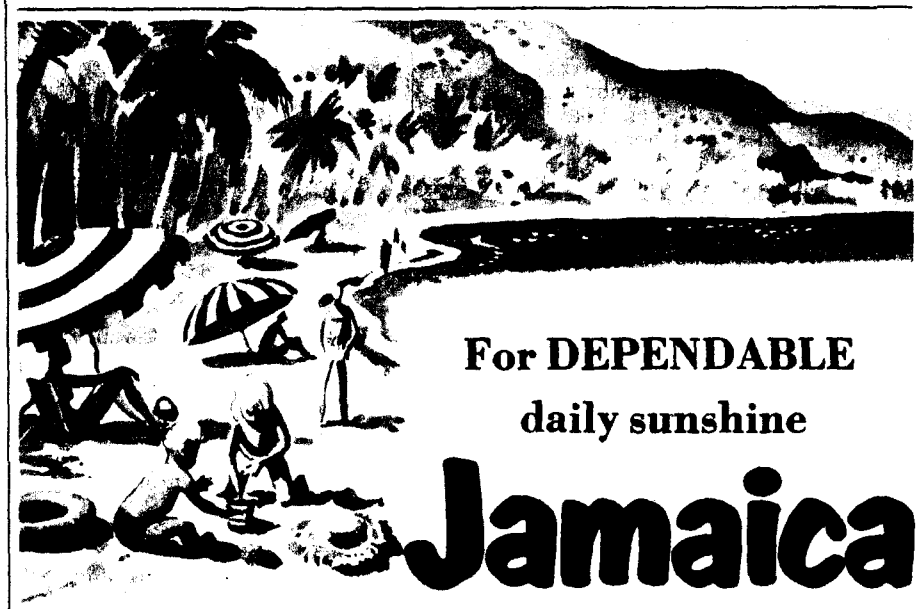

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table money and everything, but that could come later—and don't worry about old Buck in the Army. A guy that knew how to play angles, he'd make out anywhere.

"Army won't hurt a guy for a while," Marty said. "Experience."

"Hell, I'll *own* the joint inside a year," Buck said expansively. "You got to be an operator, son, if you aim to get anywhere in this world. Now, you take Fink, for instance—"

"You take 'im," Marty said. "But I see what you mean. Geez, Buck, imagine havin' a louse for a father, like Fink's got."

"Aaah!" Buck said with contempt. "All fathers are jerks. You got to learn to con them when you want something—and ignore 'em the rest of the time. They're all squares in my book."

Marty was a little shocked by Buck's low opinion of male parents, but not totally in disagreement. "I don't know," he said. "*My* old man, some ways I can't warm to him. He's hard to respect, or something."

"You're growin' up, that's all. You're beginnin' to see through 'im, Mart. I told you, they're all a bunch of squares."

"I don't know," Marty said, groping painfully within himself for the explanation, trying to explain it to himself as much as to Buck. "My father, he's such a tightwad, I gotta beg every nickel outa him. And you'd think he never was a kid himself. Strict? Holy crows, if he knew I was out guzzling beer tonight—"

"Guzzling?" Buck said scornfully. "How many you had, Mart?"

"This is three," Marty said. "But what I mean, it's the principle of the thing. If he knew I just had *one* beer, I'd hear about it the rest of my life, I'll bet. Like my low grades at school—he calls me Einstein, always insulting me about it. And like tonight, I ask him for a dollar, and he called me a comedian. That stuff burns me, man."

"Aw, forget it," Buck said. "Couple years from now you can tell him to fall out a window. The trouble with you, kid, you attach too much importance to fathers. They're nowhere. Skip it. Relax."

MARTY wasn't satisfied. Buck oversimplified the whole thing. "Well, the worst thing is, he's so tight with dough. Like I'm makin' low grades, it ain't because I'm a klunk. The trouble is, I need glasses. I can't study; my eyes hurt, and I get headaches. But if I told the old man I needed money for glasses, he'd scream like a panther. So I haven't told him. School's out in a couple weeks, and I guess I'll pass." He frowned at his beer bottle. "I guess he's the type guy I wouldn't like if he wasn't any relation of mine. We don't speak the same language or something. We just don't *blend*."

"Speakin' of blends," Buck said. "How would blondes do, man?"

Marty stared at him uncomprehendingly. "Huh?"

"I'm aflame for a dame," Buck said. "We got enough beer here for an Army; so leave us go to the skating rink and find some dry chicks. We'll live it up, man. What type do you prefer?"

"Any size, shade, shape or age, just so she's of the opposite sex," Marty said, excited at the prospect of romance.

"That's a tough order," Buck said. They laughed. "You got to be so particular?" They laughed some more, all the way out to the skating rink on East Third. Buck parked the hot rod. "You goin' in with me, or d'you want curb service?"

"It's your party, man. You furnished everything else, you might as well furnish the dames." Marty opened bottle number four. "Anyhow, I'm too comfortable." He wasn't comfortable. He was pretty nervous now.

Buck grinned and disappeared among the cars, and Marty relaxed and sipped his beer, feeling pretty good about the way things were. It was sure a big honk, prowling with Buck. He snapped on the car radio and got some music, and time passed, and Buck returned with two girls, his mission successful. He introduced Edna and Irma, the former for Marty and the latter, who was much prettier, being his own choice.

Marty got in the back seat with Edna and inspected her and found her to be short and thick with a slightly pretty, belligerent face and a lot of dark hair. He tried to kiss her, imagining that it was expected of him, but she roughed him up some, and he thought the hell with *that,* and opened a bottle of beer for her.

"Edna," he said, "you're beautiful. You oughta be in Hollywood." Anywhere but here, man, he thought. "Why are you cold to me, Edna? Can't you see this thing is too big for us to fight?" And you're too big for me to fight, too. Edna. "Haven't I seen you on TV? Wrestling in the semifinals, I mean, Edna. "Edna, I ask you, what shall it be?"

"You're nuts," she said, giggling nervously.

Up front, Irma was urging Buck to make haste before someone she called Tiger missed her and came hunting for her, and Marty said, "Did you say a Tiger was looking for you, madam?"

"Shut up!" Edna said. "Tiger is her boy friend, only she don't like him, and if he catches her with you chumps he'll kick out your teeth."

"Oh, dearie me!" Marty said as the hot rod backed out of the lot and got under way. "Now look what you done, you frightened me, Edna." He closed his eyes and saw Edna in a better perspective. Grating voice, tough face. He opened his eyes and winced. "Edna, this is fate. You know it. Don't fight fate, Edna."

"Boy," Edna said, "if you're *not the wackiest!*"

UP FRONT, Irma moaned. "Oh, gee!" she said. "It's him!" She was twisted around looking out the back window. "If this heap can travel, kick it out, bub. Tiger and some of his buddies are tailing us."

"Ol' Buck don't run from nobody," ol' Buck said, and he continued to drive at a conservative seventy miles an hour.

"I'm not kidding, let's get moving!" Irma said shrilly.

Marty sensed the peril and regretted it, feeling that Irma was right. The hot rod would do well over a hundred miles an hour, and he wished it'd start doing it. He didn't want any trouble.

But even more than he didn't want trouble, he didn't want Buck to suspect him of being chicken. So he kept silent, and the car behind them tailed them through a residential section, around a block, made a right turn when Buck did, then a left turn, staying right behind. And finally, on a street lined with dingy warehouses and business buildings, Tiger and his friends pulled abreast of the hot rod.

"All right," Buck said. He pulled over to the curb and stopped, and the other car pulled around him and stopped, and four boys piled out, led by a tall, rangy, tough-looking kid. Buck got out, facing them, and Irma began to moan softly, and beside him Marty could hear Edna's quick breathing. The sense of peril was big now, filling him up, drying his throat, paralyzing him.

"Which one is Tiger?" he heard Buck ask. The tall, tough one bared his teeth. "I'm Tiger. How come you crowdin' me, man? How come you move in on my quail? It ain't healthy. You hadn't oughta done it."

Marty started to open his door, but Edna pulled him back and hissed, "Stay outa this. It don't concern you. Irma's with *him.*" That was the kind of logic Marty wanted to listen to, and he was slow rejecting it, and by the time he did he realized they were already fighting out there. He got the door open and hit the street.

"I'm comin', Buck!" he yelled. They were *ganging* Buck! Marty was sickly aware that he was deserting safety and would probably get a lot of bruises for his trouble, but he felt he had no alternative. He ran around the car and swung at the nearest stranger, and for a few seconds everything was terrible and confused, and then something hard caught him in the back of the head and he was down on the pavement, half-conscious in a world full of thudding feet and fists and pain and hoarse breathing and yells and curses. He tried to get up, and a shoe skidded off his temple, and he stayed down, hearing now the sound of a loud groan and running feet and car doors slamming. And then all was silence, except for a faint sound of scuffing leather on concrete, and his own hoarse breathing. He ached, but he got up, unsteadily, shaking the dizziness out of his head, dimly aware that he was bleeding a little. "Buck?" he said.

He looked in the car. No Buck. He looked under it. No Buck. He looked upstreet, and then he looked downstreet. There was Buck.

He said, "Hey, Buck! Hey! Where you goin'? Hey, Buck!"

Buck was moving slowly, tiredly, and he was leaving a trail on the sidewalk—shiny, wet spots. Blood! A *lot* of blood! Marty caught up with him and took his arm. Buck cried out. Marty said, "They're gone." And Buck looked at him, his face haggard, and he slid down the wall of the building, hugging himself, whimpering. "Some chickenhearted—" he said thickly. "Some yellow dog fixed me good, Mart."

Then, finally, Marty saw the handle of the ice pick protruding from Buck's chest, saw all the terrible blood all over the front of him.

"Got to find a doctor," Buck said. "I'm bleedin' to death."

Marty couldn't look any more; he didn't want to see the wooden handle move up and down with Buck's tortured breathing. Cold horror crawled over him. *Buck's dying! They killed him!* Suddenly Marty was in the grip of a blind, hard panic, and he was running. Anywhere, just so it was away from that ice pick and what it had done. He raced wildly down the empty street and around the corner. Presently he slowed to a trot, then to a walk. Then he stopped and was sick in the gutter, emptying himself, scouring out most of the panic along with the contents of his stomach. Then he started back, reluctantly. "What am I gonna do?" he asked himself helplessly. Then he saw the all-night café a couple of blocks down the side street. They'd have a telephone.

THEY were in the hospital corridor, and his father said, "I just called your mother. She was scared to death." He turned his eyes away from all the mess of blood on Marty. "We'll have to go to the police and report this. Hospital already notified them, probably." And he was right; two policemen met them as they left the hospital. The police car followed them to the scene of the stabbing, and Marty showed them the hot rod and the blood and told them his miserable story, reliving it in his mind with harsh vividness. Why? he kept asking himself. Why did they do it? Why did it have to happen to Buck?

Later, at the police station, he went all over it again for the desk sergeant and two detectives, and then he sat on a hard bench, sick and empty and tired, while his father talked to the cops. Presently his father tapped him gently on the arm. "We can go home now, son."

As they were leaving, a well-dressed, cold-eyed man came into the room. "I'm Dale Perry," he said worriedly. "I've called my lawyer. I want this thing hushed up, you understand? I want it kept out of the papers. I don't want to have any scandal damaging my standing in this community. Now, what's it all about, Sergeant?"

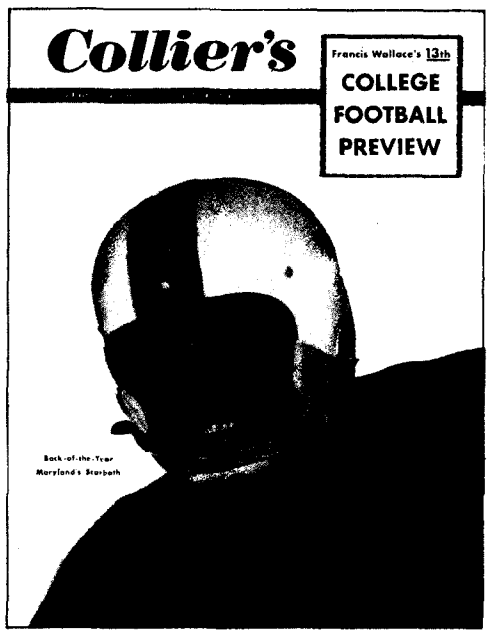
Marty's father touched the man's arm. "How is the boy, Perry?"

"What?" the man snapped, whirling around nervously. "Who—my son? I haven't been to the hospital yet. Say, are you a reporter?"

"No," Marty's father said. "Not a reporter."

The desk sergeant picked up the telephone and called the hospital. When he

Next Week



Francis Wallace's 13th

COLLEGE FOOTBALL PREVIEW

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hung up he gave Buck's father a steady glance. "The nurse said he'll pull through, they think. Missed his heart and lungs."

"It's a hideous mess," the man said angrily.

Marty's father glared at Buck's father and walked out of the police station, and Marty followed, feeling a little stunned. So that was Buck's old man, huh? He got in the car. His father was swearing under his breath, and after a while he said, "They want you down for the morning line-up, Mart. They think they know this Tiger and his gang. Been in scrapes before. Listen, Mart—about the beer in that boy's jalopy. You weren't drunk, were you?"

"No," Marty said. "No, Pop. Me nor Buck neither."

His father sighed. "Good. You're a little young for that stuff. Let's lay off it for a couple years, huh? Plenty of time for that later."

Marty nodded. Funny, he thought. Funny how I called him when I was scared and didn't know what to do. I never thought I'd want him to know if I was in a jam; I figured he'd just yell around and raise hell. Only I didn't know what else to do, and I called him —and he didn't waste no time getting there, either. Not like Buck's old man. Buck—well, he was wrong about fathers, about *most* of them, anyway. But you could see how he'd get the idea they were all jerks, after you seen his father worrying about his reputation before he went to see if Buck was dead or alive.

Buck had been wrong about a lot of things. Marty could see that now. Stuff like being a wise guy, playing the angles, stealing beer and cigarettes. Now, in the shakiness of reaction, Marty could see the holes in Buck's philosophies, in his dubious code of ethics. But maybe having a father like he did would cause any guy to get off the beam about things. Geez, Marty thought. He never even went to see Buck first!

"Mart, I've been wondering . . ." His father cleared his throat. "If I'd given you the money you asked for, this wouldn't have happened, huh?"

Marty hesitated. "Aw, it would of happened anyhow."

"I'll try to be a little more generous from now on. Times are rocky for us white-collar guys, but a few dollars more or less won't make much difference. I'll try to do better in the loan department."

It wasn't the money. Buck's father had been generous with spending money —but maybe he wasn't generous with anything else. Maybe he thought that was the only obligation a father had to a son. Keep him in good clothes and spending money, and the hell with hurrying down there when Buck needed him. Suddenly and poignantly it came to Marty that Buck might never have needed his father before, not really. Or anyhow, not for a long time.

All the way home, Marty was sunk in his melancholy reflections. Poor Buck, he thought. Him and Fink, they got it rough.

HIS father parked the car and looked up at the lighted windows in the apartment and sighed. "She's waiting up," he said. "Got the podium out, got her notes ready. Mart, we're in for a tough lecture, so we might as well go on up and take our medicine."

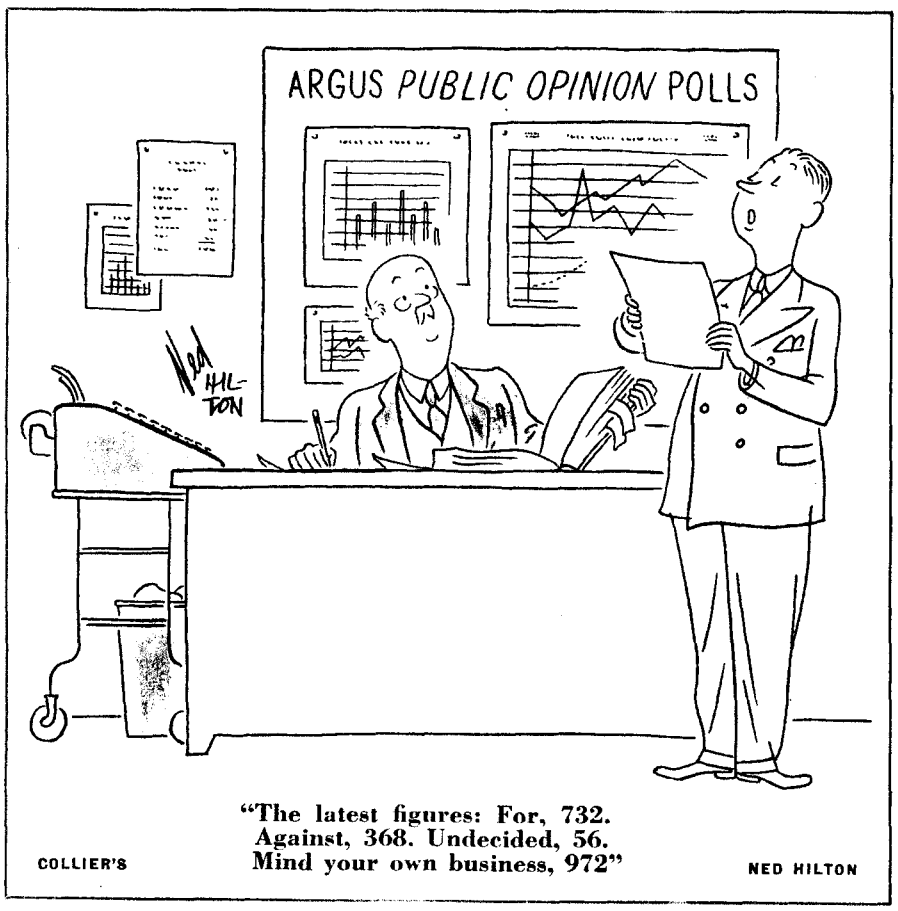
Tomorrow, Marty thought, tomorrow I'll tell him about me needing glasses. And tomorrow I'm gonna hustle me a job. Hell-fire, a guy my age hadn't oughta be spongin' off his old man. I can work after school until vacation, and then I can work full time. Cripes, I ain't got a broken leg; I can earn my own spending money.

They were on the sidewalk. His father took his arm and gave it a squeeze. "Scared me to death when you called," he said. "But thanks for calling me when you got in a bind. I hope you'll always call me when you need a hand, son. Incidentally, let me do the talking when we get upstairs. Maybe I can get us off with a suspended sentence."

Marty nodded, a hot thickness climbing into his throat. What was it I told Buck about my old man not being my type or something?

On the stairs, his father said, "I don't want to preach, but next time you get a chance to go helling around in somebody's souped-up hot rod, consider your mother first, huh? She's a fine gal, Mart. We ought to spare her all the trouble we can. I guess the best thing about her is that she puts up with a guy like me, hey?"

"I guess so," Marty said, grinning. And he thought: I'll put up with you too, Pop. From now on, I'll put up with you too. ▲▲▲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W. DAVID SHAW

Bianco galloped down the road, the cart swaying behind as if it were tossed on a stormy sea

BIANCO

By GIOVANNI GUARESCHI

NOWADAYS the people of the Po River Valley go to the city by bus, in one of those modern machines where a human being travels like a trunk, and even if he is sick at his stomach, he cannot budge from his seat. And to think that once upon a time there was a steam trolley which ran smoothly along its track through fog and ice! Until one fine day a city slicker discovered that the steam trolley was out of date and substituted for it a vehicle supposedly more modern.

The steam trolley used to transport not only people but sand, gravel, bricks, coal, wood and vegetables as well. It was eminently practical and at the same time full of poetry. Then, one day, a dozen workmen wearing municipal badges appeared upon the scene and proceeded to tear up the tracks. And nobody protested; in fact, the general comment was, "It's about time." Because nowadays even old women who go to the city no more than once a year and spend the rest of their lives just waiting for time to go by are in a hurry.

The steam trolley ran from the city to the Po River and no farther, although this was not the end of the line. The largest villages of the region are strung out along the highway followed by the trolley, except for a particularly important one, two or three miles away, which the trolley could not have reached except by making a long detour among the canals. On the road which linked this village to the highway, a special horse-drawn car carried passengers to and fro.

Bianco, the last horse to perform this service, was the handsomest of the lot, a beast so noble that he seemed to have stepped down from some public monument. On the village road the ties between the two rails of the trolley line had been covered with tightly packed dirt, and along this path Bianco trotted six times a day. A few minutes before the car came to a stop—that is, as soon as he heard the brake grinding—Bianco stepped out from between the rails and trotted alongside them. Then, as soon as the driver called, "Whoa!" he slowed down, without any danger of the car's bumping into his hindquarters.

Bianco was on the job for a number of years and knew it thoroughly. He had extraordinarily keen ears and could hear the trolley's steam whistle long before anyone knew that it was coming. He heard the whistle announcing the trolley's arrival at Trecaselli and pawed the stable floor to signify that it was time to hitch him in his car, pick up the village passengers and start for the highway, in order to reach it with five minutes to spare. The first day that the whistle failed to sound because the steam trolley was no longer running, Bianco seemed to be bewitched. He stood tense, with his ears sticking straight up into the air, and waited. For a whole week he behaved the same way, until finally he set his mind at rest.

Yes, Bianco was a fine creature, and when the trolley company put him up at auction everyone wanted to buy him. Barchini was the highest bidder, and he hitched Bianco to a brand-new red wagon. Even between the wagon shafts, Bianco cut a handsome figure. This first time that he was hitched to the wagon, Bianco almost upset his new master, who was sitting on top of a load of beets. For when Barchini called out, "Whoa!" and pulled the reins, Bianco stepped to one side so abruptly that Barchini almost toppled over. But this was the only time that Bianco's memory tricked him; he caught on at once to the fact that the wagon was very different from a car running on rails. He had a touch of nostalgia every time he went along the road between the village and the highway. On the way out, nothing happened, but when he started home, Bianco had a way of walking on the extreme left-hand side of the road, beside the ditch where the track had formerly been laid.

The years went by, but, as he grew older, Bianco was such a good fellow that Barchini considered him one of the family, and even when he was completely run down no one dreamed of getting rid of him. He was given light work, and one day when Barchini caught a hired man giving him a beating, he got after him with a pitchfork, and if the fellow hadn't run up into the hayloft, he would have found himself speared.

With the passage of the years, Bianco became increasingly weary and indifferent. There came a time when he did not swish his tail to scare off the flies, and he never had to be tied up, because there was no likelihood that he would move from the place where anyone left him. He stood stock-still, with his head hanging, like a stuffed horse instead of a real one.

One Saturday afternoon Bianco was hitched to a light cart to take a bag of flour to Don Camillo, the priest who for years had been the stouthearted guardian of village morals. While the driver carried the bag into the rectory on his shoulder, Bianco waited outside with his head hanging. All of a sudden he raised his head and pricked up his ears. The sight was so unexpected that Don Camillo, who was standing at the door lighting a cigar, let the match drop from his hand. Bianco stood tautly on the alert for several minutes, and then, wonder of wonders, bolted away. He galloped across the square, and it was sheer luck that nobody was run down. Then he turned into the road leading to the highway and disappeared, leaving a cloud of dust in his wake.

"Bianco's gone crazy!" people shouted.

With his usual promptness, Peppone, the mayor, and Don Camillo's political adversary, came by on his motorcycle. The priest, forgetting their political differences for the moment, tucked up his cassock and mounted behind the bulky politician.

"Fast!" Don Camillo shouted, and Peppone threw out the clutch and stepped on the gas.

BIANCO galloped down the road, with the cart swaying behind, as if it were tossed on a stormy sea. If it didn't smash to pieces, it must have been because the patron saint of carts had his eye on it. Peppone drove his motorcycle at full speed, and halfway up the road the horse was overtaken.

"Run along beside him," said Don Camillo, "and I'll try to catch the rein near the bit."

Peppone steered close, and Don Camillo stretched out his hand toward the rein. For a moment Bianco seemed to remember that he was a very old nag and consented to being caught; then suddenly he speeded up and Don Camillo had to let go.

"Let him run!" Don Camillo shouted into Peppone's ear. "Go faster, and we'll wait for him at the highway."

Peppone stepped on the gas, and the motorcycle shot ahead. When they reached the highway, Peppone braked. He tried to say something, but Don Camillo motioned to him to be silent. A few seconds later Bianco galloped into sight. Soon he threatened to join the highway traffic, and Peppone had an impulse to give the alarm. But he didn't move in time, and then, after all, it turned out to be unnecessary. When Bianco reached the highway, he came to a halt and dropped down on one side. He lay there sprawling in the dust, while the cart fell, with its shafts broken, into the ditch. Along the highway came the steam roller, which was flattening out a coat of macadam. As the steam roller passed by, it whistled, and then from the bag of bones—which was all that was left of Bianco—came a whinny. That was the end; now Bianco was a bag of bones indeed.

Peppone stood looking down at the carcass; then he tore off his cap and threw it down on the ground. "Just like the bourgeois state!" he shouted, ready as always to find a collectivist moral in any situation. He turned around with a fierce look on his face. "A man may boast of his freedom, but when the whistle calls him, he comes forward, and there he is."

"Where is he?" asked Don Camillo.

"Here! There! Everywhere!" shouted Peppone. "With his helmet on his head, his gun in hand and a knapsack over his shoulder. And then it turns out that the call came not from the trolley but from a steam roller. But meanwhile he's a dead duck!"

Peppone wanted to say a great many things, but he didn't know where to begin. He picked up his cap, put it on his head and then lifted it again in salutation. "A salute to the people!" he exclaimed.

People began to arrive, in carts and on bicycles, and among them was Barchini.

"He heard the whistle of the steam roller," Don Camillo explained, "and believed it was the trolley. That was plain from the way he stopped at the highway."

Barchini nodded. "The main thing is that he should have died believing," he said. ▲▲▲

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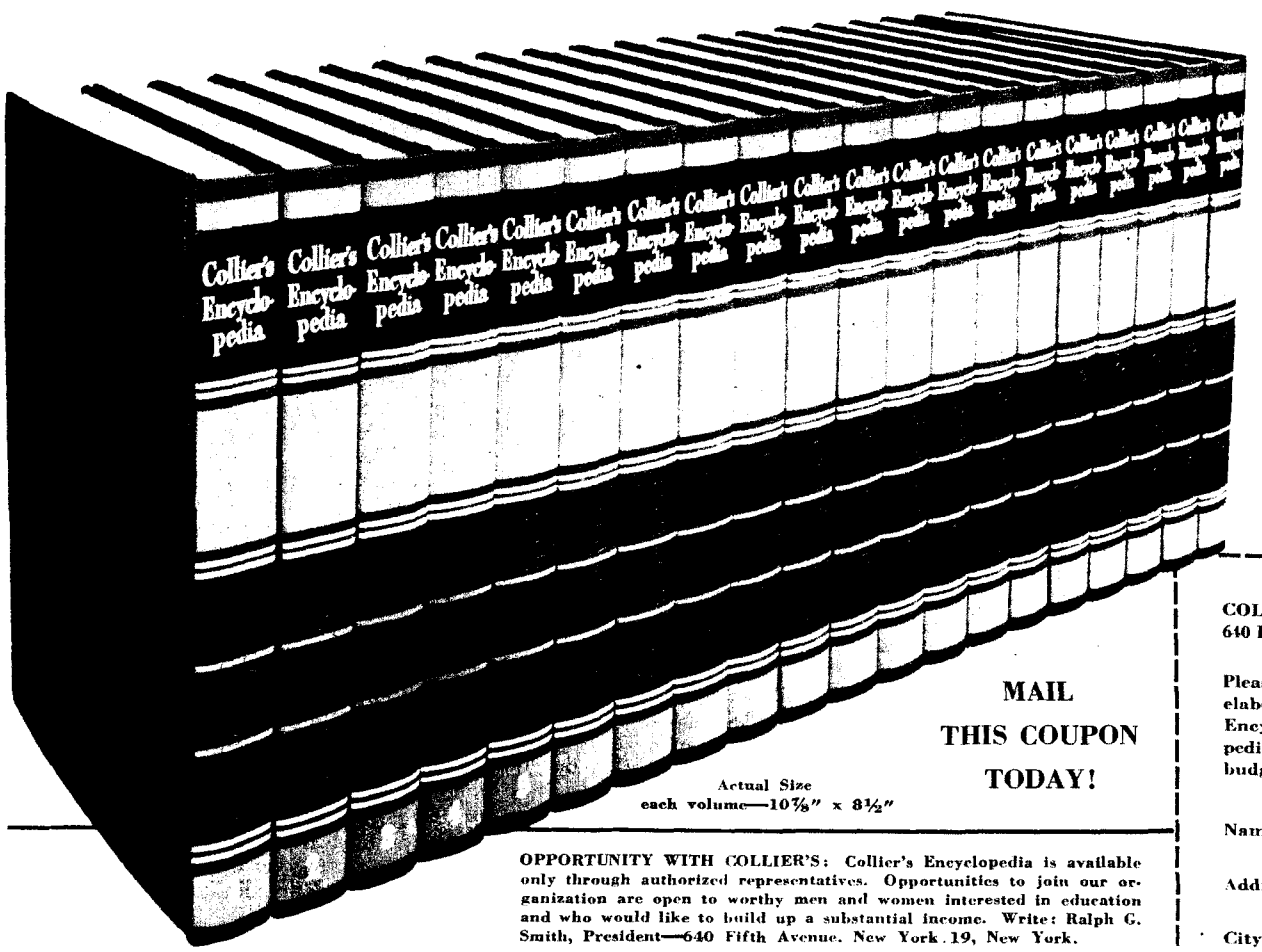

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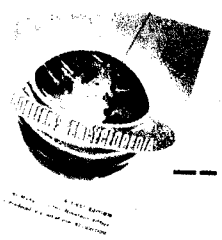

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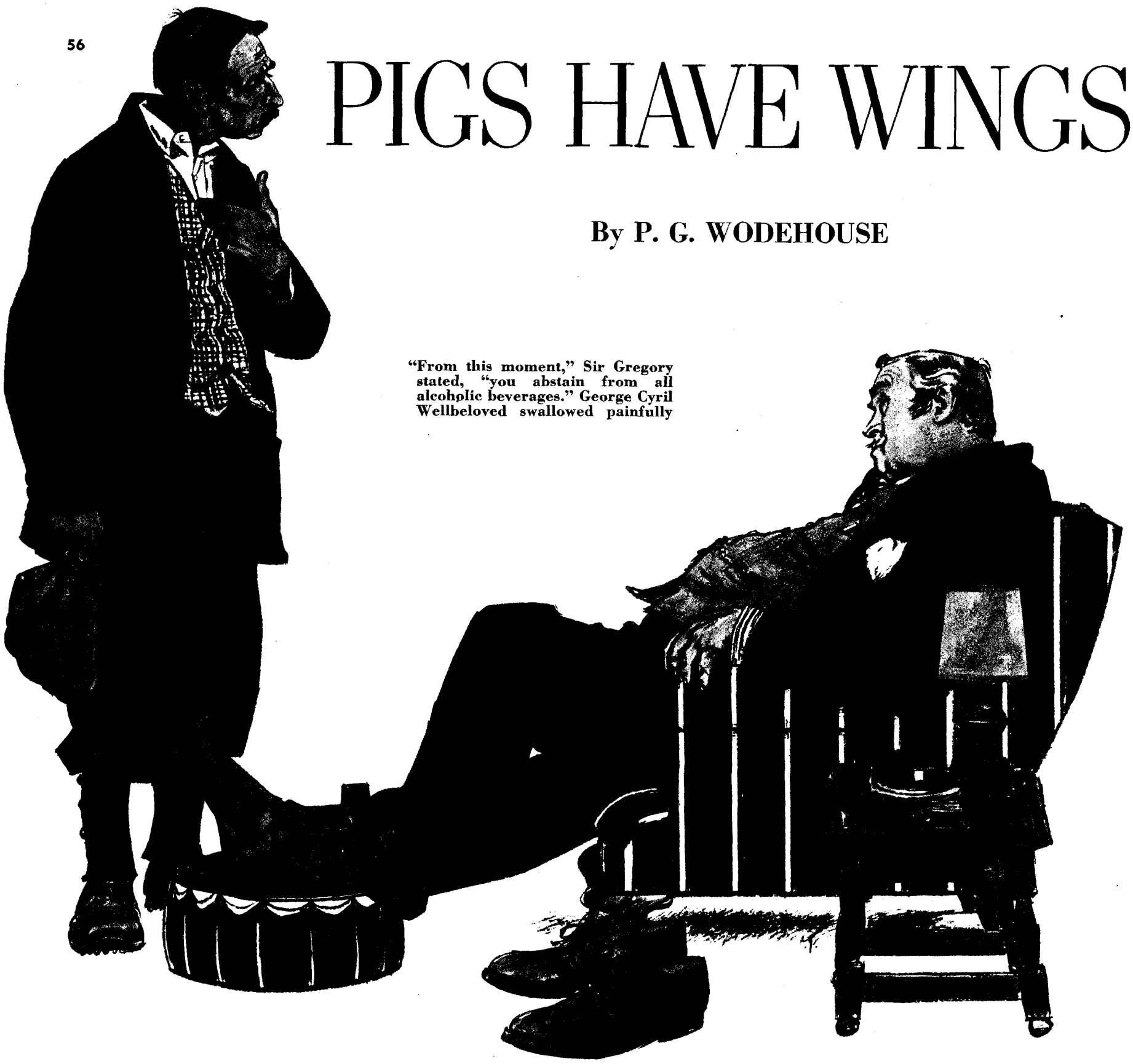
PIGS HAVE WINGS

By P. G. WODEHOUSE



"From this moment," Sir Gregory stated, "you abstain from all alcoholic beverages." George Cyril Wellbeloved swallowed painfully

The Story: Things were definitely amiss around Blandings Castle. CLARENCE, ninth Earl of Emsworth, had set his heart on having his famous pig, Empress of Blandings, win for a third time the top prize in the Fat Pigs class at the coming Shropshire Agricultural Show.

Vague about everything else, Clarence was nonetheless aware that the Empress' chances had been immeasurably lessened by the machinations of his neighbor, SIR GREGORY PARSLOE. Parsloe, already owner of one rival pig, had gone to the scurvy length of importing a porker, Queen of Matchingham, whose massive dimensions gravely imperiled the Empress' hopes.

Nor was only the Empress' honor at stake. GALAHAD THREEPWOOD, Clarence's brother, and SEBASTIAN BEACH, his butler, had wagered their all on her winning. The general agitation was increased by the fact that LADY CONSTANCE, Galahad's sister, had insisted on hiring as the pig's nursemaid one MONICA SIMMONS, whose incompetence for her sacred task was demonstrated by her habit of referring to her charge as "the piggy-wiggy."

Galahad was further disturbed by his knowledge that young love was not running its true course. PENNY DONALDSON, their beautiful young American guest, confided in him that, in spite of the attentions of the rich LORD VOSPER, her heart belonged to JERRY VAIL, a penniless writer of murder mysteries. Her millionaire father, Penny said, loathed impecunious suitors, and unless Jerry could get hold of two thousand pounds to invest in a health resort and so make his fortune, their romance was doomed. In order to see Jerry away from the watchful Lady Constance, Penny confided, she had had to resort to inventing a friend of her father's with whom she would dine in London, a fictitious Mrs. Bunbury.

It must be noted that the love life of Sir Gregory Parsloe also left much to be desired. Engaged to marry the athletic GLORIA SALT, he had recently been informed by her that unless he went on a diet the wedding bells would not ring. Bowed down by the horrid burden of exercise and dieting, he was hardly in proper form for a threatening encounter with Galahad. Any plot of Parsloe's against the Empress, Galahad warned, would be met with ruthless reprisals against the Queen.

II

LADY CONSTANCE was dipping her aristocratic nose in her teacup as Galahad Threepwood approached the table. At the sound of his footsteps, she looked up.

"Oh, it's you," she said, and her tone made it abundantly clear that no sudden gush of affection had caused her to alter the opinion she had so long held that this brother of hers was a blot on the Blandings scene. "I thought it was Sir Gregory. Have you seen Sir Gregory?"

"The man Parsloe? Yes. He has just slunk off."

"What do you mean, slunk off? If you are referring to the fact that Sir Gregory was limping, he has a blister on his foot. There was something I was going to tell him. I must wait and telephone when he gets home."

Gally screwed his monocle more firmly into his eye. "I wish to talk to you, Constance," he said. "To talk to you very seriously about this Simmons disaster, this incompetent ex-Rodean hockey-knocker whom you have foisted upon Clarence in the capacity of pig-girl. Clarence and I have been discussing it, and we are in complete agreement

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In one day, the Blandings crowd had uncovered two dastardly attempts to nobble the Empress. What they needed, said Gally, was someone equipped with the criminal mind—and he knew just the girl

that Simmons must be given the old heave ho. Good God, are you prepared to stand before the bar of world opinion as the woman who, by butting in with your bally Simmons, jeopardized the Empress' chance of performing the unheard-of feat of winning the Fat Pigs medal for the third year in succession? A pigman, and the finest pigman money can procure, must place his hand upon the tiller in her stead. No argument, Constance. This is final."

IT IS always a chilling thing to be threatened. Sir Gregory Parsloe, as he limped back to Matchingham Hall, was conscious of a distinct chill down the spine. His encounter with Gally had shaken him. He was not an imaginative man, but a man did not have to be very imaginative to read into Gally's words the threat of unilateral action against the Queen of Matchingham. True, the fellow had spoken of "reprisals," as though to imply that hostilities would not be initiated by the Blandings Castle gang, but Sir Gregory's mental retort to this was "Reprisals, my left eyeball." The Galahad Threepwood type of man does not wait politely for the enemy to make the first move. He acts, and acts swiftly and without warning.

Consequently, Sir Gregory wasted no time. Arriving at Matchingham Hall, sinking into an armchair and taking off his shoes, he instantly rang the bell and told his butler to inform George Cyril Wellbeloved, his pigman, that his presence was desired for a conference. And in due season a rich smell of pig came floating in, closely followed by George Cyril in person.

George Cyril Wellbeloved was a long, lean, reddish-haired man with a mouth like a halibut's and a broken nose acquired during a political discussion at the Emsworth Arms. But when you are engaging a pigman, Sir Gregory felt, you don't want a sort of male Miss America, you want someone who knows about pigs. And what George Cyril Wellbeloved did not know about pigs could have been written on one of Maudie Montrose's picture post cards.

In terse, nervous English, Sir Gregory related the substance of his interview with Gally, stressing the bit about poisoned potatoes, and George Cyril listened with a gravity which became him well.

"So there you are," said Sir Gregory, having completed his tale. "What do you make of it?"

George Cyril Wellbeloved was a man who went in for a certain verbal polish in his conversation. "To speak expleasantly, sir," he said, "I think the old———means to do the dirty on us."

(It would perhaps have been more fitting had Sir Gregory at this point said, "Come, come, my man, be more careful with your language," but the noun ——— expressed so exactly what he himself was thinking of the Honorable Galahad Threepwood that he could not bring himself to chide and rebuke. As a matter of fact, though ——— is admittedly strong stuff, he had gone even further than his companion, labeling Gally in his mind as a ***** and a !!!!!!)

"Precisely what I think myself," he agreed. "From now on, Wellbeloved, ceaseless vigilance. We cannot afford to relax for an instant."

"No, sir. The Hun is at the gate."

"The what's where?"

"The Hun, sir. At the gate, sir. Or, putting it another way," said George Cyril Wellbeloved, who had attended Sunday school in Market Blandings as a boy, "see the troops of Midian prowl and prowl around."

Sir Gregory thought this over. "Yes. Yes, I see what you mean. Troops of Midian, yes. Nasty fellers. You did say Midian?"

"Yes, sir. Midian, troops of. Christian, dost thou hear them on the holy ground? Christian, up and smite them!"

"Quite. Yes. Precisely. Just what I was about to suggest myself. You will need a shotgun. I will give you one. Never let it out of your hands, and if the occasion arises, use it. Mind you, I am not saying commit a murder and render yourself liable to the extreme penalty of the law. But if one of these nights some bally bounder—I name no names—comes sneaking around Queen of Matchingham's sty, there's nothing to prevent you giving him a dashed good peppering in the seat of the pants."

"Nothing whatever, sir," assented George Cyril Wellbeloved cordially.

The conference had gone with such a swing up to this point, overlord and vassal being so patently two minds with but a single thought, that it was a pity that Sir Gregory should now have struck a jarring note. A sudden idea had occurred to him, and he gave it utterance with all the relish of a man whose betrothed has put him on a strict teetotal regimen. Misery loves company. "And another thing," he said. "From this moment you abstain from all alcoholic beverages."

"Sir!"

"You heard. No more fuddling yourself in taprooms. I want you keen, alert, up on your toes."

George Cyril Wellbeloved swallowed painfully. "When you say alcoholic beverages, sir, you don't mean beer?"

"I do mean beer."

"No *beer?*"

"Not a drop."

George Cyril Wellbeloved opened his mouth, and for a moment it seemed as if burning words were about to proceed from it. Then, as though struck by a thought, he checked himself. "Very good, sir," he said meekly.

Sir Gregory gave him a keen glance. "Yes, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking you'll be able to sneak off on the sly and lower yourself to the level of the beasts of the field without my knowing it. Well, you won't. I shall give strict orders to the landlords of the various public houses in Market Blandings that you are not to be served, and as I am on the licensing board, I think these orders will be respected. All right, that's all. Push off."

DROOPINGLY, George Cyril Wellbeloved, having given his employer one long, sad, reproachful look, left the room, taking some, but not all, of the pig smell with him. A few moments after the door had closed behind him, Lady Constance' telephone call came through.

"Sir Gregory?"

"Yes."

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"What I rang up about was this trouble of yours. Gloria, you know. The dieting, you know. The exercises, you know."

Sir Gregory said he knew.

"All that sort of thing cannot be good for you at your age."

Sir Gregory, who was touchy on the subject, would have liked to ask what she meant by the expression "your age," but he was given no opportunity to do so. Like most female telephonists, Lady Constance was not easy to interrupt.

"I couldn't bear to think of you having to go through all that dieting and exercising, because I do think it is so dangerous for a man of your age. A man of your age needs plenty of nourishing food, and there is always the risk of straining yourself seriously. A distant connection of ours, one of the Hampshire Wilberforces, started touching his toes

The restorative had its effect. Beach was able to speak. "Have another," said Penny

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before breakfast, and he had some sort of a fit. Well, just after you left this afternoon, I suddenly remembered seeing an advertisement in the paper the other day of a new preparation for reducing the weight. Slimmo, they call it, and it sounds excellent.

"Apparently it contains no noxious or habit-forming drugs and is endorsed by leading doctors, who are united in describing it as a safe and agreeable medium for getting rid of superfluous flesh. It seems to me that if it is as good as they say, you would be able to do what Gloria wants without all that dieting and exercising which had such a bad effect on that distant connection of ours. Rupert Wilberforce it was—he married one of the Devonshire Fairbairns. He was a man getting on in years—about your age—and when he found he was putting on weight, he allowed himself to be persuaded by a thoughtless friend to touch his toes fifty times before breakfast every morning. And on the third morning he did not come down to breakfast, and they went up to his room, and there he was writhing on the floor in dreadful agonies. His heart had run into his liver. Slimmo. It comes in the small bottles and the large economy size. You can get it at Bulstrode's, the chemist in the High Street. Oh, Clarence! I was speaking to Clarence, Sir Gregory. He has just come in and is bleating about something. What *is* it, Clarence? He wants to use the telephone, Sir Gregory, so I must ring off. Good-by. You won't forget the name, will you? Slimmo. I suggest the large economy size."

Sir Gregory removed his aching ear from the receiver and hung up.

For some moments after silence had come like a poultice to heal the blows of sound, all that occupied his mind was the thought of what pests the gentler sex were when they got hold of a telephone. Gab, gab, gab, and all about nothing.

THEN, suddenly, he was asking himself whether his late hostess' spate of words had, after all, been so devoid of significance. Like most men trapped on the telephone by a woman, he had allowed his attention to wander during the recent monologue, but his subconscious self had apparently been drinking it in, for now it brought up for his inspection the word Slimmo and then a whole lot of interesting stuff about what Slimmo did. The picture of himself, with a tankard of Slimmo at his elbow, sailing into the starchy foods with impunity intoxicated him.

There was but one obstacle. Briefly, you had first to get the bally stuff, and Sir Gregory, a sensitive man, shrank from going into a shop and asking for it. Then what to do?

"Ha!" said Sir Gregory, suddenly inspired. He pressed the bell, and Binstead, his butler, entered.

We have heard of Binstead before, it will be remembered. He was the effervescent sportsman who electrified the taproom of the Emsworth Arms by bounding in and offering five to one on his employer's pig. It is interesting to meet him now in person.

Scrutinizing him, however, we find ourselves unimpressed. This Binstead was one of those young, sprightly butlers, encountering whom one feels that in the deepest and holiest sense they are not butlers at all, but merely glorified footmen. He had none of Beach's measured majesty, but was slim and perky. And when we say that he was often to be found of an evening playing ha'penny nap with George Cyril Wellbeloved and similiar social outcasts and allowing them to address him as "Herb," we think we have said everything.

"Sir?" said this inadequate juvenile.

Sir Gregory coughed. Even now it was not going to be easy. "Uh, Binstead," he said. "Have you ever heard of Slimmo?"

"No, sir."

"It's some sort of stuff you take. Kind of medicine, if you see what I mean, endorsed by leading doctors. A distant connection of mine—one of the Hampshire Wilberforces—has asked me to get him some of it. I want you to telephone to Bulstrode in the High Street and tell him to send up half a dozen bottles."

"Very good, sir."

"Tell him the large economy size," said Sir Gregory.

THERE had been a grave, set look on the face of the Honorable Galahad Threepwood as he stumped away from the tea table on the terrace, and it was still there when, after considerable moody meditation in the grounds, he turned into the corridor that led to Beach's pantry. In the battle of wills which had just terminated he had not come off any too well, and an immediate exchange of views with Shropshire's shrewdest butler seemed to him essential.

Entering the pantry, he found only Penny there. She had come, as she so often did, to sit at the feet of one whose society had been a constant inspiration to her. Right from the start of her visit to this stately home of England, the younger daughter of Mr. Donaldson of Donaldson's Dog Joy had recognized in Beach a soul mate and a buddy.

"Oh, hello, Gally," she said. "Looking for Beach? He's gone into Market Blandings."

"Dash the man. What did he want to go gadding off to Market Blandings for? He should never have left his post."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"This pig situation."

"What pig situation would that be?"

Gally passed a careworn hand over his brow. "I'd forgotten you weren't there when Clarence broke the big story. You had left to go and telegraph to that young man of yours—Dale, Hale, Gale, whatever his name is."

"Vail. One of the Loamshire Vails. You must learn to call him Jerry. So what happened after I left?"

"Clarence appeared, buffeted by the waves and leaking at every seam like the Wreck of the Hesperus. He had an amazing story to relate. He had just been talking to that hellhound, Sir Gregory Parsloe."

"Oh, yes, the character who keeps taking off his shoes. Who is he?"

"Good God! Don't you know that?"

"I'm a stranger in these parts."

"I'd better begin at the beginning."

If there was one thing Gally prided himself on—and justly—it was his ability to tell a story. Step by step he unfolded his tale, and it was not long before Penny had as complete a grasp of the position of affairs as any raconteur could have wished. When, after stressing the blackness of Sir Gregory Parsloe's soul in a striking passage, he introduced the Queen of Matchingham motif into his narrative and spoke of the guerrilla warfare which must now inevitably ensue, she expressed her concern freely: "This Parsloe sounds like a hot number."

"As hot as mustard. Remind me to tell you sometime how he nobbled my dog Towser on the night of the rat contest. But you have not heard the worst. We come to the Simmons menace."

"What's that?"

"In your ramblings about the grounds and messuages, do you happen to have seen a large young female in trousers who looks like an all-in wrestler? That is Monica Simmons, Clarence's pig-girl. When this Queen of Matchingham thing came up, Clarence and I agreed that it would be insanity to leave the Empress' fortunes in the hands of a girl like that. As Clarence hadn't the nerve to tackle Connie about it, I said I would. I've just been tackling her."

"With what result?"

"None. She dug her feet in and put her ears back and generally carried on like a grade-A deaf adder. And do you know why? Clarence had told me that Connie's interest in this Simmons was due to the fact that the Simmons was tied up in some way with someone Connie wanted to oblige. Who do you suppose that someone is?"

"Not Parsloe?"

"None other. Parsloe himself. The girl is his cousin."

"Gosh!"

"You may well say 'Gosh!' The peril would be ghastly enough if we were merely up against a Parsloe weaving his subtle schemes in his lair at Matchingham Hall. But Parsloe with a cousin in our very citadel, a cousin enjoying free access to the Empress, a cousin whose job it is to provide the Empress with her daily bread— Well, dash it, if you see what I mean."

"I certainly do see. Dash it is right."

"What simpler than for Parsloe to issue his orders to this minion and for the minion to carry them out? It's an appalling state of things."

"Precipitates a grave crisis. What are you going to do?"

"That's what I came to see Beach about. Ah, here he comes."

Outside, there had become audible the booming sound of a bulky butler making good time along a stone-flagged corridor. But a glance at Beach, as he entered, was enough to tell them that his haste had not been due to high spirits. His face was twisted with mental agony; his gooseberry eyes bulged from their sockets. Penny squeaked in amazement. She had never before seen a butler with the heebie-jeebies.

"Beach!" she cried, deeply stirred. "What *is it*?"

"Good Lord, Beach," said Gally. "Then you've heard, too?"

"Sir?"

"About the Simmons girl being Parsloe's cousin."

Beach's jaw fell another notch. "Sir Gregory's cousin? I had no inkling, Mr. Galahad."

"Then what are you sticking straws in your hair for?"

Beach tottered to a cupboard. "Mr. Galahad," he said, "I can hardly tell you. I think, Mr. Galahad, if you will excuse me, I must take a drop of port."

"Double that order," said Gally.

"Triple it," said Penny. "And fill mine to the brim."

Beach filled them all to the brim, and further evidence of his agitation, if such were needed, was afforded by the fact that he drained his glass at a gulp.

The restorative had its effect. He was able to speak. "Sir—and madam—"

"Have another," said Penny.

"Thank you, miss. I believe I will. I think you should, too, Mr. Galahad, for what I am about to say will come as a great shock."

"Get on, Beach. Don't take all night about it."

"I know a man named Jerry Vail, a young author of sensational fiction," said Penny chattily, "who starts his stories just like this. You never know till page twenty-three what it's all about. Suspense, he calls it."

"Cough it up, Beach, this instant. I don't want to be compelled to plug you in the eye."

WITH a powerful effort, the butler forced himself to begin his tale. "Very good, Mr. Galahad. I have just returned from Market Blandings, Mr. Galahad. I went there for the purpose of making a certain purchase. I don't know if you have happened to notice it, sir, but recently I have been putting on a little weight, due no doubt to the sedentary nature of a butler's—"

"Beach!"

"Let him work up to it," said Penny. "The Vail method. Building for the climax. Go on, Beach. You're doing fine."

"Thank you, miss. Well, I chanced to see in the paper an advertisement of a new preparation called Slimmo, guaranteed to reduce superfluous flesh, which was stated to contain no noxious or habit-forming drugs and to be endorsed by leading doctors. So I thought I would look in at Bulstrode's in the High Street and buy a bottle. It was somewhat embarrassing walking into the shop and asking for it, but I nerved myself to the ordeal, and Bulstrode's young assistant wrapped the bottle up in paper and fastened the loose ends with pink sealing wax."

"Beach, you have been warned!"

"Do be quiet, Gally. And then what, Beach?"

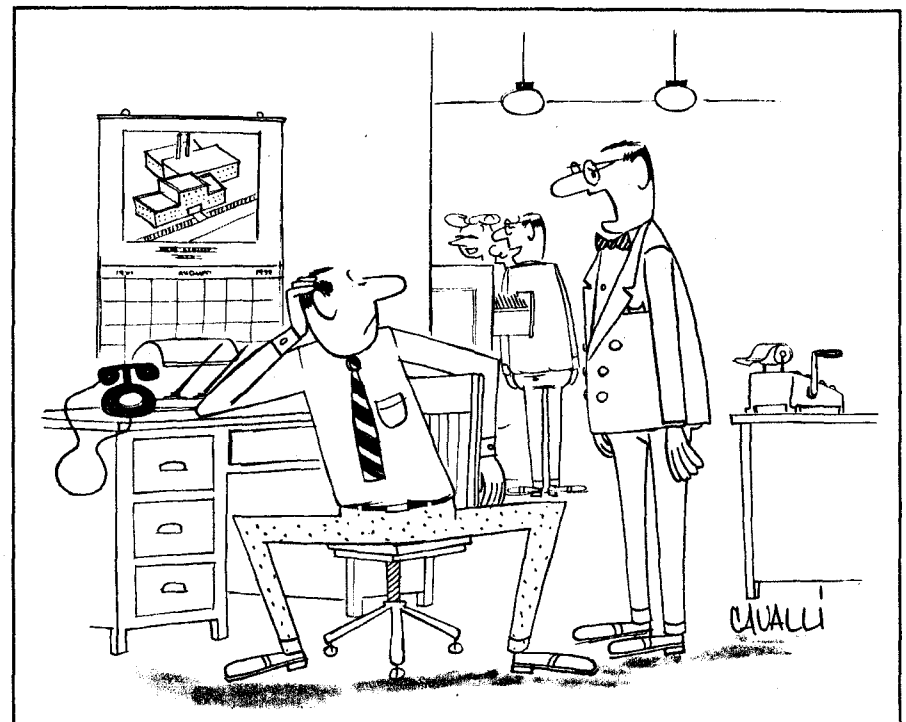
Beach closed his eyes for a moment, as if he were praying for strength. "I had scarcely paid for my purchase and received my change when the telephone bell rang. Bulstrode's young assistant answered it."

"And a dead body fell out?"

"Miss?"

"Sorry. My mind was on Mr. Vail's stories. Carry on. What happened?"

"He spoke a few words into the in-



"When do you start your vacation, Evarts? Officially, I mean"

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

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strument. 'Okey-doke,' I remember, was one of them, and 'Righty-ho,' from which I gathered that he was speaking to a customer of the lower middle class, what is sometimes called the burjoisy. Then he turned to me with a smile and observed, 'Well, that is what I call a proper coincidence, Mr. Beach. That was Herb Binstead. And know what he wants? Six bottles of Slimmo, the large economy size.' "

Gally started as if he had been bitten in the leg by baronets. "What!"

PENNY looked from one to the other, perplexed. "Why shouldn't he buy Slimmo? Maybe he's a leading doctor."

Gally spoke in a voice of doom. "Binstead is Gregory Parsloe's butler. And if you have the idea that he may have been buying this antifat for his own personal use, correct that view. He's as thin as a herring. His motive is obvious. One reads the man like a book. Acting on instructions from Parsloe, he plans to pass this Slimmo on to the accomplice Simmons, who will slip it privily into the Empress' daily ration, thus causing her to lose weight, thus handing the race on a plate to Queen of Matchingham. Am I right, Beach?"

"I fear so, Mr. Galahad. It was the first thought that entered my mind."

"No other explanation will fit the facts. I told you Parsloe was mustard, Penny."

Silence fell, one of those deep, uneasy silences which occur when all good men realize that now is the time for them to come to the aid of the party yet are unable to figure out just how to set about doing so.

But it was not in the nature of the Honorable Galahad to be baffled for long. A brain like his, honed to razorlike sharpness by years of association with the members of the Pelican Club, is never at a loss for more than a moment. "Well, there you are," he said. "The first shot of the campaign has been fired, and soon the battle will be joined. We must consider our plan of action."

"Which is what?" said Penny. "I take it the idea is to keep an eye on this Simmons, but how is it to be done? You can't watch her all the time."

"Exactly. So we must engage the services of someone who can, someone trained to the task of keeping an eye on the criminal classes, and most fortunately we are able to lay our hand on just such a person—the guiding spirit of Digby's Day-and-Night Detectives."

Beach gave a start which set both his chins quivering. "Maudie, Mr. Galahad? My niece, Mr. Galahad?"

"None other. Is she Mrs. Digby?"

"No, sir. Mrs. Stubbs. Digby is a trade name. But—"

"But what?"

"I am in perfect agreement with what you say with regard to the necessity of employing a trained observer to scrutinize Miss Simmons' movements, Mr. Galahad, but you are surely not thinking of bringing my niece Maudie here? Her appearance—"

"I remember her as looking rather like Mae West."

"Precisely, sir. It would never do."

"I don't follow you, Beach."

"I was thinking of Lady Constance, sir. I have known her ladyship to be somewhat difficult at times where guests were concerned. I gravely doubt whether her reactions would be wholly favorable, were you to introduce into the castle a private investigator who is the niece of her butler and looks like Miss Mae West."

"I am not proposing to do so. The visitor who arrives at Blandings Castle will be a Mrs. Bunbury, a lifelong friend of your father's, Penny. You remember that charming Mrs. Bunbury?"

Penny drew a deep breath. "You're a quick thinker, Gally."

"You have to think quick with a man like Gregory Parsloe. By the way, Beach, not a word of all this to Lord Emsworth. We don't want him worrying himself into a decline, nor do we want him giving the whole thing away in the first ten minutes, as he undoubtedly would if he knew about it. An excellent fellow, Clarence, but a rotten conspirator. You follow me, Beach?"

"Oh, yes indeed, Mr. Galahad."

"Penny?"

"He shall never learn from me."

"Good girl. Too much is at stake for us to take any chances. The hopes and dreams of my brother Clarence depend on Maudie, and so, Beach, does the little bit of stuff which you and I have wagered on the Empress. Get Maudie on the telephone at once and instruct her to pack her toothbrush and magnifying glass and be with us at her earliest convenience."

"Very good, Mr. Galahad."

"Make her see how urgent the matter is. Play up the attractive aspects of Blandings Castle, and tell her that she will find there not only a loved uncle but one of her warmest admirers of the old Criterion days. I will now go and inform my sister Constance that at the urgent request of Miss Penelope Donaldson I am inviting the latter's father's close crony, Mrs. Bunbury, to put in a week or two with us."

Gally trotted out, to return a few minutes later, beaming satisfaction through his monocle. "All set. She right-hoed like a lamb. She seems to have an overwhelming respect for your father, Penny, no doubt because of his disgusting wealth. And now," said Gally, "now that what you might call the preliminary spadework is completed and we are able to relax for a bit, I think a drop more port might be in order. Start pouring, Beach, and as you pour, keep saying to yourself that tempests may lower and storm clouds brood, but if your affairs are in the hands of Galahad Threepwood, you're all right."

IT HAS long been observed in authoritative quarters that sudden joy affects different people in different ways. Some laugh and sing. Some leap. Others go about being kind to dogs. When Jerry Vail, in his modest flat in Battersea Park Road, London, SW, received the heartwarming news that Penny Donaldson would be with him on the morrow, he sat down and started writing a story, designed for one of the American magazines if one of the American magazines would meet him halfway. It was about a New York private detective who was full of Scotch whisky and sex appeal and got mixed up with a lot of characters with names like Otto the Ox and Bertha the Body.

He was just finishing it on the following afternoon—for stories about New York private detectives, involving as they do almost no conscious cerebration, take very little time to write—when the telephone bell stopped him in the middle of a sentence.

"Hullo?" Jerry, hoping it would be Penny, put a wealth of pent-up feeling into the word.

"Hullo, Jerry. This is Gloria."

"Eh?"

"Gloria Salt, ass," said the voice at the other end of the wire, with a touch of petulance.

There had been a time when Jerry Vail's heart would have leaped at the sound of that name. Between Gloria Salt and himself there had been some tender passages in the days gone by, passages which might have been tenderer still if the lady had not had one of those level business heads which restrain girls from becoming too involved with young men who, however attractive, are short of cash.

But though, like the Fairy Queen in Iolanthe, on fire that glows with heat intense she had turned the hose of common sense, and though on Jerry's side that fire had long since become a mere heap of embers, their relations had remained cordial. From time to time they would play a round of golf together, and from time to time they would lunch together. One of those nice, unsentimental friendships it had come to be, and it was with hearty good will that he now spoke.

"Why, hullo, Gloria. I haven't heard from you for ages. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Just messing around. Playing a bit of tennis. Playing a bit of golf. Ridin' a bit, swimmin' a bit. And I've got engaged."

Jerry was delighted at the news. "That's the stuff. I like to see you young

COLLIER'S "Remember what your doctor warned about over-exertion, dear, so please keep your score in the low seventies" GEO. H. GREEN

TRAVELING BY AIR, CAR OR ELEPHANT? IN EVERY CASE CARRY
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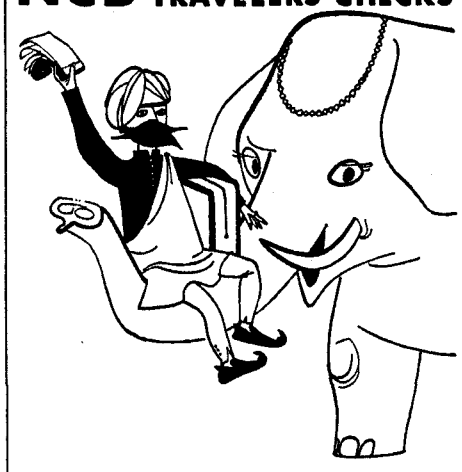

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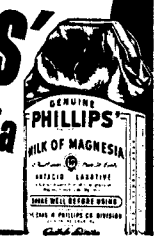

Itch...Itch ..I Was Nearly Crazy
Very first use of soothing, cooling liquid D.D.D. Prescription positively relieves raw red itch—caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing—other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. 43¢ trial bottle must satisfy or money back. Ask druggist for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

JOLLY TIME POPS BEST POP CORN

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folks settling down. Who's the other half of the sketch? Orlo the Ox, I presume?"

"Who?"

"I'm sorry. I was thinking of something else. My lord Vosper, I mean."

There was a silence. Then Gloria Salt spoke in an odd, metallic voice. "No, not my lord Vosper, thank you very much. I wouldn't marry Orlo by golly Vosper to please a dying grandmother. Not in a million years, laddie, not to win a substantial wager. Let me inform you that I would rather be dead in a ditch. Orlo Vosper, egad! I should jolly well say not."

Jerry was concerned. Here was tragedy. Mystery, too. Like most of her circle, he had always supposed that it was only a matter of time before these twain sent out the wedding announcements. Affinities, they had seemed to be, always being "seen" together at Cannes or "glimpsed" together at Ascot or "noticed" together playing in the mixed doubles in some seaside tennis tournament. To hear Gloria Salt talking in this acid strain about Orlo, Lord Vosper, was as surprising as if one had heard Rodgers saying nasty things about Hammerstein.

"But, good Lord, I always thought—"

"I dare say you did. Nevertheless, I have returned Orlo Vosper to store and shall shortly—wind and weather permitting—become the bride of Sir Gregory Parsloe, Bart., of Matchingham Hall, Much Matchingham, in the county of Shropshire."

"But what happened?"

"It's too long to go into over the phone. I'll tell you when we meet, which will be tonight. I want you to give me dinner at Mario's."

"Tonight, did you say?"

"Tonight. Are you getting deaf in your old age?"

JERRY was not deaf, but he was deeply agitated. This night of nights was earmarked for his dinner with Penny. He had been counting the minutes to that sacred reunion. If you have been torn from the only girl that matters and have got an utterly unforeseen chance of having a bite to eat with her at the Savoy, of gazing into her eyes at the Savoy and holding her little hand at the Savoy, it is a pretty state of things when other girls, however old friends they may be, come muscling in, wanting to divert you to Mario's.

"But listen, old thing, I can't possibly manage tonight. Won't tomorrow do?"

"No, it won't. I'm leaving for the country tomorrow. I don't want to see you just for the pleasure of your society, stupendous though that is. I want to do you a good turn. Do you remember telling me once that you were trying to raise two thousand pounds to buy in on some private loony bin?"

The actual project for which Jerry required the sum mentioned was not, as we have seen, the securing of a share in the management of a home for the mentally unbalanced, but this was no moment for going into explanations. He gasped, and the room flickered before his eyes.

"You don't mean—?"

"Yes, I think I can put you in the way of getting it."

"Good Lord! Gloria, you're a marvel. Let's have full details."

"Tonight. It's much too long to tell you now. Eight sharp at Mario's. And I'm going to dress. Because if you aren't dressed at Mario's they shove you up in the balcony, a thing my proud spirit would never endure. Have you a dickey and celluloid cuffs?"

"But, Gloria, half a second—"

"That's all there is, there isn't any more. Good-by. I must rush. Got to see a man about a tennis racket."

For some time after the line had gone dead, Gerald Anstruther Vail sat wrestling with himself, torn this way and that, a living ganglion of conflicting emotions.

The thought of canceling his dinner with Penny was about as unpleasing a thought as had ever entered his mind. It is not too much to say that it gashed the very fibers of his being.

On the other hand, if Gloria had meant what she said, if by conferring with her at Mario's there was really a chance of getting his hooks on that two thousand, would it not be madness to pass it up?

Aeons later, he decided that it would. The money was his passport to Paradise, and he knew Gloria Salt well enough to be aware that, though a girl of kind impulses, she was touchy. Spurn her, and she stayed spurned. To refuse to meet her at Mario's would mean pique, resentment and dudgeon. She would drop the subject of this two thousand pounds entirely and decline to open it again.

Heavily, for the load on his heart weighed him down, he began to turn the pages of the telephone book. *Chez* Lady Garland, whoever she might be, Penny had said she would be during her brief stay in the great city, and there was a Garland, Lady with a Grosvenor Square address among the Gs. He dialed the number and hooked what sounded like a butler.

"Could I speak to Miss Donaldson?"

He could not. Penny, it appeared, was out having a fit. A what? Oh, a fitting? Yes, I see. Any idea when she will be back? No, sir, I am unable to say. Would you care to leave a message, sir?

"Yes. Will you tell Miss Donaldson that Mr. Gerald Vail is terribly sorry but he will be unable to give her dinner tonight owing to a very important business matter that has come up."

"Business matter, sir? Very good, sir."

And that was that. But oh, the agony of it. After replacing the receiver, Jerry slumped into a chair with a distinct illusion that mocking fiends were detaching large portions of his soul with red-hot pincers. . . .

At Wiltshire House, Grosvenor Square, residence of Dora, relict of the late Sir Everard Garland, K.C.B., Lady Constance Keeble was not feeling any too good herself.

Jerry had made his call at the moment when Riggs, the butler, was bringing tea for herself and Lord Vosper, who had looked in hoping for buttered toast and a chat with Penny.

"Who was that, Riggs?" Lady Constance asked.

"A Mr. Gerald Vail, m'lady, regretting his inability to entertain Miss Donaldson at dinner tonight."

"I see. Thank you, Riggs."

"Sinister" was the word that flashed through Lady Constance' mind. She picked up the cake with jam in the middle which had fallen from her nerveless fingers and ate it in a sort of trance. The discovery that, on the pretext of dining with her father's old friend Mrs. Bunbury, Penelope Donaldson had been planning to sneak off and revel with a young man who, from the fact that she had never mentioned his name, must be somebody quite impossible, froze her blood. It revealed the child as what her brother Galahad would have called a hornswoggling highbinder, and anyone who has had anything to do with highbinders knows that that is the very worst sort.

It was with relief that she remembered that by tomorrow evening Penelope Donaldson would be safely back at Blandings Castle, well away from the Vail sphere of influence.

"You start at that end and I'll start at this end and we'll meet in the middle"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

WHEN girls like Gloria Salt, planning dinner with an old friend, say they are going to dress, they use the word in its deepest and fullest sense. Jerry, waiting in the lobby of Mario's restaurant some three hours later, was momentarily stunned by what came floating in through the revolving door twenty minutes or so after the time appointed for the tryst.

Gloria Salt was tall and slim and the last word in languorous elegance. Though capable of pasting a golf ball two hundred yards and creating, when serving at tennis, the illusion that it was raining thunderbolts, her dark beauty made her look like a serpent of the old Nile. A nervous host might have been excused for wondering whether to offer her a dry Martini or an asp.

He would have been wrong in either case. She would have declined the asp, and she now declined Jerry's suggestion of a cocktail.

"Never touch 'em. Can't keep fit if you put that foul stuff into you. That's what I told my future lord and master," said Gloria, as they seated themselves at their table. " 'Lay off those pink gins, Greg,' I said. 'Cut out the starchy foods and take regular daily exercises, because a girl who marries a man who looks like you do is going to have an uneasy feeling that she's committing bigamy.' "

Jerry was not unnaturally anxious to condense preliminaries to a minimum and come to the real business of the evening, but a host must be civil. He cannot plunge into business over the smoked salmon. He was, moreover, extremely curious to learn the inside story of the rift within the lute at which his guest had hinted—if hinted is the word—when speaking earlier in the day of Orlo, Lord Vosper. Jerry, who had known that handsomest ornament of the peerage from boyhood days and was very fond of him, had been saddened by her tale of sundered hearts. "A bit of a change from old Vosper," he ventured.

"That overbearing louse," observed Miss Salt with bitterness.

"Would you call him an overbearing louse?"

"I did. To his face. On the tennis court at Eastbourne. We were playing in the mixed doubles, and I admit that I may have been slightly off my game. But that was no reason why, after we had dropped the first set, he should have started barging into my half of the court, taking my shots for me as if I were some elderly aunt who had learned tennis in the previous week at a correspondence school. 'Mine!' he kept yelling. 'Mine, mine!' And where was Gloria? Crouching in a corner, looking at him with wide, admiring eyes and saying, 'My hero!' No, sir. I told him that if he didn't stop his damned poaching, I would brain him, if he had a brain. That held him for a while. But every time I missed a shot—and a girl with an emotional nature couldn't be expected not to miss a few after an ordeal like that—he raised his eyebrows in a superior kind of way and kept saying, 'Too bad, too bad.' And when it was over, and we had lost—2-6, 3-6—he said what a pity it all was

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VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "The Sergeant sure got out on the wrong side of the bed this morning" VIRGIL PARTCH

and if only I had left it to him . . . Well, that was when we parted brass rags. Shortly afterward, I got engaged to Greg Parsloe."

Jerry was distressed. Nobody likes to hear of these rifts between old friends. "Has Vosper heard about it?"

"I suppose so. It was in the Times."

"It must have given him a jolt."

"One hopes so."

"Where is he now?"

"Goodness knows. And for Heaven's sake let's stop talking about him. I should have thought you would have shown some interest in what I said to you over the phone this afternoon."

JERRY VAIL was dismayed to think that she should have got so wrong an impression from his gentlemanly reserve.

"Good Lord, of course I'm interested. But I didn't want you to think that was the only reason I wanted to dine with you."

"Did you want to dine with me?"

"Of course I did."

"You didn't sound too pleased."

"Well, you see, actually I had another date for tonight, and I was feeling it might be awkward breaking it."

"A girl?"

It was a loose way of describing the divinest of her species, but Jerry let it pass. "Yes, a girl."

Gloria Salt's eyes grew soft and sympathetic. She leaned across the table and patted his cheek. "I'm terribly sorry, Jerry. I didn't know. Is this love? Yes, I can see it is from the way your eyes are goggling. Well, well. When are you going to get married?"

"Never, unless I can raise that two thousand pounds."

"I see. Well, as I say, I'm sorry I had to come butting in, but this was my last chance of getting hold of you. I'm motoring down to Shropshire tomorrow, to stay at a place called Blandings Castle."

Jerry started. "Blandings Castle?"

"You know it?"

Jerry hesitated. Should he tell her all about Penny? On the whole, he thought, no. The fewer people who knew, the better.

"I've heard of it," he said. "Nice place, I believe."

"So they all tell me. It's only a mile or two from where Gregory hangs out; so we'll be able to see something of each other. I imagine that's why Lady Constance invited me. Well, keep the words 'Blandings Castle' steadily in your mind, because they are the heart of the matter."

A waiter brought roast beef, underdone, and she took a thin slice. Jerry took two slices, with potatoes, and Gloria in her austere way advised him to be very careful how he tucked into those things, because she was convinced that it was a lifelong passion for potatoes that had made Sir Gregory Parsloe the man he was—or, rather the two men he was.

"Where were we?" she asked, as the waiter withdrew.

"You were about to approach the heart of the matter."

"So I was. Well, here it comes. I don't know about the flora of Blandings Castle," she said, "though no doubt they are varied and beautiful, but its fauna consist of—amongst others—Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, and his sister, Lady Constance. What the relations are between the noble lord and my betrothed I cannot say; but Lady Constance and he appear to be on matey terms, so much so that when, the other day, she wanted to get a new secretary for Lord Emsworth, she asked if he could do anything to help. 'Charmed, dear lady,' said Greg, and got me on the phone and told me to attend to it, if it was not giving me too much trouble. 'No trouble at all, my love,' I said. 'As a matter of fact, I know a man.' You're the man."

Jerry gasped. "You don't mean—?"

"The job's yours, if you care to take it, and I strongly advise you to take it, because there is more in this than meets the eye and the plot is shortly about to thicken. But I suppose you're going to come all-over haughty and say that the Vails don't take jobs as secretaries."

Jerry laughed. The thought of being too proud to allow himself to be employed in a house which contained Penny, a house probably stiff with rose gardens and other secluded nooks where he and Penny could meet and talk of this and that, was an amusing one. Had it been required of him, he would have accepted office as the boy who cleaned the knives and boots.

"I'll be there with bells on and with my hair in a braid. You couldn't have suggested anything that would have suited me better."

"That's all right, then. And now for the thickening of the plot. About a year ago I ran into a lad I used to go dancing with, named Hugo Carmody. He was Lord Emsworth's secretary at one time, and he had me in stitches with his diverting stories about the old boy. It seems that he is practically dotty on the subject of pigs. He has a prize pig called Empress of Blandings, to which he is devoted. Hugo's tenure of his job was very rocky off and on, but he told me he could always stabilize it by talking pig to Lord Emsworth. There were times, he said, when he was at the top of his form as a pig talker, when he got the impression that Lord Emsworth would have given him all he had, even unto half his kingdom. And when Greg told me about this secretary thing and I thought of you, it was because it suddenly struck me that it was quite possible that if you went to Blandings and showed yourself sufficiently pig-conscious, old Emsworth might be induced to advance you that two thousand. Mind you, I'm not saying that you could walk into Blandings Castle tomorrow and expect to get a check for two thousand before bedtime; but after the lapse of some weeks, after you had softened him up with your encyclopedic knowledge of pigs, I don't see why you shouldn't have a sporting chance for a loan. Think it over."

Jerry was doing so, and now he came up with an objection. "But I haven't an encyclopedic knowledge of pigs."

"There are a million books you can get it from. Good heavens! Go to the British Museum and ask for everything they have on the subject. You don't suppose Hugo Carmody knew anything about pigs, do you? Whenever the sack seemed to him to be looming, he used to sneak down at night to Lord Emsworth's library and bone up on the subject till breakfasttime. By then, he tells me, though he was a little apt to fall asleep where he sat, he did know about pigs. What Hugo could do, you can do. Or are you a spineless worm incapable of honest effort?"

So might the Cleopatra she so closely resembled have addressed one of her soldiers who seemed in need of a pep talk before the Battle of Actium. And just as this soldier would have sprung to his feet with flashing eyes, so did Jerry Vail leap with flashing eyes from his chair.

"Want to dance?" said Gloria.

Jerry quivered. "What I really want is to fold you in my arms and cover your upturned face with burning kisses."

"You can't do that here. And you seem to be forgetting that we're both engaged to somebody else."

"You don't get the idea. These would be kisses of gratitude, the sort of kisses a brother would bestow on a sister who deserved well of him. I simply don't know what to say, Gloria, old thing. Well, I suppose all I can say is 'Thank you.' "

She patted his cheek. "Don't mention it," she said. "Come on, let's dance."

IN HER bedroom in her neat little house in the suburb of Valley Fields, Maudie Stubbs, nee Beach, was enjoying a last cigarette before turning in for the night.

All her arrangements for tomorrow's exodus were completed—her packing done, her hair waved, her cat Freddie lodged with a friend down the road—and now she was musing dreamily on something her Uncle Sebastian had said over the telephone yesterday.

The story he had told had of necessity been brief and sketchy, and she had still to learn in detail exactly what was expected of her on arrival at this Blandings Castle of which she had heard so much. But in the course of his remarks, Uncle Sebastian had mentioned as the menace of the well-being of himself and associates a Sir Gregory Parsloe.

She wondered if this could possibly be the Tubby Parsloe she had known so well in the days when she was Maudie Montrose.

(To be continued next week)

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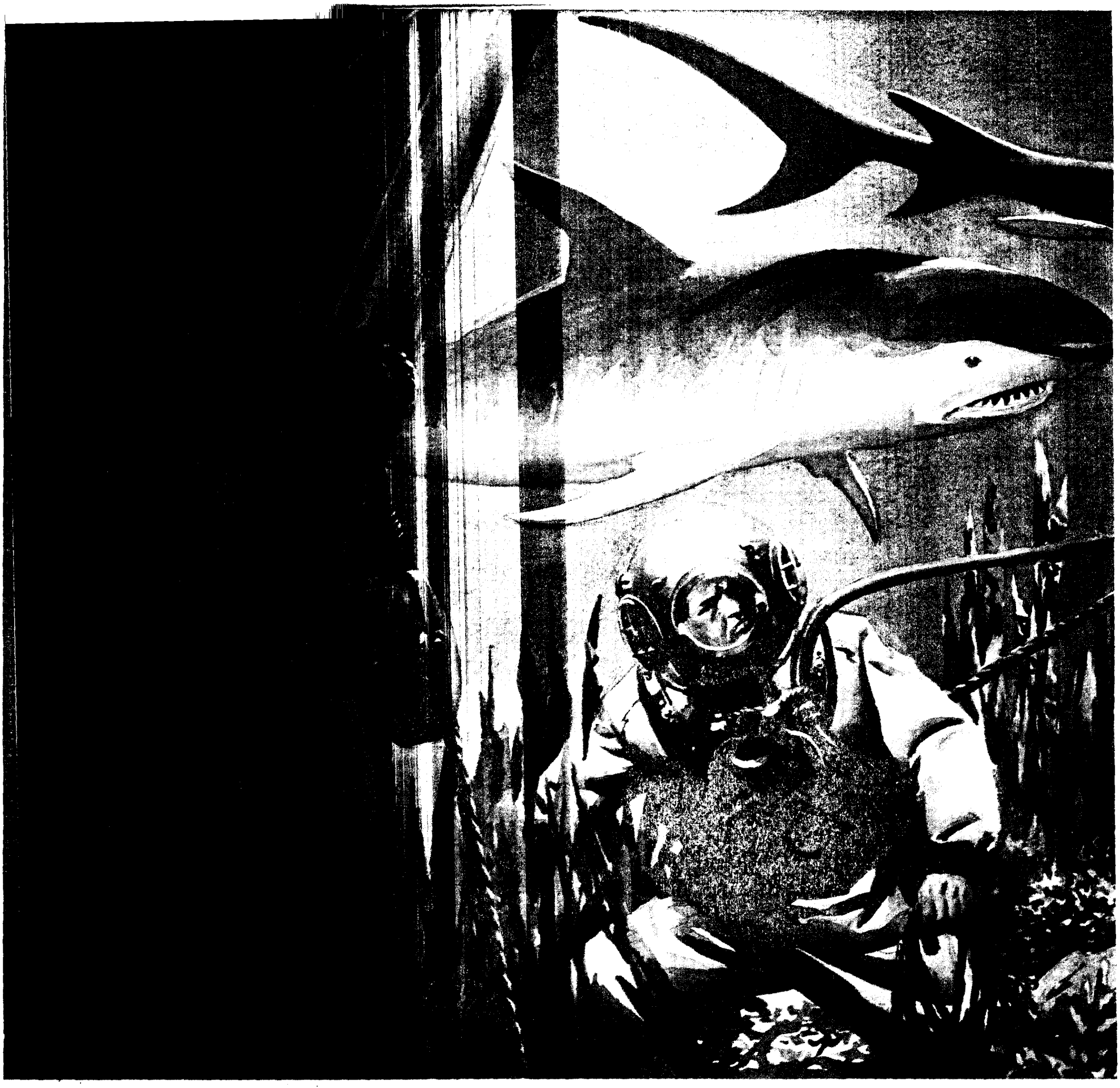

A Fathom of Pearls

By F. H. YOUNG and JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

Cobber was the best deep-water man from Hong Kong to Sydney. He had dived all the pearling waters of the Pacific. He might not have handled many murderers, but he could if he had to

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"Look, stupid," I shouted over the line. "Those blue-fin sharks can chop your lines. If you don't believe me, see if Cobber hasn't got his own valve closed"

WE STOOD into the roadstead of Broome harbor at dusk. A rain had followed us most of the afternoon, and now it dappled the gray swells around the lugger. It was not real weather, just rough enough to be irritating. When we took a wave fair on, the engine roared briefly as the stern came out of the water.

I was steering, listening to the rain batter against the tin roof of the wheelhouse, when Cobber Scott reached past me and got the bottle from the map rack. The gin sluiced down his throat, and he coughed and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"You want to take her in?" I asked, because the rain squall had cut our visibility down to about twenty feet.

"Hell, no," he growled. "You're the driver. Ram her into the pier. Split the pilot boat with her. I don't give a damn."

He had another slug out of the gin bottle and put it back in the map rack. It was odd; he was so careful corking the bottle and so careless about the fate of the lugger. And yet the Kookaburra was all he owned in the world.

"Maybe you ought to change clothes," I suggested, and Cobber stared at me with his hands on his hips. To a stranger, he would have been an extraordinary spectacle, a thick-bodied man wearing drenched shorts and an ancient Aussie campaign hat. The wide-brimmed hat no longer had its original proud curl; it hung limply over his head, like a sodden sunbonnet.

Since Cobber Scott was no stranger to me, he did not look ludicrous. The set of his chin and the dour look in his eyes were far from comic. Cobber was the best deep-water man from Hong Kong to Sydney. He had dived all the pearling waters of the Pacific and had once owned a fleet of boats.

The Japs had sunk his boats at Samar during the war. Cobber had been using them there in support of a government which had not paid him a single quid in indemnity. Since that time, his luck had been bad. I was an authority on Cobber Scott's luck, because I had followed him every lousy step of the way.

"No need to get dry," he growled, and slapped at his damp hat. "I couldn't catch pneumonia if I tried."

I started to speak again, but he turned and went plunging up the stairs to the deck. As I peered ahead, feeling my way into the harbor, I could hear his bellowing, ordering the Kanaka boys around. The cold rain followed us right up to the wharf, and it was still falling after we had secured the lugger and were sitting in the deserted bar of the Continental Hotel.

The bar was pleasant and warm. The polished

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woodwork was starred yellow from the lights up in the high ceiling, and the rain made a racket sluicing down the tin gutters on the roof. Alf, the bartender, brought us gimlets and asked how we had done. Cobber replied that we had a hold full of worm-eaten shell, but that there wouldn't be a promising blister in the whole lot, and that if, against logic, there happened to be a few promising blisters, the native openers would be bound to foul them up peeling the pearls out.

Alf nodded and retired to the far end of the bar. He was not much interested in our tale of woe because he had heard it frequently in the last few years. We had combed the reefs above Australia, gone through the Aru Islands and even into the Timor Sea, with no luck.

So Alf concentrated on his Melbourne racing sheet and ignored us. After we had sat in silence for a time, with the pound of the Kookaburra's decks working out of our outstretched legs, the bartender glanced up. "You heard about George Gleeson?" he asked and Cobber's head turned suddenly. Gleeson was an old friend of his, another captain in the pearling trade.

"What about him?"

"His ship exploded," said the bartender. "Lost the crew and the skipper. One chap, a passenger, got out."

"Where?" asked Cobber.

"Nobody seems to know," answered Alf. "In the Torres Strait somewhere." He stared at us over the top of his racing form. "Usual blarney around town, that he had a champion lot of pearls aboard."

"They always chatter like that," growled Cobber. "Still, she was a good stout ship. He had her scraped and calked not long ago, and overhauled her engines."

Alf didn't answer, and we went on sipping at our gimlets. Cobber was frowning now; the tanned triangle of wrinkles was pushed between his eyes, as it always is when something bothers him.

OUTSIDE, people were hurrying down the walks, going home through the driving rain. The bell over the street door kept tinkling as men pushed inside the bar, and the tables around us began to fill up. We were nearly through the gimlets when a big man came bustling in. He wore a slicker, glistening with raindrops, and his broad face was wet. He nodded to us, laughed and peeled out of the slicker.

"Bit of a willy-willy, eh?" he asked, in high good humor, and came over to sit at our table. He was well-dressed and tanned, but overweight. Dewlaps of flesh hung from his cheeks. "You'd be Scott, wouldn't you?" he inquired, looking at Cobber.

"I might be," Cobber answered dourly. "And then again, I might be your bloody grandmother. Who asked you to sit down?"

I got loose in my chair, because Cobber has a habit of heaving furniture at presumptuous strangers.

The stout man took no offense, only roared with laughter and called for another round of drinks.

"You're a thorny man, Mr. Scott," he went on jovially, "and you might make me back up. But I should assuredly give you some exercise."

Cobber grunted. For a second, I thought he was going to fling the remnants of his drink in the fat man's face, but he tasted it instead. His eyes were bloodshot, and they watched the stranger intently.

"I'm Ronald Selkirk," announced our pleasant visitor. "If that diving equipment on the lugger belongs to you, I've got a job in mind."

"Not looking for work," Cobber said abruptly, and I flinched. We were five weeks in hock on the hotel bill, and we owed a packet for ship's stores.

"Very proud, aren't we?" murmured Selkirk. The drinks came, and he paid for them. "But just the same, I think you'll take my charter. I was aboard the Billow Queen when she exploded off Mulgrave Island."

Cobber Scott's eyes flickered, and he reached for the fresh drink. "She was a good ship," he said.

"Aye." Selkirk was impatient. "I managed to make it to a lifeboat that was blown loose from the davits. And I was the only one aboard her to leave her alive."

"This lifeboat—" Cobber glanced at me. "It landed keel down, with the oars in place, I guess?"

"You can guess and be damned," said Mr. Selkirk. His joviality was all gone. "Nobody knows where she is but me."

"The corresponding secretary? Oh, gracious no, Mrs. Hart! I have two small children, I can't type, I'm too nervous, my maid left me, my husband works late, middle of re-decorating, and my spelling is so poor, I can't—"
". . . Guess what, George. I'm corresponding secretary"
COLLIER'S
STAN FINE

"How much?" asked Scott.

The fat man leaned back. "Gleeson, her skipper, had peeled down seven big ones himself. He said the lot might go to thirty thousand pounds, including the little stuff."

Cobber took a frayed cigar butt from his shirt pocket and began to chew on it. "How deep does she lie, and what kind of a deal?" he asked. The rain had stopped falling, and it was nearly dark outside.

Selkirk took an American cigarette from a pigskin case and lighted it. "I'll give you an even split on the pearls," he said slowly. "She's down about eighteen fathoms."

"We're broke," I interrupted. "You'll have to pay us up and back. The Kookaburra carries four island boys, and they eat at intervals, just like we do."

Selkirk glanced at me, rolling the cigarette across his mouth with the tip of his tongue. "All right," he said, "if we clear right away. Other people are looking for her, too, and they might stumble onto her."

I waited, knowing that Cobber didn't like Mr. Selkirk, but hoping he would take the charter. We had been poor-boying for a long time.

"Captain Gleeson was a friend of mine," said Cobber. "I don't understand how he got caught like that."

Selkirk finished his drink and stood up. He reached for the slicker and put it on. "A fine seaman, Gleeson. But we're not looking for him, are we? We're looking for the pearls. Would dawn tomorrow be about right?"

Cobber champed on the cigar for a few seconds, then nodded, and the stout man went out the street door. I didn't say anything, because it didn't smell good. But I could arrange a few tricks with the chandler; there was money in it. Cobber didn't say anything either, and after a few minutes that gusty rain began to slap at the walls of the hotel again.

A WEEK later, I leaned over the rail of the Kookaburra and watched the hoses going down into the sea. We were over the Billow Queen, and both Cobber and Ronald Selkirk were below. The air compressor chugged away behind me, and the swells were disturbed in two places by streams of bubbles. The lugger was riding steady, breasting the combers, but a dark cloud hung over the Torres Strait ahead. It was bad enough to have both men down, with the weather building. I did not relish having to haul them up and make a run for the Coral Sea.

While I watched, a pair of fins broke water suddenly and came cruising toward the ship.

They were blue-fin sharks, big ones, and, as they passed abeam, they rolled smoothly, snapping at the streams of air bubbles. They went over like torpedoes, exposing their corrugated white bellies, and passed beyond our bow. I grabbed Cobber's phone and told him about the curious sharks. His voice was tinny and abrupt.

"Get onto Selkirk's line," he ordered, "and tell him to close his valve."

"Right." I grabbed the other phone and called Selkirk. After I had explained the danger, he did not answer for a few seconds. Finally his voice came up to the surface. "I close my exhaust valve very long, and I'm dead," he said angrily. "You and your chum know where the ship is now—is that it?"

"Look, stupid!" I shouted back. "Those blue-fins can chop your lines without much trouble. If you don't believe me, walk over to Cobber Scott and see if his valve isn't closed."

The line was silent again, and I watched Selkirk's hose twitch as he moved, far below the blue water. The bubbles stopped, and the two big sharks made another exploratory run and went on toward open sea.

I called Cobber and told him what Selkirk had said.

"Yeah," he answered, "the stupid oaf damned near asked me to waltz. Maybe you ought to tell him to inflate and shoot the catch on his shoes."

I considered that possibility, but decided it would not be a Christian act. If Selkirk followed my advice, he would come hurtling up, without the weight of the lead shoes, and his head would look like strawberry jam inside the big helmet.

For another fifteen minutes, I didn't hear anything else. The twin spouts of bubbles came up again, and I checked the extra diving suit. It was always held ready in case of emergencies like a fouled line or the dreaded puff of dark fluid which meant that an octopus was taking hold. But no call came until Cobber said, "Haul up," abruptly.

I brought them up slowly, watching the compressor and the distant cloud. Cobber broke water first, and the Kanakas hauled him over the side. They were removing his helmet when Selkirk surfaced and caught hold of the ladder. Back of the glass faceplate, he stared up at me.

Cobber was sweating. He removed the sodden towel from around his neck and chewed vigorously on the aspirins I handed him. Then he nodded, and the natives lifted Selkirk aboard. The fat man was chalky in the face, and shivering. While he was being skinned out of his suit, Cobber barked an order to the Kanakas.

"What did you tell them?" Selkirk demanded.

Cobber turned to stare at him. "That you were a damned fool to take twenty fathoms when you didn't know diving," he said. "To put you in the decompression tub, so maybe the hot water could smooth out your fat belly before the bends hit it."

Selkirk grimaced and stared at his stomach. He went below with the native boys around him.

I flipped the switch on the compressor and looked at Cobber. There was a whitish fringe on his lips where he had gobbled the aspirins.

"She's down there, all right," he said. "Snarled in heavy kelp, in a gorge. Current's strong." He was massaging his stomach muscles as he talked. "We may have to put a line on her and winch her up to the sea floor."

"What's the matter with this jackeroo Selkirk?" I asked. "He seems to think I was trying to scrag him when the sharks went by."

Cobber continued to knead his stomach muscles. When I put a lighted cigarette between his lips, he sucked on it gratefully. "The man's a thief," he said calmly. "I knew that before we left Broome. He may have blown the Billow Queen himself, and he intends to fix our wagon, once we locate the pearls. This was the only way I could locate the ship and learn the truth. Let's watch him."

Then, having brought me up to date, he lay down on the deck and pulled some sacks over his naked body. In a few minutes, he was asleep. I went below and found Selkirk still in the decompression tub. He was lounging like a small white whale, with his eyes closed. Going back up to the wheelhouse, I headed the lugger toward Weitoa Isle for a night anchorage. The weather had not reached us, but the whitecaps were kicking up a little higher.

THE next morning, we were back over the sunken Billow Queen at dawn. When Cobber and Selkirk were in their suits, I gave them a scalding cup of coffee while the Kanakas waited with the heavy metal helmets. There was an early mist rising off the slaty water.

"It would be safer to drag her out of that gorge," said Cobber.

"Maybe we can get inside, this trip," suggested Selkirk.

"Possible." Cobber nodded. "But if you get a squirt of black stuff, mister, tuck your arms in close. Don't move. That will mean octopuses have settled in the hull. If you don't excite them, they may give you a love pat and move on. If you try to get away, they will hole your suit with their beaks and the pressure will mash you good."

He handed me his cup, and the Kanaka boys screwed his cumbersome helmet on. Then they did the same thing for Selkirk. Waddling clumsily, the men went down the stairs, and we passed their lines overboard. The compressor was chugging away. While I waited, the Kanakas gathered on the stern and sang their tuneless chants. It was nearly three hours later before the telephone line to Cobber's suit came alive.

"Sharp, now!" he growled. "We got the pearls."

I waited, listening to the water slop around below.

"Did you hear me?" he asked sharply.

"Yes."

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"Big ones, I think. I'm giving them to Selkirk."

"But you said—"

"I've got something else to bring up," explained Cobber. "Hoist Selkirk fast enough to give him a slight touch of the horribles. Bend him, but not too much. You understand?"

"Yes." I watched his rope, and when it twitched twice I started hauling Selkirk up. We brought him topside with a rush, and his hands were blue and shriveled from direct water exposure. Watching him shake as he came out of the suit, I figured we had timed it about right. The liquefied nitrogen in his blood would turn gaseous, and bubbles would begin to form along his spine and in the blood stream. He would be in agony for a few hours, but the hot tub would eventually bring him around.

When the native boys had carried him below, I lowered a weighted tarp on a hand line to Cobber. He acknowledged receipt of it by a single twitch, and then I waited while he prowled below in the wreckage. When he signaled, I worked him to the surface slowly. He seemed a lot heavier, and when he finally broke the surface there was a long burden in his arms.

"Don't call the boys," he said, over the phone line, although we were only a few feet apart. "Secure a line and drop the free end down to me through a scupper."

I PUT the line through and watched him lash the sagging tarp to the side, halfway between midship and stern. Finally he moved back to the ladder, like a clumsy automaton, and I pulled him on deck. When his helmet was off, he took a cigarette from me and stared at me gloomily, dark-smudged under the eyes. The Kanakas came on deck and began to chatter, and he answered them, but his eyes were sweeping back and forth over the sea.

"The sharks are back," I said. "They made a run just after you got on board."

"Oh?" He nodded glumly, and turned to stare at the two fins cleaving the water smoothly alongside the Kookaburra. "We'd better head for Cooktown," he said, and then he walked to the hatch to look down at Selkirk. I started the engine and put our helm toward Cooktown. Cobber came up behind me and stood there, smoking quietly. Once he cursed, and I turned to see that his nose was bleeding. As he went below, I realized that he was as tight and nervous as I had ever seen him.

The weather chased us for several hours, but by ten that night it had blown out. I turned the wheel over to one of the Kanakas and went down to the galley. Selkirk, in a pair of dirty duck pants, was drinking gin. Cobber was smoking a cigarette and watching him. The coffee tasted wonderful; I was burning my mouth on it when Cobber spoke.

"Let's look at the stones now, mister," he said.

Selkirk nodded, took the oilskin packet from his pocket, and tossed it onto the table. Scott untied the strings deftly and spilled the pearls out on a tin plate. There were eleven of them. Gleeson had done a good job of skinning them down, although two or three layers still remained before their true value could be determined. My pulse was beating rapidly, and I knew they were not fisheyes. They were dull gray nacre ovals, and some of them might be top pearls.

It was quiet in the galley. The lugger pitched to the waves, and the deck gear rattled, but it was quiet in the galley.

"You were right," Cobber said softly. "Maybe thirty thousand pounds' worth, if they skin good." He rolled the largest one with a forefinger. It was about the size of a linnet's egg, gleaming under its dull coat. "This one won't go flaky or spotty. It would pay for a boat like this one. A queen could wear it in her crown."

Selkirk seemed to be having trouble breathing. His eyes shifted in their fat pouches as Cobber's finger rolled the big pearl. He brought the gin bottle up, took a drink and lowered it without removing his gaze from the tin plate.

"How long before we reach port?" he asked, in a thick voice.

"Day after tomorow," said Cobber. He scooped the pearls back into the oilskin, secured the laces, and tossed the pouch back to Selkirk. "It was a good day's work," he continued. "It's the first luck I've had in a long time."

Selkirk nodded. His face was flushed and his eyes were bright. Cobber went above to take over the wheel, and I poured out another cup of coffee while Selkirk sat silent, nipping at the gin bottle.

I SHIFTED in my sleep. Something hard was pressing against the back of my head, and I fumbled, thinking it was something that had fallen into the berth while I slept. My fingers touched cold metal, and I came awake with a rush. Selkirk was standing beside my bunk, holding a pistol against my head.

"Get up," the fat man said. "Don't get any ideas or turn brave. Just get up."

His face was set. I climbed out of the bunk, and he trussed my arms swiftly with a rope. He did it expertly, throwing the hitches on with one hand and holding the pistol ready with the other.

"On deck," he said, whirling me around by the shoulder and prodding me in the back with the muzzle. He didn't seem tense or drunk, just businesslike. As I went up the ladder, he steadied me. Something was wrong; I could hear it. There was a sound of waves breaking over the slap of our bow against the water. When I was on deck, I saw that the Kookaburra was only a few hundred yards from reefs, and heading directly into them. I glanced around at Selkirk, startled, but he prodded me with the pistol again.

"Forward," he said, and I walked through the wheelhouse. He told me to sit down on the hatch, and then he trussed my legs securely. The Kanaka boys were not in sight, and neither was Cobber. I lay on the hatch, lashed tightly, and the spray from the bow blew over me.

The sound of creaming surf was loud now, and I heard the sound of running feet, aft. Cobber came lunging toward the wheel and put it hard around. Selkirk put a shot through the windscreen. The slug starred the glass, and Cobber whirled.

"Put her back as she was going, mister," Selkirk said calmly.

Slowly, not turning, Cobber let the helm go back around. The shallow water boiling over the reefs was very near now, reeling in toward us. "Where are the boys?" Cobber asked hoarsely.

"I set them adrift last night, in the dinghy," answered Selkirk. "That biggest one tried to jump me, and I killed him. It could happen to you right now, so steer this tub where I tell you. I want to go ashore inside that lagoon."

Cobber didn't answer; he was balancing on his toes, and I prayed he wouldn't make the break. I knew that if he did, Selkirk would drop him. Our course was putting us on the reef; we were making about eight knots, and the incoming tide was strong.

"If we don't get extra power," Cobber said pleadingly, "she'll capsize in the breakers. How about letting me go below long enough to adjust the fuel feed?"

Selkirk waved the pistol slightly, but did not reply.

"Damn it, take the pearls," shouted Cobber, "but the ship is all I have left. Give me a chance to bring her out whole."

"All right." Selkirk nodded. But if you try anything out of line, I'll kill you both."

Cobber went below. In a few seconds he came back, shouting in advance of his arrival.

The swell had caught us now, and Cobber yanked the fuel lever open wide. The lugger reacted to it, but sluggishly. The boil across the reef was almost under our bow, and beyond it the surf was thumping against the hard sand. Selkirk was nervous; he kept glancing ahead, but his pistol stayed on Cobber.

"Keep her steady as she goes," he warned. "I won't back off."

The prow reared, and the reef chewed at the Kookaburra's hull. The engine coughed, missed and roared, but we were caught hard, in a vise. The lugger hung at an odd attitude, and I rolled back against the bulkhead. There was a metallic scraping, and the engine quit. The lugger was impaled on the reef.

Selkirk had been thrown back with me by the impact. He staggered free and grabbed a coil of halyard from the deck. Swiftly, cursing, he forced Cobber to his knees and bound him to me. Then he was gone. We heard a splash as he dropped off the bow.

"Let's get up at the same time," ordered Cobber, and, like a four-legged turtle, we heaved erect. Staggering up to the slanting rail, we saw Selkirk swimming toward the shore. The water of the lagoon was blue, and not deep, and the shore was fringed with palms.

Selkirk was not far from shore when the two fins broke water behind him. They went at him smoothly and silently, and we saw them roll in the shoal water as they struck. He screamed, a bawling shriek that startled birds out of the palm trees and echoed over the lagoon. Then the scream muted down to agony as the huge sharks slashed at him methodically. The water was stained with blood, and the last we saw of him was a hand clawing over the sea.

"The knots are wet," said Cobber, after all the thrashing was over. "Don't jerk them, or they'll get tighter.

AFTER an hour of patient shifting and testing, we were free. Then, while we were wading in the lagoon, I kept a knife in one hand. But we found the oilskin packet, in a scrap of Selkirk's tattered clothes.

When we were back on board the Kookaburra, Cobber reached over the side and pulled up the remnants of the shredded tarpaulin.

"It's Gleeson," he said, "or what's left of him. I found his body in the Billow Queen, and he had been knifed. So I used him for bait, and the blue-fins passed the judgment."

"You cut it pretty fine," I answered angrily. "You nearly got me shot."

"A mistake," he admitted. "I dozed off. Now if we can close that sea cock, I think the tide will take us off. If she's not holed too badly, we'll go back and look for the boys."

The bow was partially stove in, but she was not taking too much water. While we were at the bilge pumps, I had a few nips out of the gin bottle, remembering that flurry in the lagoon. Cobber was grunting and sweating, and when we had her nearly pumped out, the breakers worked us free. I asked him for another look at the pearls that had caused all the trouble, but he only shook his head.

"Not a chance," he said briskly. "You might get ideas, and then I'd have to dream up a sticky wicket for you, too. Better just go look for the boys, and run our usual tight ship."

That seemed a flippant way to cover the whole affair, but I had another slug of the gin and went on pumping. While I sweated, the pair of blue-fin sharks rolled by our bow, as if in salute, and went smoothly out toward the open sea. ▲▲▲

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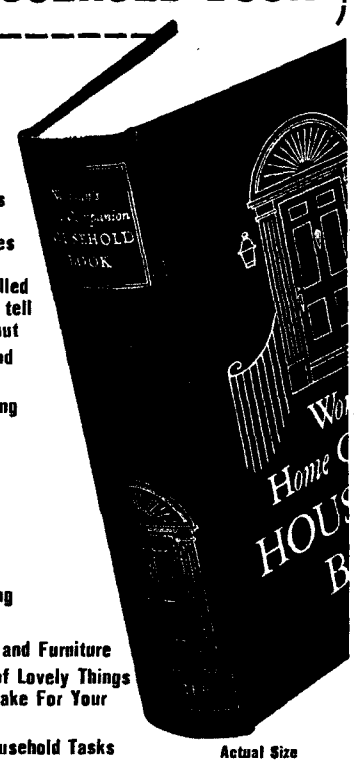

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THEY'RE RAISING 24

By JOSEPH P. BLANK

How would you like to take charge of a household of explosive teen-agers? It's no job for the quick-tempered. "At first," says Mal Billows, "I'd work off steam by mowing the lawn. I mowed more lawns than any other three people around here"

IF YOU think parents encounter more than enough joy and heartbreak in raising two or three children, what would you say about Thelma and Malcolm Billows, who are mother and father to 24 boys, thirteen to seventeen years old? No, not their own. The Billowses are "cottage parents" in The Children's Village at Dobbs Ferry, New York.

But just like other mothers and fathers, the Billowses must bandage scratched fingers, find mislaid pajama tops, sew buttons on shirts and make sure that everyone is off to school on time. They listen to grievances, help the boys write letters to girl friends and decide whether the radio or the television set will be turned on.

As happens in millions of other homes at the end of sixteen merry-go-round hours, the Billowses often drop into chairs with a sigh that says, "What a day!"

They have a unique family. Every one of their boys is a child with a serious problem. That's why he's at The Children's Village, a one-hundred-and-three-year-old private, nonprofit, nonsectarian treatment and training center.

None of the 416 delinquent, dependent or neglected children currently at the village was able to get along in normal society.

Some stole. Others were chronic truants, refused to do schoolwork or battled with teachers. Some were orphaned or deserted; many were shunted from one foster home to another. A few dozen were sent to the village by their parents, who said, "He's bad, and we're afraid he'll get into real trouble. You take over."

The boys reach the village through children's courts, welfare agencies, private social-service agencies, psychiatrists and parents in a hundred cities and towns across the nation.

"Each boy in a cottage is carefully placed," explains admissions director Fred Persiko, a mild-voiced specialist in social work with children. "He's got to balance the other fellows. A well-rounded cottage group includes boys of two or three religions, whites and Negroes, leaders and followers, the clever and the slow-minded."

Much of the village's success depends on the cottage parents who supervise life in the 20 homes that form a large oval on the rolling, 270-acre campus, 20 miles from Times Square. It's a hectic job, sometimes disappointing, frequently rich with satisfaction.

"Unless I really stop to think about it," says Mrs. Billows, a slim, gray-haired, pleasant-looking woman of forty-two, "it's hard for me to see what happens to these kids. But when I take a minute to remember the way they were a year ago, I realize how some of them have become"—she gropes for words—"well, have become boys again."

A few weeks ago, I visited the Billowses' cottage, which looks like an exaggerated one-family house: double-sized hall, living room, dining room and kitchen on the first floor and two large bedroom-dormitories and community bathroom on the second, along with a bedroom and bath for a bachelor faculty member. The cottage parents occupy an apartment on the third floor.

It was 9:00 P.M., an hour before bedtime. Two boys were out of the village, working in the bowling alleys of the nearby Ardsley Country Club. Others were at movies in the village auditorium. Eight boys were sprawled around the living room, playing checkers, talking, listening to the radio. The furniture, neat and clean, bore marks of heavy use—a worn spot on the rug, a scratch on an end table, heel scuffs on the legs of chairs. "We don't save furniture," Mrs. Billows remarked. "We use it."

It was hard, looking at this scene, to believe that any of these normal-looking boys had ever been problem children. But Mrs. Billows silently gestured toward one of the youngsters who, one leg draped over the arm of an easy chair, was reading a book. "That's Jim," she said softly, as we left the room. (Jim isn't his real name. The actual names and identifying facts about the boys mentioned here are disguised.) "Jim used to be moody, always had a sour frown. He wouldn't mingle with other boys. And you never knew how he really felt beneath that scowl. There was no sign of anger or happiness. Nothing. Mal and I thought we'd never get to him."

Mal Billows, a stocky, energetic man of forty-three, picked up the story. "Jim's mother died when he was six months old. A year later he was deserted by his alcoholic father. Then came ten foster homes. Then a couple of institutions. The boy was shunted from one place to another. He felt nobody

Political debate. Young men at The Children's Village have limited self-government. Here group discusses an impending election of officers with Mr. and Mrs. Billows

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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PROBLEM CHILDREN

wanted him. He stole, broke into houses, ran away from foster homes and schools. Finally, they thought he was mentally ill, and put him under psychiatric observation.

During the first few weeks at the cottage, Jim kept morosely to himself. "It would only have made things worse to force ourselves on him," explained Mal Billows, "or to give him a lot of attention.

"Jim had had some rough experiences. He was all mixed up. We knew it was going to take a long time before he straightened himself out."

He Couldn't Be Persuaded to Talk

It took many months, during which Jim rebelled against rules and ran away twice. He was picked up by local police. Neither Billows nor assistant director Lewis J. Evans, who has worked with children for 20 years, could persuade him to talk about himself and his resentments.

When he wasn't running away Jim would quietly go along with the village routine. He was up at 7:00 A.M. After breakfast he did his daily chore, dusting and arranging furniture in the living room, a job he shared with two other boys. He spent six hours at the village school. Three hours in the morning were given to academic classes. After lunch, he worked at the electrical shop till 4:30 P.M., then returned to the cottage. Occasionally he went to the gym, where he lackadaisically shot baskets or took a swim.

At the village, behavior and progress are rated in citizenship standings—third, second, first and graduate. When a boy in the Billowses' cottage reported, "I made first today," Jim gave him a cynical smirk.

Horseplay in the dormitory. Mal Billows kids a cottage resident who forgot to put away his underwear during a room inspection. Boys do their own cleaning up

Household chores are allotted among members of each cottage. This is the dining-room detail. Food is prepared in central kitchen for all 20 cottages, which house 416 boys

But he was catching on. For one thing, he ran afoul of the village's youth government. Villagers elect their own mayor, judge, clerk and treasurer, who, in turn, appoint a police chief, defense attorneys and other officials.

When a boy "breaks the law"—disturbs the peace of the cottage, smashes a window, leaves the village without authorization, cheats or slanders another boy—his case is heard by the judge. If the defendant pleads not guilty, he can request a trial by jury.

At times, the court has been thrown into an uproar by an unusual plea. One little fellow, charged with throwing stones at squirrels, pleaded "self-defense." In another case at the court's weekly session, a boy who left the village without permission offered "temporary insanity" for his defense.

Trained to Handle Their Own Money

But usually, court business is entirely serious. At Jim's appearance in the citizen's court, he was fined $10 for refusing to go to school one morning. He had the money in his account. For, like every other boy there, he's trained in money management, an integral part of the village's plan for helping the boys regain their self-respect. Except for a duty like his chores in the cottage, Jim is credited with 30 to 40 cents an hour for his work in school, the vocational shop, the central kitchen, which prepares hot food for all the cottages, or any one of a dozen other activities around the village. Out of his earnings, he pays $14 a week for room, board and laundry, and buys his own clothes at the village store. All transactions are "on the book." No cash changes hands.

At the end of a busy year, Jim was more relaxed. One day while he and Mal Billows were sweeping the walks around the cottage, Billows complimented the boy on his physique and mentioned that

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Do the boys ever run away? It's the first thing new arrivals think of. But most

the baseball team needed a good outfielder.

"Every play ball?" Billows asked.

"Some."

"Why not come out and practice with us?" Billows suggested.

Jim turned out to be a skilled, conscientious ballplayer. Once, when he hit a double that drove in a run, his teammates gave him a spontaneous cheer. It was probably the first time Jim had been congratulated for an achievement, and he broke into a sudden, genuine smile.

The Boys Took Jim's Advice

Then, shortly before lights went out one night, the cottage grapevine buzzed with news. Jim had gone to the movies with several boys from another cottage. Two of the boys had made up their minds to run away. In his hard-bitten manner, Jim told them they had rocks in their heads—they'd only be running away to something worse. Take it from him, Jim said; he knew. The two boys listened, shrugged, admitted that maybe he was right.

Jim had become a member of the community.

"Sometimes, he'll go off into his old spells of silence," said Billows. "He still needs a lot of help, but he's coming along."

The Children's Village began helping boys in 1849, when a group of New York women, called the Association of Ladies, decided to do their bit for homeless street urchins. At the southern tip of Manhattan, they opened a Sunday school that attracted 100 boys, probably lured more by the free meals than by religion. George Pearcey, a missionary and later the first supervisor of the village, took six of the boys into his home. They grew healthier and more cheerful in their new environment. Pearcey implored the association to rescue "other brands from burning" (according to the first annual report), and persuaded the ladies to find homes for more boys.

This foster home project was expanded into the Asylum for Friendless Boys, incorporated in 1851, which housed the boys in a single brick building. In 1905 the asylum moved to its present suburban location and became The Children's Village.

The village's carefully planned cottage community has helped to pioneer in child care; today, scores of the nation's child-care institutions use its method, in whole or in part. Among other things, it has led the way in the field of mental hygiene. The Children's Village started using a psychiatrist for the treatment of disturbed youngsters in the early 1920s, in an era when psychiatry was lumped with black magic and voodoo by many people.

The mental hygiene setup was made possible by a grant from the Commonwealth Fund. The village leans heavily on outside financial help.

It costs about $2,400 a year to care for each of its boys, and only about half of this amount is paid by parents or public and private agencies concerned with child help.

The Billowses found the village an exciting place when they arrived there just a year ago. Thelma Billows had been a high-school teacher in Billerica, Massachusetts; Mal, whom she married in 1934, had been a high-school track coach in Lynn. They went to The Children's Village in response to a newspaper advertisement requesting interviews with couples interested in working with children. In making the move, the Billowses, like the boys they were to care for, began a new life.

Once a week, cottage family meets to discuss joint problems, future projects. Subjects taken up at above session included proposed picnic, purchase of baseball caps. Billows attends only as adviser

They left old friends and a comfortable house. They didn't make the change for money. The basic salary for a couple is $4,760 a year, with $1,440 deducted for rent and food.

During the Billowses' first month at the cottage, several of their new wards blew up when assigned chores, and three of them got so irritated they swore at Mal. The cottage "president" wanted to take over. "Let me wallop this guy," he asked Billows. "Just once. It'll be for his own good."

"No, we'll get along without that business," Billows said.

The absence of "that business" steadied the house. It also had some strange results. Take the case of Stanley.

When a "Nice Boy" Went Wrong

Stanley perfectly fitted the stereotype of a "nice boy." He conformed to all the rules and never disturbed anyone. That traced back to his parents, who had imposed strict, inviolable laws of behavior: "You must come home at five o'clock . . . you must wear a coat . . . don't play with the boy next door . . . if you don't eat this, you can't have the rest of the meal" and so on. Any sign of anger or irritation got the boy a slap. He obeyed his family. He also became a sneak thief. When caught, he was viciously beaten with a strap and locked in a room. Again and again, he stole and was beaten.

At the village, Stanley was polite and subdued. To a stranger, he appeared a model of deportment. To the faculty, the boy was at a standstill. He stole, bit his nails, lied.

As the months passed, Stanley underwent a peculiar change. He became argumentative and critical. So far as the smooth functioning of the house went, he was what the boys call "an agitator." He was a lot of trouble.

Billows decided to talk to the case worker. He explained the friction. The case worker was delighted.

"What's so good about it?" asked Billows.

"This is what we're after. We half expected a schizophrenic breakdown in Stanley. So long as he recognizes and expresses his resentments, he's not going to crack up. He'll eventually come out of it. That's fine."

"You ought to live with it for a while," said Billows. But he was pleased.

Although he's been pushed to the end of his seemingly endless patience at times, Mal Billows has never lost his temper in front of the boys.

"At first," Mal says now, "I'd get angry at a youngster who deliberately messed up a job, or stole, or bullied a smaller fellow. So I'd go outside and work off steam by mowing the lawn. Then I'd be able to talk to him.

"I mowed more lawns than any three people around here. When other cottage parents asked me about it, I told them I needed the exercise."

The job of cottage mother at first seemed a little overwhelming to Mrs. Billows. Several of the newer arrivals considered stealing wrong only if caught.

"And the language of some boys was awful," she says, smiling and shaking her head. "I'd never heard anything like it."

As the boys and the cottage parents passed months of village life together, the stealing and the foul language tapered off. "It didn't happen because of orders or threats," Mal Billows explains. "They don't take that. It came from the example set by the majority."

Another explanation was supplied by a bright-eyed lad of fourteen, sitting on his bed in one of the two second-floor dormitories.

"You know, the Billowses are straight with you," he declared. "They trust you. They make you want to do right. When you slack up on a job, Mr. Billows won't holler at you. He'll just change your job, and you know why. Back home, when I messed up, my old man would give me a good bang on the head."

Railway Station Broken Into

The Billowses have their disappointments, of course. Last spring, on returning from a week end at Lynn, they found that two of their charges had run away and broken into a railway station at Hastings-on-Hudson, a nearby town. The local children's court ordered the boys returned to the home agencies.

"Thelma and I were pretty upset," says Billows. "We'd been working hard. Everything seemed to be coming along fine. Then, that happened, and I wondered if we were really the people for this work."

But Mrs. Billows doesn't feel that way about it. "Mal was sure it wouldn't have happened if we'd been here," she adds. "But it doesn't do any good to blame yourself. We try our hardest. What more can we do?"

Running away is the first thought of many of the village's 416 boys, especially the new arrivals, when they're depressed, homesick or angry. "As soon as a boy

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m return, and later are glad they did

gets upset," says Dr. Alan B. Tulipan, he resident psychiatrist, "he thinks of ome. It's his one identification with he rest of the world. Home is beautiful —no matter if it's a dirty hovel, if his ather beats him or if his mother would ather not have him, as is often the case."

Although the local police get understandably irritated at the occasional offenses, like minor burglary and car hefts, committed by the runaways, the overwhelming majority of people in surrounding towns wholeheartedly support he work of the village.

Women Sponsors Prove Helpful

More than 1,000 men and women have taken a direct interest in the boys. Each cottage has a sponsoring group, made up of women from Westchester County church and civic clubs. They raise money for improvements in the cottages, give birthday parties and send groups of villagers to sports events in New York.

More important, they give the boys he assurance that there are adults who want to help them. Other residents invite boys to their homes for evenings and week ends, while several businessmen have given the older boys part-time obs in country clubs, bowling alleys and restaurants.

"These children are society's problems," says Harold F. Strong, executive director of The Children's Village, "and society has to care about what happens to them. If we don't help them at this point in their lives, what's going to stop them from going downhill into real trouble?"

When a boy graduates, after an average stay of about two years, the faculty tries to place him in an environment that will support the good accomplished at the village. Local agencies co-operate by consulting with parents on the boy's problems. If it appears that his own home would be bad for a graduate (parents have their own problems, too, Dr. Tulipan stresses), the village tries to place him with a relative or in a foster home. Older boys sometimes stay on for the further vocational training that will enable them to support themselves. The Children's Village estimates that successful adjustments have been made by 75 per cent of its graduates.

In the past several years, the Juvenile Court of Toledo, Ohio, has sent 71 boys to the village. Each represented a serious problem. "It is a very rare occasion when a boy who has received the training of The Children's Village is again brought before the court for further delinquency," reports Judge Paul W. Alexander. "As a matter of actual record, we can point to a full eight-year period during which we used the village for an average of nine boys a year. In that time only four have returned to Toledo and repeated delinquency."

A Letter From a "Graduate"

But statistics can't tell the whole story. It must come from once lonely and bitter boys. In a letter to Director Strong, a sixteen-year-old graduate told it this way:

"Some boy who makes a bad decision does not have any help from friends. Trouble piles up in his mind. Sometimes he does not know what is bothering him. It's important that a boy knows of someone he can talk to when he feels upset. I know, facing a situation alone is hard. But I found people, like some boys in the house and some faculty members, I could talk to. They helped me. I am not perfect, nor is anyone else, but without the help of others I would have been ruined." ▲▲▲

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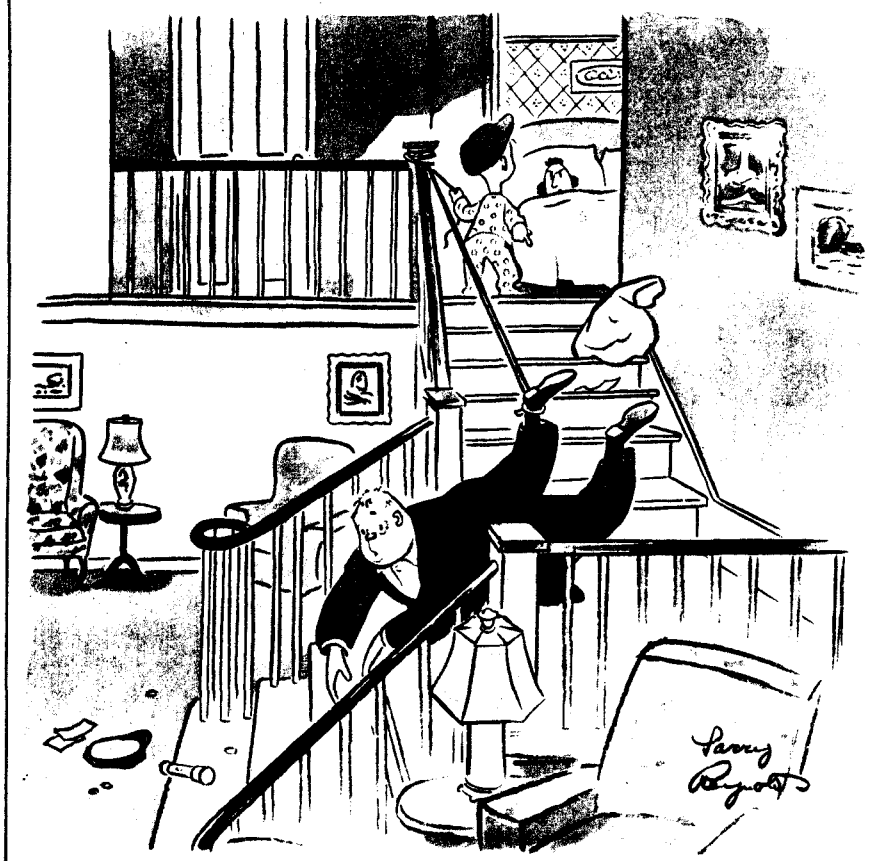

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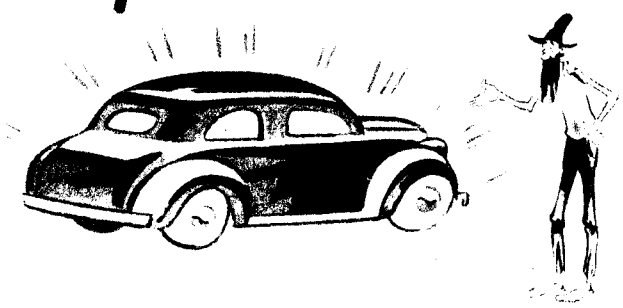

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HARRY DEVLIN

Return Engagement

MORE THAN 25 YEARS AGO Collier's launched a campaign against the Eighteenth Amendment and the crime, corruption, waste and danger which it had bred. That campaign continued until the amendment was repealed in 1933. We were the first national publication to remove the trappings of hypocrisy and wishful thinking from the sacred cow of prohibition and to show the country what the creature actually looked like. And we are still proud of Collier's significant part in helping to bring the Capone era to an end.

Now a new era is upon us, and it appears that there is another job to be done. Many of the evils of prohibition are back—the moonshiner, the bootlegger, the product which ranges from unpalatable to fatally poisonous, and the fantastic tax loss from that product's illegal sale.

The great difference this time is that the evils have sneaked in quietly through a back door. That door was left open by Congress, and it has opened a little wider every time the legislators have piled on a new tax and thus raised the price of legal liquor. The latest boost, effective last November, raised the tax to a record $10.50 a gallon. So a fifth of whisky that sold for $2.45 in 1939 now costs $4.27—and $2.38 of that price is federal, state and local taxes.

Liquor, of course, is an inviting source when Congress is looking for new revenue. It is a luxury. And also there are a number of congressmen and their constituents who, in spite of the utter failure of the past experiment, would like to try to reimpose prohibition by taxation.

But the high tax isn't working, either as a source of fresh money or as a means of legislating private behavior. People are still drinking more of the moonshiners' product and less legal liquor. The bootleggers are getting richer. Uncle Sam and the states are getting poorer.

It doesn't take a Mahatma Gandhi to inspire and organize passive resistance. Even when the liquor tax was $9 a gallon, millions of people had been priced out of the legitimate market. Now, with $1.50 added to the already heavy excise, a whole new group of citizens has found the price of the legal product prohibitive. Many of them have joined the bootleggers' growing list of customers, and are taking the risk of gastric fantods or possible blindness which you can still buy with a bottle of shine.

That risk is just as great today as it was during prohibition. Illegal liquor is still manufactured without regard for sanitation. It is sold, to minors as well as adults, without regard for regulation or ethics. And the profits are more than worth the risks involved, especially since the "big boys" seldom get caught, and the courts for the most part seem content to punish still operators with fines or probationary sentences.

An operator can make moonshine liquor for less than a dollar a gallon, and it can be sold straight by the drink for $20 a gallon. But some bootleggers and speak-easy proprietors are inclined to double that profit by cutting the shine with water, and making up the difference with such piquant, unpotable supercharges as household bleach or paint thinner.

Federal, state and local agents seized more than 20,000 illegal stills during 1951. (That's up near the prohibition peak figure, by the way.) How many more there are in operation is anybody's guess. Senator Herbert R. O'Conor, who took over from Senator Kefauver as head of the Senate Crime Investigation Committee, thinks there are 20,000 more. The Internal Revenue Bureau's Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division estimates that only one out of every five operating stills is detected and seized. That would mean 100,000 illegal stills in operation, or about one still for every 1,500 people in the country—men, women and children.

And the stills are increasing in capacity as well as number. It's not uncommon for agents nowadays to discover stills that can turn out 1,000 or more gallons a day. Federal figures show that the producing capacity of seized stills has just about doubled in the last six years. Moonshining isn't a picturesque hillbilly operation any more. It's moving north, and the big crime syndicates have taken over.

Now, we don't want to throw a barrage of statistics at you. But since some statistics wind up as money out of your pocket, perhaps these few figures are worth looking at.

The stills seized last year had a total producing capacity of 700,000 gallons a day. That meant a daily loss in federal and state excise taxes alone of $7,315,000. The federal authorities estimate—and rather conservatively, it seems to us—that the average still operates only 37 days a year. But even at that rate it would mean an annual tax loss of $270,000,000. And that was at the lower rate. At the $10.50-a-gallon figure, the same production would amount to $310,000,000 in lost revenue.

That is just a portion of what federal, state and local governments *didn't* collect. Now let's see what has actually been lost through lower consumption of legal liquor. The government hoped to pick up $200,000,000 by the new tax. Instead, in the first six months of the new tax it collected $117,000,000 less than it had in the corresponding period of the previous year.

And the states are being hurt worse than the federal government. Most of them didn't raise their rates when Congress upped the distillers' ante. But they are suffering equally with the national treasury from consumers' sales resistance. And they have no increased tax that will help make up for the drop in legal consumption.

These losses are bound to continue until Congress gets back to work. But we all might start getting ready to blow the whistle on the new Congress next year and demand that it do two things: lower the liquor tax to a sensible figure that will not defeat its own purpose. And increase the force of federal Alcohol Tax Unit agents, which today is about two thirds of what it was when the liquor tax was $2.25 a gallon.

It is time that the lawmakers woke up to the fact that there are an awful lot of taxpaying geese in this country who can't and won't lay any more 24-carat nuggets to buy liquor at today's prices. It is also time for every citizen—drinker, nondrinker, or militant prohibitionist—to realize that the liquor revenue lost through bootlegging is going to come out of his own pocket in the form of added taxes on something else.

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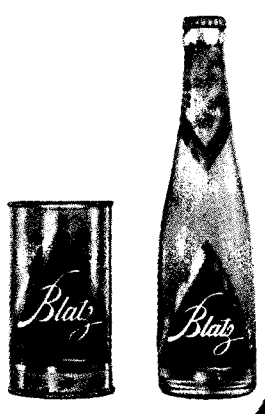

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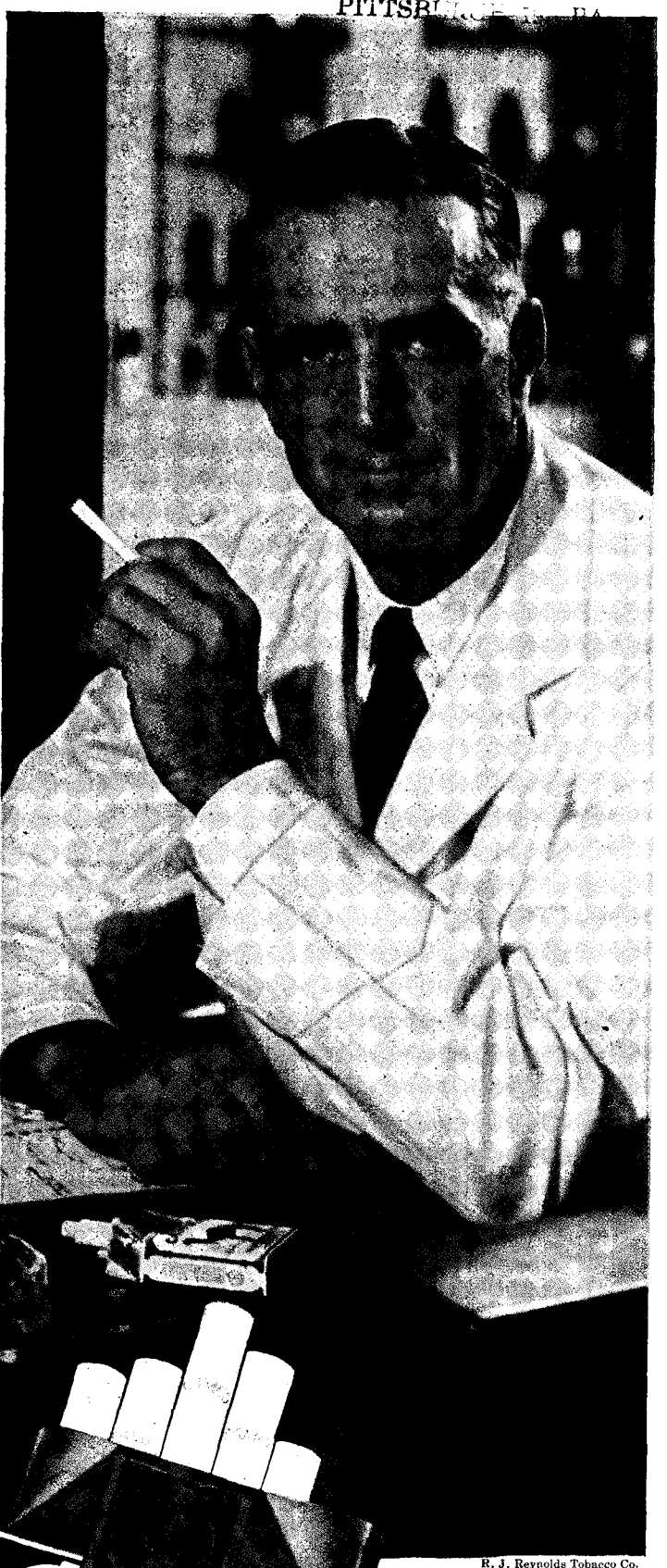

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